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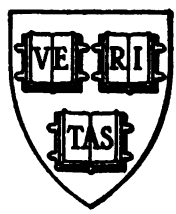

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1905

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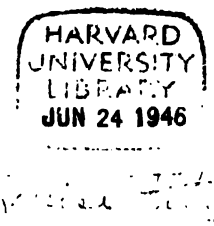

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LIBRARY EDITION

VOLUME XX

LECTURES ON ART

AND

ARATRA PENTELICI

WITH LECTURES AND NOTES
ON GREEK ART AND MYTHOLOGY

1870

LECTURES ON ART

AND

ARATRA PENTELICI

WITH LECTURES AND NOTES
ON GREEK ART AND MYTHOLOGY

1870

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XX

THIS volume—containing *Lectures on Art* and *Aratra Pentelici*, together with some additional matter related to the latter book—introduces us to Ruskin's first Professorship at Oxford (1870–1878).[1] It was an eventful period in his life. These years saw the death of his mother and his removal to a new home; they were the time of his "most acute mental pain" and "most nearly mortal illness."[2] Also this was perhaps the busiest period even in his busy life. In it he delivered eleven courses of lectures at Oxford. He wrote guide-books. He published at various intervals portions of works on Botany, on Geology, and on Drawing. He started a library of standard literature. He arranged an Art Collection at Oxford, contributing to it some hundreds of his own drawings —a large number of them made for the purpose—and writing several explanatory catalogues. He founded a Museum at Sheffield. He engaged in several social experiments; the better sweeping of the streets in St. Giles's and the sale of tea at a fair price were not too trivial for his efforts, nor the reformation of England, through a Companionship of St. George, too large. He wrote incessantly to the newspapers on topics of the day; and all the while he poured forth, at monthly intervals, that strange and passionate medley of information, controversy, homily, reminiscence, and prophecy which he entitled *Fors Clavigera*. These tasks were undertaken, not one thing at a time, but often all at the same time. "Head too full," he wrote in his diary (February 12, 1872), "and don't know which to write first." He solved the problem by writing something of everything every month, or even every day. He describes in *Fors* how at a particular moment he had seven large books going through the press at the same time;[3] and his MS. books of this period reflect this process, passing on successive pages from notes for one subject to another. "There is no use," he wrote, again, in his diary (January 29, 1872), "saying tired and ill; always now." No use;

[1] Ruskin was elected in 1869, and re-elected in 1873 and 1876. At the end of 1878 he resigned. In 1883 he was again elected. It is convenient to speak of the earlier period (1870–1878) as that of his "first Professorship."

[2] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 13.

[3] Letter 59 (October 1875).

and no wonder. The intense strain upon his emotions, the unsparing drafts upon his physical and mental resources, were doomed to pay the penalty; and the period of his life now under review comes to an end with a serious illness, followed by the resignation of his Professorship.

It will be apparent from what has thus been said that an exclusively chronological order now becomes impossible—alike in the arrangement of the contents of the volumes and in the biographical introductions to them. A volume, for instance, which should contain all that Ruskin published in 1875, and nothing else, would have to be made up of twelve numbers of *Fors Clavigera*, two chapters of *Ariadne Florentina*, four parts of *Mornings in Florence*, two of *Proserpina*, two of *Deucalion*, and a pamphlet of *Academy Notes*. It thus becomes necessary in arranging the later volumes, as was indicated in the Preface to this edition, to temper the chronological order with considerations of topical appropriateness, and to distribute the biographical and bibliographical matter accordingly. The present volume contains the lectures given in the first year of Ruskin's Professorship; and this Introduction, besides discussing the particular books here included, recounts the foundation of the Chair, and gives a general description of his work and life at Oxford, as well as some account of a foreign tour in 1870, in which he collected material for future lectures. The next volume (XXI.) deals with the Art Collection which he arranged at Oxford in connexion with the Professorship. Then, in Volumes XXII. and XXIII., the rest of his Oxford Lectures during the first Professorship —with some exceptions explained in the Introduction to the former volume—are given. The arrangement of later volumes, and the distribution of topics in the several Introductions, are explained in the proper place.

RUSKIN'S WORK AT OXFORD

Ruskin's call to Oxford as Professor was due to the munificence of the late Mr. Felix Slade. The desirability of establishing a Chair of Fine Art in the old Universities had long been mooted. It had been one of Acland's fondest hopes. "I will whip in," he wrote in 1845, "and try to get myself made Teacher of Artistic Anatomy in some manner to the Randolph Institution [now the University Galleries], get Ruskin down, and get him made Professor of Art."[1] A year before, Mr. Greswell, as we have seen,[2] had published a pamphlet

[1] *Sir Henry Wentworth Acland: a Memoir*, by J. B. Atlay, 1903, p. 131.
[2] See Vol. III. p. 674 *n.*

advocating that "three Professorships of the Theory of Art (and especially of Christian Art) should be founded by Royal Authority, one in London, and the other two at Oxford and Cambridge." Ruskin himself had written on the importance of "The Arts as a Branch of Education";[1] and Acland had in 1867 hoped indirectly to attain his end if Ruskin could be made a Curator of the University Galleries.[2] The realisation of all these hopes was left to Mr. Slade, a wealthy Proctor in Doctors' Commons, and a great virtuoso and collector. Dying in 1868, he bequeathed valuable collections of glass, Japanese carvings, pottery and engravings to the British Museum, and a sum of £35,000 for the endowment of (Slade) Professorships in Fine Art in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in University College, London.[3] The "Graduate of Oxford," "Author of *Modern Painters*," was obviously marked out for the Professorship in that University; and, though other names were tentatively mentioned,[4] Ruskin was unanimously appointed. His friends, Liddell and Acland, were among the electors, and to them he sent his thanks, his hopes, and promises:—

"Hôtel Giessbach, Lac de Brientz,
"*19th August*, 1869.

"My dear Acland,—Your letter has given me very deep pleasure. I cannot answer to-day, but it is very touching to me to see what strength of feeling you have for me. I am thankful also to hear of the Dean's having wished this, and wrought for it.

"I hope both he and you will find that you have been more right than it is possible you should yet think in giving me this position. The last ten years have ripened what there was in me of serviceableness, and chastised much of my hasty stubborn and other foolish, or worse, faults—more than all that had happened to me in former life—and though much has been killed and much spoiled of me, what is left is, I believe, just what (if any of me) will be useful at Oxford. I believe you will both be greatly surprised for one thing at the caution with which I shall avoid saying anything with the University authority which may be either questionable by, or offensive to, even persons who know little of my subject, and at the generally quiet tone to which I shall reduce myself in all public duty.

[1] Vol. XVI. pp. 449–454.
[2] Vol. XIX. p. xxxv.
[3] A "Preliminary Notice" of Mr. Slade, by his friend, Sir A. W. Franks, may be found in the privately printed (1871) *Catalogue of the Collection of Glass formed by Felix Slade, Esq., F.S.A.* The collections which he bequeathed to the Museum had cost him £28,000.
[4] See Mr. J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Sir Henry Acland*, p. 370.

"You may, on the other hand, both be disappointed—partly by actual want of energy in me, partly by my carelessness about immediate results. But on the whole, I believe I shall put as much fire into the work as any one else, and what there is, will be without smoke, or nearly so.

"I have been very hard at work for exactly three months at Verona and Venice, and it gives me good help and confidence to find that, while I have largely to extend and correct partial views in many directions, the main gist of what I have written seventeen years ago is entirely right, and the things I then declared to be admirable, *more* admirable, *in the sense I meant*, than even I then thought them.

"For instance, I now recognise in Tintoret faults before entirely hidden from me, because I can measure him by standards I then knew not, and because my own character is more formed. But the speciality of art power, the invention, and the magnificent painter's handling which expresses it, are now more amazing to me than ever, and I left the Scuola more crushed by the sense of power immeasurably above me than in my early youth.

"I have written a line to Angie[1] also; if she tells me you are staying at Wildbad, I will write again before I leave the Giessbach.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"J. RUSKIN."

"DENMARK HILL, S.E.,
"*2nd September*, 1869.

"DEAR MR. DEAN,—Your kind letter was sent abroad to a wrong address and has only reached me to-day. I thought it better to wait for it before thanking you for the exertion of your influence—I know how earnestly—to obtain my appointment to this Professorship.

"I hope that in some respects you will find that I shall be able to justify your trust in me more than I have yet given you ground to expect, for I shall scrupulously avoid the expression of any of my own peculiar opinions when I speak by permission of the University, and I shall endeavour to bring whatever I venture to teach, into closer harmony with the system of University as it *used* to be, than its Conservative members would I think at present hope from me. For while I have been always earnestly pleading for the extension of education, I have never used that word in the sense to which it has been warped in the popular English manner, and there is no

[1] Miss Acland.

modern error in that respect which I more regret than the increasingly prevalent corruption of a University as a place for teaching youth various trades or accomplishments by which they may get their living, instead of what it has been — and must against all vulgar pressure maintain itself in being—a place where the character is to be formed which shall make Life graceful and honourable—after it has been won.

"I suppose it would be well that I should come to Oxford soon after the autumn term begins, to talk over the possibilities and needs of things with you and Acland and others who may care to advise me. In the meantime let me not trespass on your happy vacation hours by any anxiety as to what I may wish or endeavour to do. I will answer for its being nothing intemperate or mischievous, though I cannot answer for its being useful—at least for a time. My own impression is that I must work for very slow results, trying to lose no ground once gained.

"With sincere regards to Mrs. Liddell,

"Believe me, dear Mr. Dean,

"Gratefully and faithfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN.

"Let me thank you and Mrs. Liddell for your kind invitation to the Deanery, but I never now stay at *any* friends' houses, for my best hours for the little I can do are before breakfast, and I am *always* so tired in the evening that I cannot rightly take part in the talk or cheerfulness of the after-dinner circle."

Ruskin's expressions of thanks were no empty formula. He felt his appointment to be a great compliment and a great trust. "Whatever happens now," he said to his mother (February 8, 1870) after his Inaugural Lecture, "I *have* been permitted by the ordaining Power to begin in Oxford the study of my own art, for others." Henceforth, Ruskin became to all his friends "The Professor," as presently to disciples of his economic teaching, "The Master."

A Chair of Fine Art was, then, established at Oxford, and Ruskin had been called by acclamation to fill it. How did he discharge the responsibility? Four different views may be held of the Professorial office. A Professor at Oxford or Cambridge may be appointed by way of ornament, or for the purpose of research, or in order to give general instruction, or, lastly, with a view to professional teaching. Ruskin's tenure of the Slade Professorship illustrated each and all of these different, but not necessarily conflicting,

functions. In the first instance he was no doubt elected as the man best able to combine them all. When he was re-appointed after an interval of some years, in 1883, his election was perhaps mainly due to the eminent-man theory of the office; but his first Professorship was very far indeed from being only titular or honorary. The fire which he promised in his letter to Acland was, so long as his health permitted, unflagging. He lectured; he taught; he founded and endowed a Drawing Mastership; he formed, presented, and catalogued collections to illustrate his subject. He spent infinite pains over the preparation of his more formal lectures, and during these eight years he published six volumes of them.[1] Interpreting his duties in a liberal sense, he considered further that "the real duty involved in my Oxford Professorship cannot be completely done by giving lectures in Oxford only, but that I ought also to give what guidance I may to travellers in Italy."[2] In the execution of this self-imposed duty, he published three Italian Guides—*Mornings in Florence*, *St. Mark's Rest*, and a *Guide to the Principal Pictures in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice*. It is sometimes alleged against Oxford Professors that they publish very little; Ruskin, it must be admitted, poured out with no niggard hand a whole library of books. Though strangely neglected by many of his critics, who are apt to judge Ruskin by isolated sentences from his earliest writings, the Oxford Lectures contain much of his matured thought on many artistic subjects, of his most careful research, and of his most ingenious and penetrating analysis. Upon the composition of his more formal lectures he spent infinite trouble. "I believe," he wrote, in a note to *Ariadne Florentina* (§ 44), "that I am taking too much trouble in writing these lectures. This sentence has cost me, I suppose, first and last, about as many hours as there are lines in it." And in conversation with a friend he said at a later date: "'I have taken more pains with the Oxford Lectures than with anything else I have ever done, and I must say that I am immensely disappointed at their not being more constantly quoted and read. What have I ever done better than this?' And as he spoke he took down," continues his friend, "a copy of *Aratra Pentelici* and read in his own impressive manner the concluding passages of one of those lectures."[3]

[1] Namely, *Lectures on Art*, *Aratra Pentelici*, *The Eagle's Nest*, *Ariadne Florentina*, *Love's Meinie*, and *Val d'Arno*. A single lecture, on *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, was also published as a pamphlet.

[2] Preface to *Mornings in Florence*.

[3] "A Conversation with Mr. Ruskin": *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 21, 1884. The conversation was with Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

The part that Ruskin played in the general education of the University by means of lectures and personal influence was also considerable. There are some Professors who, admirable though their research work may be, might yet as well be living in the moon for any vital influence which they exercise upon the studies or students of the University. The educational theory of professorships is by some persons dismissed as an obsolete survival from mediæval times; and Carlyle said that "the true University in these days is a Collection of Books." There is an element of truth in this point of view; but however wide may be the dispersion of books, there will always remain a place in the educational system for the Living Voice and the Living Teacher. Delightful as the Oxford Lectures are to read, yet as the Dean of Durham truly says, "no one can appreciate their effect, unless he was so fortunate as to hear them. One saw the same strange *afflatus* coming and going in his eye, his gestures, his voice."[1] "Many members of the University," says the Master of the Temple, "date from that period their first awakening to a sense of the beauty of Italian Art, and it may be doubted whether the interest of the University in painting and sculpture has ever again been so keen or so widely spread as it was then."[2] In arresting and stimulating attention, some of the less formal lectures were even more effective than those which Ruskin printed as books. The figure of the lecturer was striking, with ample gown—discarded often when its folds became too hopelessly involved—and the velvet college cap, one of the few remaining memorials of the "gentleman commoner." The quaintness of his costume—the light home-spun tweed, the double-breasted waistcoat, the ill-fitting and old-fashioned frock-coat, the amplitude of inevitable blue tie[3]—accurately reflected something of the originality of his mind and talk. If it were not for the peculiarly delicate hands and tapering fingers, denoting the artistic temperament, the Oxford Professor might have been taken for an old-fashioned country gentleman. In repose his face was at this time furrowed into sadness; but the blue eyes, piercing from beneath thick, bushy eyebrows, never ceased to shine with the fire of

[1] *Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies*, by G. W. Kitchin, D.D., 1904, p. 40.

[2] A contribution by the Rev. H. G. Woods, D.D., to the Rev. H. L. Thompson's *Memoir of Dean Liddell*, p. 211.

[3] The following is an item from "Affairs of the Master," as given in *Fors*, 1876: "*July* 16. Geoghegan (blue neckties) . . . £4 0 0." The blue ties offended Matthew Arnold. "Ruskin was there," he wrote in a letter describing a London dinner party (December 1877), "looking very slight and spiritual. I am getting to like him. He gains much by evening dress, plain black and white, and by his fancy being forbidden to range through the world of coloured cravats" (*Letters of Matthew Arnold*, vol. ii. p. 141). In fact Ruskin's fancy never strayed from true blue.

genius; whilst the smile that was never long absent when he lectured, lit up his face with the radiance of a singularly gracious and gentle spirit. His voice, though not very strong, had a peculiar *timbre*, which was at once penetrating and attractive. His old-fashioned pronunciation, with the peculiar roll of the r's, seemed in perfect harmony with the mediæval strain in his thought. "I have heard him lecture several times," says Mr. Mallock in his description of Ruskin as "Mr. Herbert" in *The New Republic*, "and that singular voice of his, which would often hold all the theatre breathless, haunts me still, sometimes. There was something strange and aerial in its exquisite modulations that seemed as if it came from a disconsolate spirit, hovering over the waters of Babylon and remembering Zion."[1] He was not a practised orator; and, as I have heard, he once told an audience, with a touch of his peculiar humour, that he had intended to deliver an extempore lecture, but that the trouble of writing an extempore lecture and then learning it by heart was too much for him, and so he would simply read what he had to say. He read magnificently. The quotations from Homer or from Chaucer or from some other favourite author were declaimed as no other public man of the time, except Gladstone, could have declaimed them. Passages, too, from his own earlier books came with new force and meaning when recited with the appropriate emphasis and intonation. But though Ruskin seldom, if ever, trusted a discourse entirely to improvisation, he also seldom adhered exclusively to the written text. From time to time some key was struck which took his attention, and then came an outburst of spontaneous rhetoric. An American writer, who spent a winter at Oxford as an unattached student, was bidden by the Censor "not to neglect your opportunity to hear the most eloquent man in England." He went to one of Ruskin's lectures, and thus reported what he heard:—

"To illustrate the honesty of mediæval art in contrast with modern sham, he pointed out an arabesque from a MS. of the Psalms, copied with coarse inaccuracy for a tailpiece in a current magazine. He made us see how the graceful lines were distorted, and the whole perfect design cheapened and falsified. 'And that's what you like, you English!' he railed, as he flung the offending magazine on the floor. Then taking up his manuscript Psalter

[1] *The New Republic*, ed. 1879, pp. 16, 17. The portrait of Mr. Herbert is perhaps the only one in the collection which is not a decided caricature; and "he is almost the only man in these days," we are told, "for whom I feel a real reverence—almost the only one of our teachers who seems to me to speak with the least breath of inspiration."

he opened to the first psalm, and began to read it, giving both the majestic Vulgate Latin that was before him, and the English he knew so well. In a moment his spirit was rapt into an ecstasy. Striding back and forth behind his platform rail, he poured out a rhapsody of exalted thought in rhythmic phrase which no one could have attempted to transcribe, but which must have overwhelmed all who heard it with the thrilling consciousness of being in the immediate presence, and listening to the spontaneous exercise of creative genius."[1]

Some of Ruskin's courses—the Readings in Reynolds and in *Modern Painters*, for instance—were very largely trusted to this kind of improvisation, though his MS. notes show that particular phrases were often jotted down beforehand. He would begin on a quiet note, standing at the desk and reading with the sonorous dignity that befitted his author some pages from Sir Joshua's *Discourses*. Very often this was all of Reynolds that the lecture would contain. Some phrase suggested the line of thought. The desk would be abandoned, the gown thrown off; and striding up and down, Ruskin would pour forth his prophecies. A description by Mr. Oscar Browning of a lecture at Eton gives, with some exaggeration,[2] the general effect on perhaps some of his hearers:—

"Shortly after the commencement manuscript and notes were put aside, the lecturer gathered his singing robes around him and chanted a long-drawn dithyramb which held his audience spell-bound. No one could tell what it was about, whither it started, or whence it came. It had no beginning or end, no form or substance, no argument or conclusion, nor could you remember it when it was over. But the row of boys sat as if entranced, hanging on every word, unconscious of the flight of time, and when it ended they woke as from a dream. They had been lifted into a higher sphere of thought and emotion, but, like St. Paul of old, whether in the body or out of the body they could not tell."[3]

Another feature of the lectures which gave special interest to the Spoken Lecture, as distinct from the Printed Word, was their illustration by means of drawings, diagrams, and pictures. The eye was at every turn called in to confirm the lecturer's appeal to the imagination

[1] "Ruskin as an Oxford Lecturer," by James Manning Bruce, in the *Century Magazine*, February 1898, p. 594.

[2] One of several lectures which Ruskin gave at Eton is printed in a later volume; it was discursive, but hardly so indefinite as in Mr. Browning's recollection of this occasion.

[3] "Personal Recollections of John Ruskin," in *St. George*, 1903, vol. vi. pp. 141–142.

or the reason; and on the preparation of these examples Ruskin (as we shall see more fully in the next volume) spent the greatest pains. In the present edition of his Works, a large number of the illustrations which were shown at the lectures and placed in the permanent Art Collection are reproduced—some in the passages of the text where they were referred to, while more than fifty are brought together in Volume XXI. to illustrate the Catalogues of the Collection.

The specimens which Ruskin was in the habit of exhibiting in his lectures may be divided into three classes—standard and permanent works of art; drawings of his own of particular places or objects; and diagrams, copies, and enlargements prepared specially to illustrate or enforce some passing point. Many specimens of the first and second kind, and a few of the third, may still be seen in the cabinets of the Ruskin Drawing School (see next volume). For purposes of illustration Ruskin had the University galleries as well as his own collections to draw upon, and any student who attended all the Slade Professor's lectures had the advantage of examining at one time or another a large and unique gallery of art under the immediate guidance of the great critic. The large table in the theatre and the wall behind were generally covered with drawings and pictures; most of these would be referred to in the course of the lecture, whilst at the end there would be a rush to the front, and the Professor would hold an informal "class" (as the University Extensionists call it) for further explanation and criticism of the pictures to such students as cared to stay. The ingenuity expended in the preparation of temporary illustrations gave additional piquancy to the lectures. The plate in *Aratra Pentelici* (p. 294) of a Greek Apollo and the British self-made man, illustrates the kind of whimsical effect at which Ruskin often aimed. But only a few of the diagrams and pictures exhibited at the lecture-room have been reproduced. Mr. Macdonald, the talented and zealous master of the Ruskin Drawing School, might have preserved a large collection of them, for it was upon his willing hands that the work of preparing the Professor's topical illustrations mostly fell. Often amongst the pictures placed behind the lecturer there would be one with its face turned to the wall, or two or three would be brought in at the last moment, carefully covered up, by Ruskin's servant. The audience would always smile in anticipation on such occasions, for they knew that some pretty jest or curious fancy was in store. Great was the amusement on one occasion when a hidden treasure was disclosed in the shape of a sketch from Tintoret's "Paradise," which the Professor—by chance or design—held out with the wrong side up.

"Ah, well," he said, joining in the general laughter, "what does it matter? for in Tintoret's 'Paradise' you have heaven all round you." In one of the lectures on *The Art of England* there was a characteristic incident. Ruskin was contrasting the way in which modern French art looks at the sky with that in which Turner saw and drew "the pure traceries of the vault of morning." "See," he said, "what the French artistic imagination makes of it," and a drawing done by Mr. Macdonald from a French hand-book was disclosed, showing the clouds grouped into the face of a mocking and angry fiend. When the audience had had their look and their laugh, Mr. Macdonald modestly proceeded to turn his sketch with its back to the wall again. "No, no!" interposed the lecturer, "keep it there, and it shall permanently remain in your school, as a type of the loathsome and lying spirit of defamation which studies man only in the skeleton and nature only in ashes."[1] I recall another effective piece of what may be called the lecturer's stage-play. Ruskin was expatiating, as was his wont, on the vandalism of the modern world.[2] On an easel beside him was a water-colour drawing of Leicester by Turner. "The old stone bridge is picturesque," he said, "isn't it? But of course you want something more 'imposing' nowadays. So you shall have it." And taking his paint-box and brush he rapidly sketched in on the glass what is known in modern specifications as "a handsome iron structure." "Then," he continued, "you will want, of course, some tall factory chimneys, and I will give them to you galore." Which he proceeded to do in like fashion. "The blue sky of heaven was pretty, but you cannot have everything, you know." And he painted clouds of black smoke over Turner's sky. "Your 'improvements,'" he went on, "are marvellous 'triumphs of modern industry,' I know; but somehow they do not seem to produce nobler men and women, and no modern town is complete, you will admit, without a gaol and a lunatic asylum to crown it. So here they are for you." By which time not an inch of the Turner drawing was left visible under the "improvements" painted upon the glass. "But for my part," said Ruskin, taking his sponge, and with one pass of the hand wiping away those modern improvements against which he has inveighed in so many printed volumes—"for my part, I prefer the old."

Such reminiscences will, perhaps, serve to explain the vivid impression which Ruskin's lectures made on those who heard them. It was the

[1] This example remains in the School: see *Art of England*, § 184. The above account is my note of the lecture as delivered at the time.

[2] In one of the lectures called "Readings in *Modern Painters*": see Vol. XXII.

unflagging vivacity of the lecturer—his complete absorption in the subject, the zest with which he admired or denounced, his transparent sincerity and his intensity of conviction—that made the Living Voice so potent. Nor was it only on younger and more impressionable minds that Ruskin's eloquence cast its spell. "Acland has come in to say," he writes to his mother after one of the earlier *Lectures on Art*, "that a very hard and stern man had been so much moved by my talk to-day that he could not speak for near an hour afterwards."[1] But the popularity and the topics of Ruskin's lectures by no means pleased everybody. "My University friends came to me," he says of his appeal to young Englishmen at the end of the Inaugural Lecture, "with grave faces, to remonstrate against irrelevant and Utopian topics of that nature being introduced in lectures on art."[2] The discontent among some of the other lecturers in the University is reflected at second hand in some vivacious letters of J. R. Green, the historian:—

(To W. Boyd Dawkins, *March 5*, 1870.)

"I hear odd news from Oxford about Ruskin and his lectures. The last was attended by more than 1000 people, and he electrified the Dons by telling them that a chalk-stream did more for the education of the people than their prim 'national school with its well-taught doctrine of Baptism and gabbled Catechism.' Also 'that God was in the poorest man's cottage, and that it was advisable He should be well housed.' I think we were ten years too soon for the fun!"

(To E. A. Freeman, undated.)

"Everybody is going in 'for strong forms.' Ruskin lectures on Art at Oxford, and tells 1000 people (Stubbs gets 20) that a chalk-stream does more for education than 100 National Schools 'with all their doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration into the bargain.' Also that cottages ought to be repaired, because 'God lives in the poor man's hovel, and it's as well He should be well housed.' To all which, Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses listen plaintively."[3]

[1] "February 1870" is the date; the day is not given.

[2] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 42, and compare Letter 68. See also *The Pleasures of England*, § 3. Mr. Mallock pleasantly satirises such remonstrances in *The New Republic*. "What a dreadful blowing-up Mr. Herbert gave us," he makes one of the characters (Lady Ambrose) say. "Now that, you know, I think is all very well in a sermon, but in a lecture, when the things are supposed to be taken more or less literally, I think it is a little out of place" (p. 365).

[3] *Letters of J. R. Green*, p. 246. The passage in Ruskin's lectures to which he refers seems to be §§ 60, 61. The letter to Freeman must have saddened or angered the recipient, for "among the authors whom he most disliked were Plato, Carlyle, and Ruskin, in no one of whom could he see any merit" (Bryce's *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, 1903, p. 269).

To the lecturer himself "the irrelevant topics" were the very essence of what he had to say. He had promised Acland and Liddell, we have seen, to be on his good behaviour; but, as he wrote to Lady Mount-Temple at the same date (September 4, 1869), he was not going to Oxford to be only a drawing master. He did, indeed, devote himself industriously to the narrower duties; but with him, as we have seen increasingly in our chronological study of his work and thought, the teaching of art was the teaching of everything. The Inaugural Oxford Lectures fill their organic place in the body of his work, growing, through the *Stones of Venice*, out of *Unto this Last*, and leading on, in their turn, to *Fors Clavigera*. He had taught in the first book "the dependence of all human work, or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman." He laid down in the second book "the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice." He went to Oxford to preach the necessity that such life "should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labour recognized, by the upper, no less than the lower, classes of England"; and, finally, "it is simply one part of the practical work I have to do in Art-teaching," he said in *Fors Clavigera*, "to bring somewhere [the conditions of fine art] into existence."[1] Ruskin, in the exercise of his professorial duties, did not neglect research; but he was also a missionary. It was his business to claim for Art its full place among the Humanities; and where, more properly than from an Oxford Chair, could his protest have been made, on one side, against the commercial Philistinism of the outer world, and, on the other, against the over-specialism of merely intellectual studies which sometimes dominates the lecture-rooms of a University?[2]

Lectures and classes were not the only channels through which Ruskin exerted some humanising and stimulating influence in the University. He mixed at times in the social life of the place, and he came in personal touch with many of the younger men. During the first year of his Professorship he made his home with Acland, living with him as one of the family. "He used to say that he could write unusually well there in his room, a quiet one at the back, as Mrs. Acland—'Mama' he called her—made him so extremely

[1] Letters 9 and 78.

[2] Mr. J. A. Hobson in his *John Ruskin, Social Reformer*, has some suggestive remarks in this connexion: "The rough shaking of academic proprieties was not one of the least services Mr. Ruskin has rendered in his life. The shock was particularly needed, for one of the chief intellectual dangers of the age is a too precise specialism, which, by sharply marking out into carefully defined provinces the domain of learning, runs a constant risk of losing the wide standard of humanity, and cultivating triviality under the false name of thoroughness" (p. 263).

comfortable, and he had nothing to disturb him, for he could not waste his time looking out of the windows, since the outlook over the blank brick wall and the chimney-pots was the ugliest that he had ever seen."[1] He objected to being lionised, and shrunk, as we have heard, from frequent dining out; though he was often to be met at the Deanery — a reminiscence of an encounter there with Disraeli is given in *Præterita*[2]—and sometimes, too, at Jowett's table. "I dined at Balliol yesterday," he writes to his mother (March 1870), "with the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley, and they seemed to like me." Jowett, in later years, came to know and like Ruskin well.[3] But at this period, we are told, "his attitude towards Ruskin was hesitating." He was "not insensible to the genius of his writings, or the noble devotion of his character," but "he was suspicious of æstheticism" and had no sympathy with Ruskin's economic ideas or schemes. Ruskin's enthusiastic manner, too, did not appeal to the Master. "Once after dinner, when Ruskin was seated in Jowett's drawing-room talking to a lady, Jowett, who stood with other friends in front, suddenly broke into a hearty ringing laugh. Ruskin sprang up and caught him by both hands: 'Master, how delighted I am to hear you; I wish *I* could laugh like that!' Upon which all the room laughed—except Jowett."[4]

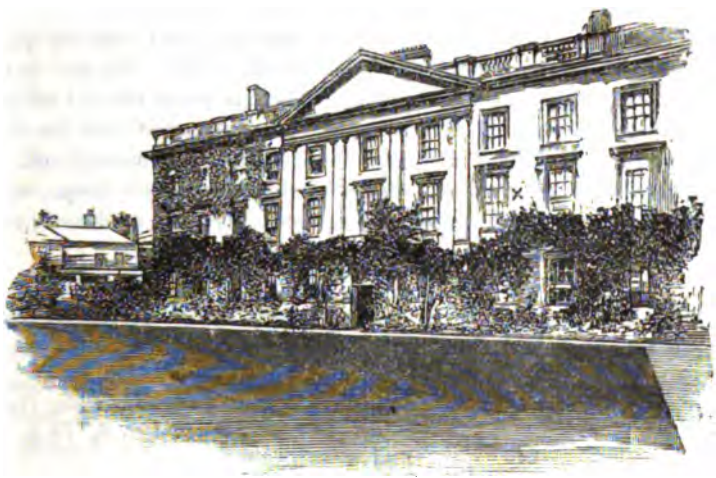
In daytime "the Professor" was often to be seen at the Bodleian —copying from illuminated MSS. shown him by his friend, H. O. Coxe, the librarian, or "studying Renaissance" with his "antagonisticest" pupil, Mrs. Mark Pattison.[5] But Ruskin felt that he ought to come into closer relation with the corporate life of the University, and after a year's residence in Acland's house, or at Abingdon, he went into College. How this came about has been told in a charming paper by Mr. J. W. Oddie, Fellow of Corpus:[6]—

"Early in 1870 Professor Ruskin visited Corpus. He came to see the illuminated manuscripts at the invitation of a pupil who happened to be a tutor of the College at that time. . . . While walking round the Fellows'

[1] Mr. J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Sir Henry Acland*, p. 383.
[2] In iii., §§ 33 *seq.*
[3] See Vol. XVIII. pp. lx.-lxi.
[4] *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell, 1897, vol. ii. p. 75. At the end of "Mr. Herbert's" lecture in *The New Republic*, "after the fire, from one of the side boxes came a still small voice: 'Very poor taste—very poor taste.'" The voice was "Dr. Jenkinson's" (p. 360).
[5] Memoir prefixed to Lady Dilke's *Book of the Spiritual Life*, 1905, p. 5.
[6] "Ruskin at Corpus," in the *Pelican Record*, vol. ii., No. 4, June 1894, pp. 101–107. In the following number, pp. 134–137, there was a continuation of the story by another Fellow of the College, Mr. C. Plummer.

garden, 'in that peaceful corner,' as he said, 'between the two towers of Christ Church and Merton,' he suddenly asked his friend if he thought it would be possible for him to obtain rooms in Corpus. He felt that there only, nestled so close to, yet not in, the old 'House' of overpowering memories, could he live quite happily in Oxford. . . . Without hesitation the President and Fellows expressed their willingness to allot to Professor Ruskin rooms in the Fellows' Buildings, and to elect him to an Honorary Fellowship."

He was admitted on April 29, 1871, and at once took up his residence in the College; the rooms allotted being on the first floor, right, of



No. 2 staircase.[1] The window looking out on to the meadows is marked by a small cross in the accompanying woodcut. The ceremony of his admission as an Honorary Fellow was not unimpressive, continues Mr. Oddie, "and it certainly was amusing":—

"The good old President[2]—one of the kindliest of beings—was a fine example of 'pre-scientific man,' to borrow a phrase applied to himself by the Vicegerent of another College about that time. To him Ruskin, in the plenitude of his genius and culture, made a dutiful little address,

[1] The rooms had been vacated by the Rev. Henry Furneaux, on marrying Mr. Arthur Severn's twin-sister.

[2] Dr. James Norris, President 1843–1872.

taking upon himself vows of almost monastic character, especially in the reverence and obedience which he promised to the head of his second College. . . . One little speech of the Professor completely puzzled the President. It was, 'Mr. President, I would not have left Ædes Christi for anything less than Corpus Christi.'"

The President, failing to catch the point about the House and the Body of Christ, is said to have hoped Professor Ruskin found his rooms comfortable.[1] After the formal admission, there was a luncheon in the President's lodgings:—

"It was there that to the President's favourite remark, deprecatory of the Americanizing of our institutions, Ruskin prettily replied, 'Yes, but even where the mighty waters of Niagara are tumbling and rushing past, little birds have their peaceful nests in holes of the rocks. So we may make us quiet retreats and nests such as this, while the great torrent of humanity rushes by us to its doom.' It was on the same occasion that he compared trees to cities, with their countless multitudes, not merely of sentient buildings, but also of restless, wind-stirred leaves — 'so busy, so busy!' The whole impression left of the day's proceedings was mediæval, romantic, idyllic."

Ruskin came to enjoy his College nest not a little at times, as this letter to his cousin Joan will show:—

"Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
"[*Envl. Dec.* 6, '73.]

"With all my grumbling over what might have been, or what I crave for, or what I have lost, I am not unconscious of the much good I have, especially in power of giving pleasure and help; and I admit it to be really a very comfortable thing for an old gentleman to be able to sit in a cathedral stall to hear Bach music and to have Ediths to flirt with, Princes to walk with, and Pussies to love.[2]

"I am also to-night in a very comfortable room—all my own; have four wax-candles and a nice fire; a college dinner about to be brought up in state, admirably cooked. A Titian portrait in the corner, Turner's Bolton Abbey over the chimney-piece, fifteen sketches by Mantegna under my table, any book in London that I like to

[1] *Oxford and its Colleges*, by J. Wells, p. 200.
[2] See *Præterita*, iii. § 30. For his friendship with Prince Leopold, see below, p. xxxvi.; the other allusion is to a pet name for his cousin, Mrs. Severn.

send for, and a balance of about a thousand pounds ready money at my banker's.

"And I think in claiming, or even expecting, any extraordinary share of pity or condolence from my fellow-mortals, I am perhaps a little exacting."

To the rooms in Corpus Ruskin gradually brought a large portion of his choicest manuscripts, engravings, books, drawings, and pictures.[1] To Oxford also he brought a portion of his beautiful collection of minerals, contained in two of the five cabinets which his father had given him, when a youth beginning the study. Ruskin, when at Oxford, would show his treasures to pupils, friends, or distinguished visitors, with comments, explanations, rhapsodies, as formerly at Denmark Hill.[2] During absences in Italy he entrusted the keys of his rooms and cabinets to one of the Fellows, with full permission to show them at his pleasure. Here, too, Ruskin was in the habit of giving little dinners to the Dons, and breakfasts or "tea and counsel"[3] to the undergraduates. His influence over the grown-up University, says Dean Kitchin, was not great;[4] though there were some of the older men, among his more intimate associates, who valued intercourse with him, highly. "No one felt more strongly than did the Dean [Liddell]," writes Mr. Woods, "how great was the advantage to Oxford of having Mr. Ruskin among its teachers; and later on, when his connexion with the University was severed, to no one did his loss mean more than to the Dean. I have heard him more than once refer with deep feeling to his sense of the personal loss to himself."[5]

But Ruskin himself was conscious that the elder dons in the University were unsympathetic. "He told me one day," says an Oxford friend, "that it troubled him to think how little the senior men understood him, and how little they seemed to care to do so; he was not even sure that they cared to meet him. I did my best to assure him that sympathy and understanding were not lacking—only the opportunity for meeting, which he had never given them." A College dinner-party, to meet the Professor, was the outcome of this talk; and "everything fell out so pleasantly that he asked me to help him to

[1] A list in one of his note-books shows that the contents of his rooms at Corpus were insured in 1872 for £30,000.

[2] See Vol. V. pp. xlvii. *seq.*

[3] Mr. Plummer's phrase. "Crumpets and Corinthians" was the description given by the undergraduates to the entertainments of another distinguished man at this time.

[4] *Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies*, p. 43.

[5] *Memoir of Dean Liddell*, p. 212.

arrange a series of little dinner-parties in his own rooms, to be followed by talks round the fire, which should teach him more of what was going on in that newer Oxford which he had never known."[1] The Dean of Durham hints that Ruskin's entertainments were intended also to inaugurate a return to "the simpler life": "He tried strange things. I remember that he tried to make University society pause in its race for show and display of luxury; he bade us cease from competing dinner-parties, and to take to simple symposia. A few tried it, but their *mouton aux navets* did not attract the Oxford Don more than once; it might begin with simple eating and good talk; champagne and truffles were always lurking behind the door ready to rush in on a hint. Wordsworth's 'Plain Living and High Thinking' was never very popular even in Balliol; and Ruskin's dinner of herbs with love had no greater success."[2] In absence from Oxford, the Dean's recollection has perhaps exaggerated the Lucullan magnificence of the University. Ruskin himself kept a not ungenerous table, and not even a Common Room epicure could find fault with the quality of the paternal sherry. If Ruskin's symposia were discontinued after a few terms, it was due rather to his failing health than to any meagreness of fare. When the Professor fell ill well-nigh unto death in the early part of 1878, the esteem in which he was held found expression in the Latin speech delivered by the Senior Proctor on going out of office:—

"Nec multum abfuit quin nuper desideraret Academia morbo letali abreptum Professorem, in sua materie unicum, Joannem Ruskin. 'Sed multæ urbes et publica vota vicerunt.' Neque id indignum memoratu puto quod nuperimme mihi in Italia conmoranti contigit videre quantæ sollicitudines ob ejus salutem, quantæ preces moverentur in ea terra cujus ille artes et monumenta disertissime illustraverit."[3]

Upon many of the younger dons and undergraduates Ruskin's influence was in the highest degree stimulating and suggestive. Among those

[1] "Ruskin at Oxford," by "Peter" (Mr. E. P. Barrow), in *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 108.

[2] *Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies*, p. 43.

[3] Speech in Convocation, April 24. A copy of the speech was sent to Ruskin, and Mr. Collingwood printed the passage in his *Life* (1900, p. 335). It may also be read in *St. George* (vol. vi. p. 109), where the following translation is appended: "Very nearly did this University have to mourn, not long ago, the loss through mortal sickness of one of her Professors—one who in his own subject stands alone—John Ruskin. 'But the public prayers of many cities prevailed.' And this, I think, is not undeserving of mention, that quite lately, when I was staying in Italy, I myself had the good fortune to see how great was the anxiety, how many the supplications, called forth on his behalf in that very land whose arts and public buildings his learning and eloquence have done so much to adorn."

who came under it most strongly and appreciated it most warmly was Prince Leopold. He was a regular attendant at Ruskin's lectures, and Ruskin was a frequent guest at his dinner-parties, when, whatever the company might be, the Prince almost invariably seated the Professor at his side. The letter in which Ruskin asked him to be one of the Trustees of the Ruskin Drawing School is a characteristic example of the Professor's courtly style:—

"Corpus Christi College, Oxford,
"8th *May*, 1871.

"Sir,—I feel as if there would be a like fault in laying the request I have in my mind before your Royal Highness without some excuse of its boldness, and in attempting excuse which could consist only in the statement of facts which I am sure are by your Royal Highness already well known and well considered.

"But, Sir, you have always been so kind to me, and have so often condescended to express interest in my work in the University, that I will rather be presumptuous than tedious; and will say at once that my hope is to prevail with your Royal Highness to accept (with the coadjutorship of the Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Acland, and the Bodley Librarian), such Trusteeship as may be necessary to secure the permanent utility of the series of drawings and engravings on which my method of Art Education has been founded in Oxford.

"And I permit myself only to add that I make this request not in the audacity of ambition, but of respectful affection; and that, it seems to me, the graciousness with which your Royal Father fostered every faithful effort made in the advancement of Art in England, would make it a kind of treason to his memory if any who were labouring earnestly in the promotion of an object he had so much at heart, feared to ask the protection of any of the Princes, his sons.

"I am, Sir,
"With devoted respect,
"Your Royal Highness's
"Loyal and grateful Servant,
"J. Ruskin.

"To His Royal Highness
"The Prince Leopold."

The formal note in this letter ripened later on into personal intimacy. The Prince used to correspond with Ruskin about books and pictures, and their common love of music and of chess were further bonds of friendship. Some letters from Ruskin to the Prince, kindly placed at the

editors' disposal by his widow, the Duchess of Albany, will be found in a later volume of this edition. In alluding, in a printed conversation, to the Prince's untimely death, Ruskin recorded his impressions of their friendship:—

> "I had the deepest regard and respect for what I would call his genius, rather than his intellect. He was entirely graceful and kind in every thought and deed. There was no mystery about him—he was perfectly frank and easy with every one. At Oxford I thought he desired to take all the advantage that was possible from the University course, but I also thought that the conditions of his life there were rather a courteous compliance with the duties of his position than an earnest and intense application, whether the subject was art or Greek. I do certainly think that within these limits he learned every day of his life as much as was possible for him to learn, whether from the University or from the surrounding elements or elsewhere. He had no extraordinary taste for art, although all his sisters are artistic; his special gift was musical."[1]

The Prince's admiration for Ruskin was eloquently expressed in the first public address which he delivered:—

"It is not only at Cambridge that it has been felt that men of learning and culture could hardly have a worthier aim than that of carrying high thoughts and elevating knowledge into homes which perhaps know few other joys. Of such aims we in Oxford have had a great, an inspiring example. We have seen a man in whom all the gifts of refinement and of genius meet, and who yet has not grudged to give his best to all; who has made it his main effort—by gifts, by teaching, by sympathy—to spread among the artisans of Sheffield and the labourers of our English fields the power of drawing the full measure of instruction and happiness from this wonderful world, on which rich and poor can gaze alike. Such a man we have seen in Professor Ruskin; and amongst all the lessons which those who have had the privilege of his teaching and of his friendship must have gained to carry with them through life, none, I think, can have sunk deeper than the lesson that the highest wisdom and the highest pleasure need not be costly or exclusive, but may be almost as cheap and as free as air,—and that the greatness of a nation must be measured, not by her wealth or her apparent power, but by the degree in which all her people have learnt to gather from the world of books, of Art, and of Nature, a pure and an ennobling joy."[2]

[1] "A Conversation with Mr. Ruskin": *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 21, 1884.

[2] Speech at the Mansion House, in support of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, February 19, 1879. The passage is here printed, by grace of the Duchess of Albany, from the original MS.

Of the originality and quaintness of Ruskin's familiar talk at Oxford, some good descriptions have been penned;[1] though who has ever succeeded in fixing upon paper any complete picture of a swallow's flight, or the mingled passing of sunshine into shade? He delighted, we are told by one of his colleagues at Corpus, in starting some extreme or paradoxical opinion in Common Room. "He would then playfully defend himself, with all kinds of unexpected sallies and turns, against the united attack of those present. It was a kind of intellectual bear-baiting, especially enjoyed by the bear, as the fox is said to enjoy being hunted. When entirely surrounded or cornered, and shown how grossly self-contradictory, at the very least, was the position he had assumed, he would acknowledge his defeat, and let us into the secret of the game by a great burst of merriment." His dislike of abstruse speculation was sometimes amusingly shown. "In reply to a question, 'What are you lecturing upon this term?' an unwary tutor replied, 'Inductive Psychology.' 'Oh, the Devil!' shouted the Professor, immediately rushing up the stairs and violently sporting his oak." His acute sensitiveness often revealed itself very suddenly and unexpectedly. One of the Fellows happened to praise some of Doré's work. "He laid down his knife and fork, saying, 'You have spoiled my dinner.'" On another occasion, when he was showing Turner's drawing of Richmond in Yorkshire, some one explained that at a certain point a railway bridge was now thrown across the river. Ruskin was heard to mutter under his breath the single word '*Damnation!*'"[2] "I remember," writes Professor Max Müller, "once taking Emerson to lunch with Ruskin, in his rooms in Corpus. Emerson was an old friend of his, and in many ways a cognate soul. But some quite indifferent subject turned up, a heated discussion ensued, and Ruskin was so upset that he had to quit the room and leave us alone."[3] At other times he showed an unexpected toleration. One of the Fellows commiserated with him when, during a subsidence of the floods in the Meadows, there was an overpowering smell of decaying vegetation. "I rather like it," replied Ruskin; "it reminds me of Venice." He was a constant attendant at early chapel, "and if you looked in to his rooms earlier you would see on his writing-table a pair of silver candlesticks, an open Bible, a blotting pad, and a cork-handled pen. When I read of his attitude as to religion constantly shifting, I think of these eight o'clock services, and of talks which sometimes followed, and how easy

[1] Especially by Mr. Oddie and Mr. Plummer in the papers, already referred to, in the *Pelican Record*.

[2] Mr. Oddie in the *Pelican Record*, vol. ii. p. 104.

[3] *Auld Lang Syne*, by the Rt. Hon. Professor Max Müller, 1878, p. 129.

it is for mental attitudes to change, and to leave unchanged the spirit of reverence within."[1] "His occasional remarks on the Prayer-book Service were interesting. He thought the phrase 'requisite and necessary' in the exhortation a thorough piece of Cockney English, and that the petition in the prayer of St. Chrysostom, that we may have in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and, in the world to come, life everlasting, was, if I may use a slang expression, rather a large order."[2]

Not a trace of the arrogance which sometimes figures on the printed page was present in his familiar conversation; and he was one of the most attentive and encouraging of listeners. "He was really," says Max Müller, a fellow Professor and an occasional attendant at Ruskin's lectures, "the most tolerant and agreeable man in society. He could discover beauty where no one else could see it, and make allowance where others saw no excuse. I remember him as diffident as a young girl, full of questions and grateful for any information. Even on art topics I have watched him listening almost deferentially to others who laid down the law in his presence. His voice was always most winning, and his language simply perfect. He was one of the few Englishmen I knew who, instead of tumbling out their sentences like so many portmanteaux, bags, rugs, and hat-boxes from an open railway van, seemed to take a real delight in building up their sentences, even in familiar conversation, so as to make each deliverance a work of art."[3] "When pleased by any remark, he would not only express approval in the usual way, but also clap his hands for joy. And this he would do even when severe, but, as he thought, just criticism was passed upon himself by younger men; as, for instance, when one of us said, 'There is one privilege of genius of which you avail yourself to the utmost extent—self-contradiction.' Again, when he was once laying down the law that a picture should be finished calmly from corner to corner, and it was replied, 'That is what you never do yourself; you know that difficulties, like toads, lurk in corners'—his laughter and hand-clapping were greater even than usual."[4] "He would fling out wildly at you," says another memorial of these Oxford days—"at the music-stool you were sitting on, with its blunt, machine-turned edges; at the pictures on your walls; and then come and stand by you, and with folded hands and half-closed eyes ask you, repentantly, to lecture *him*."[5] He

[1] "Ruskin at Oxford," by "Peter," in *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 111.
[2] Mr. Plummer in the *Pelican Record*, vol. ii. p. 136.
[3] *Auld Lang Syne*, by the Rt. Hon. Professor Max Müller, 1878, pp. 127–128.
[4] Mr. Oddie in the *Pelican Record*, vol. ii. p. 104.
[5] *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 106.

was intolerant only of affectation or presumption. "Ah, Mr. Ruskin," said a too eager disciple, "the first moment that I entered the gallery at Florence I saw at once what you meant when asserting the supremacy of Botticelli." "Did you?" said the Professor, "and in a moment! It took me twenty years to find out that."[1]

Of the so-called "æsthetic" movement, which had borrowed from Ruskin some of its catchwords, such as "entirely precious," he had an utter loathing.[2] It was perhaps partly in order to dissociate himself from Postlethwaites or Maudles that Ruskin embarked upon the road-digging experiment, which in the great world attracted more attention than any of his other work at Oxford. Ruskin, for all his idealism, was constantly bent upon practice. He taught in his lectures that the fine arts, and especially the art of landscape painting, require, as a condition of their perfection, a happy country life. He taught, too, incidentally, that manual labour is a condition of a completely healthy and rounded human existence, and he deplored the over-importance attached in England to merely athletic exercise.[3] He often practised what he preached; for digging, as he tells us, was ever one of his favourite pursuits.[4] He wanted the exercise necessary to the health of young Oxford to produce some tangible result. Also, what he *said* in his lectures, he always went on to *show*. Just as he illustrated a discussion of Greek art by getting his pupils to examine and handle actual coins, so he desired to make them discover what the work of a day-labourer really was, and by some practical piece of serviceable toil, to come into personal contact with the lives of the poor and the conditions of rural life.

This was the genesis, in Ruskin's mind, of the road-digging experiment; the choice of a spot for it introduces us to another side of Ruskin's life at Oxford. He was used, when he tired of the view of back-walls in Broad Street,[5] or when he felt the need of greater quiet than could always be secured in College, to migrate into country quarters at Abingdon—thus anticipating a movement which has covered the heights of Headington and Boar's Hill with so many pleasant villas of University residents. He liked the walk or drive from Abingdon to Oxford, thus enjoying Turner's view of the city, and rejoicing in spring-time in "the wild hyacinths opening in flakes of blue fire in

[1] From a sermon by Canon Scott Holland to University Extension students, noticed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, September 7, 1891. There is a reference to this remark in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 153.

[2] See Vol. IV. pp. 7-8, 35 (note of 1883).

[3] See Vol. VII. p. 341 *n*.

[4] See *Præterita*, ii. § 79.

[5] See above, p. xxx.

Bagley wood."[1] He shrunk sometimes from the social ties of the University. "I have been dining at C. C. C. and liked it," he wrote to Mrs. Severn in 1871, "but Oxford is very terrible after Coniston—being liable to meet somebody whom you don't know, and ought to, at the corner of every street, and asked questions which you can't answer, and ought to, at the corner of every table." Moreover, the country more immediately around Oxford was painful to him. "He told me once," says an Oxford friend, "that he could not walk with me to the Upper River through Port Meadow, because, to do so, he would have to pass through 'Jericho'"; and in one of his Oxford lectures he spoke despairingly of the new suburbs of the city.[2] Let no one suppose that such expressions had anything of affectation in them. The poverty, of which he felt the pang, he strove, as occasion offered, to alleviate, and in so doing endured pains which he might have avoided. "At the very time when he was working in the Ruskin School he had settled in lodgings across the road an apprentice-lad from Sheffield, far gone in consumption, and then almost dying. The poor fellow would pour out his tale of the woes of Sheffield grinders, and was too weak to know when to stop."[3]

His quarters in Abingdon were at the "Crown and Thistle," where he stayed, on and off, for several months in 1871, and where occasionally he would entertain his friends. The march of "improvements" gave him much to deplore,[4] but there was enough of the old-world left in the picturesque churches, gateways, streets and alms-houses of the town to afford compensation. He was fond of the country walks between Abingdon and Oxford, and in talking with the peasants found opportunities for such charities as are mentioned in *Fors Clavigera*.[5] He found a little girl playing by the roadside, because she had no garden. He rented a tiny piece of ground for her, and sent the child herself to learn shepherding.

He was especially fond of the walk to Ferry Hincksey—"the sweetest of all our old village churches," which he caused his friend Mr. Albert Goodwin to paint: the drawing is in the Oxford Collection[6]—the haunted ground, too, of Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gipsy." Unless one takes the ferry, the way to Ferry (or North) Hincksey lies by the "Seven Bridge Road" out of Oxford; after the

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6.
[2] *Eagle's Nest*, § 95 (Vol. XXII. p. 192).
[3] *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 112.
[4] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 6.
[5] Letter 67 ("Notes and Correspondence").
[6] No. 141 in the Rudimentary Series: see Vol. XXI. p. 211.

last of the bridges is crossed, a lane runs off to the left, which drops presently into a track leading through damp fields to the village. Some cottages bordered on a piece of green, and the carts, coming across the green for want of a road, cut it up into ruts. It was here that Ruskin obtained permission to make a new road for the carts to use, and so leave the green in fair order; and "thither a gang of undergraduates in flannels, with spades, picks, and barrows, went day by day, while the Professor came forth sometimes and applauded them at their task."[1] The following letter, which Ruskin wrote to Acland for transmission to the owner of the land—Mr. Harcourt, of Nuneham and Stanton Harcourt—gives his own account of the scheme:—

"HERNE HILL, *28th March*, '74.

"MY DEAR ACLAND,—I have not courage to write directly to Mr. Harcourt, at length enough to explain what I have to ask of him—the bearing of it, I mean, for the thing itself is explicable enough in few words—but if you will kindly see him, or, if you cannot at present, introduce the matter to him with a word or two, and enclose this letter, I do not doubt his kind consent.

"In the first place, I want to show my Oxford drawing class my notion of what a country road should be. I am always growling and howling about rails, and I want them to see what I would have instead, beginning with a quite by-road through villages. Now I don't know in all England a lovelier *site* of road than the lane along the foot of the hills past Ferry Hincksey, and I want Mr. Harcourt's leave to take up the bit of it immediately to the south of the village, and bring it this spring into the prettiest shape I can. I want to level one or two bits where the water lodges, to get the ruts out of the rest, and sow the banks with the wild flowers that ought to grow on them; and this I want to do with delicatest touching, putting no rough workmen on the ground, but keeping all loveliness it *has*. This is my first, not my chief object.

"My chief object is to let my pupils feel the pleasures of *useful* muscular work, and especially of the various and amusing work involved in getting a Human Pathway rightly made through a lovely country, and rightly adorned. You haven't attended my pretty lectures as you ought, you know! and so you don't know how strongly I have urged as the root of all good in any of the arts, from highest to lowest, the founding of all beauty and useful purpose, and the sanctification of useful purpose by affectionate grace-giving or decoration.

"Now that country road under the slope of the hill with its irregular line of trees, sheltering yet not darkening it, is capable

[1] *Ruskin in Oxford and Other Studies*, by G. W. Kitchin, 1904, p. 45. The Dean's account of the details of the road, etc., is not very accurate.

of being made one of the loveliest things in this English world by only a little tenderness and patience in easy labour. We can get all stagnant water carried away, of course, with the simplest arrangements of fall, and we can make the cottages more healthy, and the walk, within reach of little time and slight strength from Oxford, far more beautiful than any college gardens can be. So, as you *do* know, I have got one or two of my men to promise me that they will do what work is necessary with their own shoulders. I will send down my own gardener to be at their command, with what under work may here and there be necessary which they cannot do with pleasure to themselves, and I will meet whatever expenses is needful for cartage and the like; and all that I ask of Mr. Harcourt is permission to make the road sound, to carry the drainage under it and away, and trim the banks to my mind. But all depends upon the place remaining, at least for this summer, in other respects what it is now; the quietude to it and entirely rustic character of its exquisite little church and beautifully placed cottages being the necessary condition of showing what a pure country scene may be made by the active care of gentle minds and delicate hands. I had more to say, but my paper says, I suppose rightly, better not, except that, I am,

"Ever your loving friend,
"JOHN RUSKIN."

Ruskin had started the scheme in the spring term by getting some Balliol men who were ready to take it up to breakfast at Corpus. The first of the diggers' breakfasts was on March 24, 1874. "I remember," says Mr. Wedderburn, "that Ruskin on this occasion described to us his ideal state of society. The breakfast took place in the Common Room, and we went to Ruskin's rooms after it. He was to go abroad at once while we started the work, and I remember saying to him, 'Well, we will do the rough work, and you can make it beautiful when you come back;' on which he held out both his hands and shook both of mine with gratitude. His desire for sympathy and delight at getting it were pathetic. When we came away I recall some one saying, 'Well, if *he*'s mad, it's a pity there are not more lunatics in the world,' and this expressed the feeling of us all. The work was started under Ruskin's old gardener, David Downs. Ruskin was abroad until the October term; he then used to come and superintend the work himself.[1] The spade-work was over by this time, I think, but

[1] His diary shows that his first attendance was on October 27, 1874 ("To diggings and work for the first time with my merry men"). And again on November 2: "At the diggings, finding the difficulty of making roads."

Photo: The Graphic. Allen & Co. Sc.

Photo: Taunt & Co. Allen & Co. Sc.

The Ruskin Road at Hinksey

the stones had to be broken for the road, and we found stone-breaking none so easy. Downs taught us, and we broke a good many hammers in learning; Ruskin took his turn at this part of the work." The Professor had qualified himself by practice in this part of the job. "When I had to direct road-making at Oxford," he says, "I sate, myself, with an iron-masked stone-breaker, on his heap, to break stones beside the London road, just under Iffley Hill, till I knew how to advise my too impetuous pupils to effect their purposes in that matter, instead of breaking the heads of their hammers off (a serious item in our daily expenses)."[1] "While abroad he wrote to me," continues Mr. Wedderburn, "from Assisi on the subject ('Longest Day, 1874'):—

> "'Even digging, *rightly* done, is at least as much an art as the mere muscular act of rowing; it is only inferior in Harmony and time. On the other hand, the various stroke and lift (in soft and hard ground) is as different in a good labourer from a tyro as any stroke of oar. But all that is of no moment; the real, final, unanswerable superiority is in the serviceableness and duty, and the avoidance (this is quite an immense gain in my mind) of strain or rivalry.'"

Such, then, was Ruskin's experiment. "The world," says Dean Kitchin, "naturally laughed." There were facetious letters in the London papers; "Platonic Dialogues" in the University squibs; fancy pictures of "Amateur Navvies at Oxford" in the illustrated papers; and in the window at Shrimpton's in the Broad, consecrated to cartoons, a sketch of the Professor of Fine Art with pick and shovel as "President of the Amateur Landscape Gardening Society." To walk over to Hinckesy and laugh at the diggers was a fashionable afternoon amusement. "There was a good deal of levelling to be done," says Mr. Wedderburn, "and a bank to be cut away. The scoffers (Dons included) used to come and stand on the top of the bank while we dug." The opposite plate shows (below) the actual work in progress (from a photograph by Mr. H. W. Taunt, at Oxford); and (above) the version of it given in the *Graphic* (June 27, 1874).

At the time of the most contemptuous allusions in the papers Ruskin was himself in Italy, and Acland with characteristic ardour wrote eloquently in defence of his friend:—

"Mr. Ruskin," he wrote in the course of a letter to the *Times* (dated May 19, 1874), "a man of no narrow sympathies, has known Oxford for

[1] *Præterita*, ii. § 197.

forty years. He is as interested in the greatness of the educated youth of England as he is in the well-being of the poor. He is loved by both. To the high-spirited youth of Oxford he has said, 'Will, then, none of you out of the abundance of your strength and of your leisure, do anything for the poor? The poor ye have always with you. Drain a single cottage; repair a single village by-way; make good a single garden wall; make pleasant with flowers one widow's plot, and your muscles will be more strong and your hearts more light than had all your leisure hours been spent in costly games, or yet more hurtful amusements.' . . . To say nothing of the good of humane and hearty occupation to the men themselves, are we sure that some men such as these when wisely directed will not be among the best safeguards in the heaving, restless, social fabric of modern life?"[1]

Ruskin himself took the ridicule good-naturedly; his sense of humour was at least as alert as that of his revilers. The road which his pupils made is, he was heard to admit, about the worst in the three kingdoms (though in fact it is passable enough), and for any level places in it he used to give the credit to his old gardener, whom he summoned to Oxford to act as Professor of Digging. But he had a serious purpose; and the experiment, even from the point of view of road-making, was by no means barren. An inch of practice is sometimes worth a yard of preaching; and Ruskin's road-digging experiment gave a real stimulus to "the gospel of labour," of the same kind as the later and independent teaching of Count Tolstoi. Ruskin, by this experiment which attracted so much attention, causing some to consider, if many to smile, was a pioneer in an educational movement which is now spreading. In the greater Public Schools, and at the old Universities, the rage for mere athletics continues, indeed, unabated; but the importance of manual dexterity is coming to be recognised even in the old schools, while there are many newer foundations in which athletics are tempered by daily practice in the elementary arts of digging and gardening, upon which life

[1] Mr. *Punch* sided with Acland, and published some verses (June 6, 1874) which thus ended:—

> "Pity we have for the man who thinks he
> Proves Ruskin fool for work like this.
> Why shouldn't young Oxford lend hands to Hincksey,
> Though Doctrinaires may take it amiss?
> Careless wholly of critic's menace,
> Scholars of Ruskin, to him be true;
> The truth he has writ in *The Stones of Venice*
> May be taught by the Stones of Hincksey too."

The *Spectator*, also, approved; see the passage quoted in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 46 ("Notes and Correspondence").

upon this earth is based.[1] Educationalists of "the new school" recognise, too, that a sound principle lies underneath the methods which Dickens caricatured—"C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When a boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it." Mr. Squeers only lost the credit of an educational pioneer by misapplying his principles.

But Ruskin, in preaching "d-i-g, dig, go and do it," had a second object in view. His "class" at Hincksey weeded out the weaker brethren, and drew the more devoted closer to him. Some of the Oxford road-diggers were attracted to the work, less for its own sake, perhaps, than for the reward of it—the reward of the breakfast-parties and talks in the Professor's rooms at Corpus; but they had to do the digging first. Acland's prediction was in considerable measure fulfilled; for it was in Ruskin's lectures, talks, and digging-parties that the seeds were sown, or watered, of that practical interest in social questions which was to be the next Oxford Movement. Among the undergraduate road-diggers were Alfred Milner (now Viscount Milner), whose tall figure may be seen in the photograph, and Arnold Toynbee —that rare and beautiful spirit, most persuasive of talkers, most devoted of workers, whose name cannot be mentioned by any of his friends without some word of affectionate admiration. Toynbee rose by his zeal in the Hincksey work to the rank of foreman. "He was thus entitled," adds his biographer, "to appear frequently at those breakfasts which Mr. Ruskin gave to his young friends, and enlivened with quaint, eloquent conversation. Upon men like Toynbee, intercourse with Mr. Ruskin had a stimulating effect more durable than the actual improvement of the road near Hincksey. Toynbee came to think very differently from Mr. Ruskin upon many subjects, and especially upon

[1] See, for instance, an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 26, 1889, on "The New School," founded at Abbotsholme by Dr. Cecil Reddie; and "An Essay in Education," entitled *Bedales School*, by J. H. Badley (Cambridge University Press, 1900). "After the indoor classes," Mr. Badley explains, "come, on two days of the week, the usual school games; on two other afternoons, instead of games, there is outdoor work, in garden, farm, or dairy. The majority take part, under the direction of the head-gardener, in whatever work is going on in the garden. Older boys have the option of doing farm-work instead, under the farm-manager. Here they practise ploughing, hoeing, etc. It should be made clear that all this is not done with the intention of turning out farmers. . . . It is a wholesome variant from the games which may easily be overdone at school, and from the head-work of the morning; it is healthy work, and work that has a practical interest and satisfaction of its own; and further, work that serves to beat down conventional barriers and notions of what is befitting a gentleman" (p. 14).

democracy, but always regarded him with reverence and affection."[1] It is impossible to say in how many leaders and followers of the "young Oxford" movement Ruskin's influence worked directly or indirectly as a stimulus and an inspiration. What is certain is, that the actual course taken by that movement has followed the principles preached by him. "I tell you," said the Professor of Fine Art, at the close of one of his lectures, "that neither sound art, policy, nor religion can exist in England until, neglecting, if it must be, your own pleasure-gardens and pleasure-chambers, you resolve that the streets which are the habitation of the poor, and the fields which are the playgrounds of their children, shall be again restored to the rule of the spirits, whosoever they are, in earth and heaven, that ordain and reward, with constant and conscious felicity, all that is decent and orderly, beautiful and pure."[2] It was the conviction of this truth that had no small share in leading to the Universities' Settlements in East London.

Of Ruskin's professional teaching, and of the collections which he formed to illustrate it, account is given in the next volume. His hopes and schemes are set forth in the Inaugural Lecture here.[3] With regard to these, and to his work at Oxford generally, he confesses in the Preface of 1887[4] to much sense of disappointment and failure. To ardent and enthusiastic spirits, ever conscious of "such things to be, such things to do," the accomplishment, in this imperfect world, is also ever doomed to fall far short of the aspiration. Ruskin lays all the blame on his own shortcomings, and hazards the opinion that, if he had spent his whole time and energy upon his Oxford work, he might have succeeded in establishing a real school of art—with subsidiary schools of sculpture, architecture, metal work, and manuscript illumination, and in gathering around the Slade Professorship a large band of serious students—within the University. But all this may be doubted. The inaugural lectures of most Professors meet with the same fate. They set forth schemes of work which are based on the assumption that Oxford is a home of disinterested study; the assumption is hardly in accordance with the facts, and so the Professor's hopes come to nought. The undergraduates are partly our "young barbarians all at play," and partly students working for

[1] *Arnold Toynbee*, by F. C. Montague, 1889, p. 14.
[2] *Art of England*, § 123; and compare, in this volume, *Lectures on Art*, §§ 4, 116 (pp. 21, 107).
[3] See below, pp. 21–22, 133.
[4] See below, p. 13.

specified examinations. There is no Examination School of Fine Arts, and therefore there is no systematic study of them. Even the attraction of Ruskin's fame and personality failed to draw more than a handful to his professional classes. His work at Oxford must stand, therefore, not on the realisation of the schemes propounded in these *Lectures on Art*, but rather on the art collections which he gave to the University, and which, though at present little used, are capable of serving a useful purpose,[1] and on the stimulus—intellectual, moral, and æsthetic—which his lectures and his conversation applied to successive generations of young men. The written word in part remains, the inspiration of the Living Voice passes away; yet where the teacher has in him the divine spark, "its echoes roll from soul to soul," and thus may "live for ever and for ever."

"LECTURES ON ART"

The interest which was taken in the appointment to the Chair of a Professor so distinguished as Ruskin was shown at his Inaugural Lecture. It had been announced for the Theatre in the Museum, but long before the appointed hour the room was so densely crowded, and there were so many disappointed of admission, that Acland begged the audience to adjourn, with the lecturer at their head, to the Sheldonian Theatre. There had been no such scene in Oxford since 1841, when Dr. Arnold gave his inaugural lecture as Professor of Modern History.[2] Ruskin was able to send a line to his mother, immediately after the lecture was over, telling that it had been a great success; adding in a later note that he had been obliged to give it from the same place where, thirty-one years before, he had recited his prize poem. The second lecture was equally successful, and Ruskin reported to his mother as follows:—

"The University Galleries, Oxford,
"*16th February*, 1870.

"My dearest Mother,—The afternoon is bright and a little soft at last, and everybody, as far as I can hear, has been much pleased with my lecture. My voice lasted excellently, and it was just an hour of talk, to certainly as important an audience as it could have been addressed to, young and old.

"I have a notion you will hear a good deal of it, for they seemed

[1] See on this subject the Introduction to the next volume.
[2] See Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, ed. 1901, p. 619.

very much interested; and Henry Acland was crying, he was so pleased, and relieved from the fear of my saying anything that would shock people.

"I really think the time has come for me to be of some use. I am quite well.

"Ever, my dearest Mother,

"Your most affectionate Son,

"J. RUSKIN."

The attendance remained very large, though Ruskin declined to repeat the experiment of lecturing in so large a room as the Sheldonian Theatre. At various times he made efforts to exclude the ladies, who threatened, by their greater pertinacity, to oust the University men, and many of his subsequent courses were delivered twice—first to the University, and then to a general audience. After the first four lectures of the present course, which were of a general character, Ruskin limited his audience by requiring a previous application for tickets. The remaining lectures were, as the reader will see, more technical in character, and more copiously illustrated by examples which could not be properly shown or explained to a public meeting.

The lectures were published shortly after their delivery by the Clarendon Press, Ruskin leaving to his faithful friend W. H. Harrison the task of correcting the proofs. The book was widely noticed in the newspapers, and passed rapidly through successive editions. In 1887 it was reissued in a cheaper form, and started upon a new career of wider publicity. The *text* of this edition stands as last revised by Ruskin; but all passages omitted from the earlier edition are supplied either in the list of various readings (p. 8), or in footnotes (see, *e.g.*, pp. 22, 60, 118). The *illustrations* introduced in the present edition will, it is hoped, add considerably to the interest of the book. Some of the examples shown at the lectures are now reproduced here (pp. 155, 156) or in the next volume (see the reference in § 25). The passages descriptive of Greek vases (§§ 153–156) are much more intelligible with illustrations, and woodcuts are, therefore, introduced in the text.

Ruskin not unjustly regarded these Lectures on Art as being one of his principal works. On the general topics treated in Lectures i.–iv. they give his most matured views, as also they contain some of his finest pieces of rhetoric. Of the remaining lectures, which limiting themselves to painting, treat specifically of line, light, and colour, it has been well said that "none but a master practised in the art, and with extraordinary gifts of perception and expression, could have written

them. The attention of the student is not confined to technical detail, but is directed to the broader aspects of the subject by general statements in regard to the different schools of painting. Some of these statements may seem to require modification, but they all serve to illustrate leading facts and principles, and to quicken observation and reflection."[1]

The *manuscript drafts* which have been in the editors' hands fully bear out what Ruskin says (above, p. xxii.) of the pains taken in the composition of the lectures. There are at Brantwood two huge ledgers which contain the author's first versions of his earlier Oxford Lectures. He wrote them over and over again, revising the language and rearranging the order of his topics incessantly. The final fair copy, which in its turn was doubtless much revised on proof, is not known to the editors. The *facsimiles* here given—of the opening sentences (p. 16) and of a famous piece of rhetoric, delivered later in the course (p. 42)—are from pages of the ledgers above described. Many passages, omitted for considerations of time and space, are now added in footnotes, from the same source (see, *e.g.*, pp. 18, 23, 40, 57, 68). The MS. of the Preface of 1887 is in Mr. Allen's possession.

1870

Ruskin's lectures were brought to an end in March, but he spent some further time in Oxford arranging the examples for his Drawing School, and preparing the first Catalogue of them. This is the *Catalogue of Examples* referred to in the lectures (p. 12); in this edition references have been supplied in accordance with the existing arrangement of the collections. After this spell of work, Ruskin felt the need of change, both to recover strength and to carry forward various studies for future Oxford courses. He was abroad for three months, from the end of April to the end of July, with his friend Mrs. Hilliard and her daughter, and his cousin Joan. He wrote no detailed diary, but letters to his mother and friends give us glimpses of the travellers.[2] After the

[1] Introduction by Professor Norton to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Lectures on Art*, p. vi. Ruskin's fondness for classification led him into some apparent confusion at one point: see the note on p. 127, below.

[2] The diary of the tour was as follows: Boulogne (April 27), Paris (April 28), Geneva (April 30), Vevay (May 6), Martigny (May 11), Brieg (May 17), Baveno (May 18), Milan (May 21), Verona (May 25), Venice (May 26), Florence (June 21), Siena (June 25), Florence (June 28), Pisa (July 1), Pistoja (July 3), Padua (July 4),

severe work at Oxford, Ruskin found "the reaction very considerable," he told his mother, "and was for a time very languid and unwilling for the least manual exertion" (May 13). But as soon as he came among the mountains his schemes and energies were renewed. "I am examining the mountains," he writes on the same day from Martigny (May 13), "with a view to my plan for the redemption of their barren slopes. There is just difficulty enough to make it a sublime piece of manual work." The mountains brought him pleasure also, though tinged with sadness. Even when his senses were most keenly touched by beautiful scenes, the still, sad music of humanity was ever sounding in his ears. "We had a lovely sunrise on the Jura," he writes (Geneva, April 30), "and an exquisite morning among them, and I very much enjoy giving so much pleasure as this whole journey is giving." "All these beautiful places," he writes next day, "are now more to me in some ways than ever; had they remained as they once were, I could have been deeply happy, though sad; now, the uppermost feeling is a hard indignation and amazement, and the next one of wistful longing for the old time." But the meadows at least remained, and their glory had not passed away from the earth. "Here is a fine day at last," he writes from Vevay (May 7), "and I am going to take Downs up the hills to see narcissus. They are out in all their glory, white, as in the old time, and the blossoming trees are lovely." And again, "It was an entirely splendid day yesterday, and I got up to some of my old favourite (Vevay, May 8) fields, and showed Downs narcissus and oxalis and forget-me-nots and violet and primrose and cowslip and oxlip, all growing within a few feet of each other, and all luxuriantly. I had grand views of the hills above, and came at last to gentians."

Ruskin had meant this tour to be a real holiday; but in Italy he could not be idle. "Now that I am the 'professor,'" he writes from Milan (May 21), "I have so much to notice and set down every moment of my day in Italy." At Venice he had the pleasure of much converse with his dearly-loved friend, Rawdon Brown, and he made great friends too with the Fathers at the Armenian Convent:[1] "The

Como (July 5), Bellinzona (July 7), Airolo (July 8), Fluelen (July 9), Giessbach (July 10), Lauterbrunnen (July 20), Thun (July 23), Geneva (July 25), Paris (July 26), Boulogne (July 27). Ruskin was accompanied on this occasion not only by his valet and a maid for the ladies, but also by his gardener, Downs, to whom he desired to refer on some of his Alpine schemes, and to give the pleasure of a tour abroad.

[1] A letter from Ruskin of later date is framed in the little Museum of the Convent, and will be found in a later volume of this edition.

oleanders are superb," he says (June 19), "and it is the only quiet place in Venice." He was satisfied also with his drawings at this time:—

"VENICE, *Monday, 30th May.*

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I enjoy my mornings here, they make me feel young again. I go out and have my cup of coffee in the sunshine, and then sit in my boat, as I used to do with Harding, and draw, not as I used to do with delight, for I know too well now what drawing should be, but with a pleasant sense that other people will have real pleasure in what I am doing. But I don't think I ever heard of any one who so mourned over his departed youth.

"Your letters give me great pleasure. I cannot resist sending you another envelope.[1] Joan's love.

"Ever your affectionate Son,

"J. RUSKIN."

Some of the drawings here mentioned were placed in his Art Collection at Oxford, and one of them is reproduced in this edition.[2]

In addition to drawings of Venetian palaces, Ruskin devoted himself to a close study of Carpaccio (as in the preceding year[3]) and of Tintoret. He planned at once a new course of lectures. "I have resolved," he wrote to his mother (June 13, 1870), "to give my five autumn lectures at Oxford on *one* picture, Tintoret's Paradise. It will be rather too large, than too narrow, a subject. What a strange thing it is that the largest, actually in canvas, should also be the best, picture in the world." And again, from Florence (June 21):—

"FLORENCE, *Tuesday, 21st June,* 1870.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—The morning of this longest day broke bright for us over the towers of Bologna, and at half-past six we were coming down the Apennines on Pistoja, into the most splendid views of the Val d'Arno; at nine, our usual breakfast hour, we were quietly here at breakfast. You ask me, in one of your last letters, why I say that Tintoret is *too* awful. I mean that he stands so alone and is so grand that not one person in a thousand can reach up to him, and he is useless to the world from his greatness. I was afraid I should say too much in the lectures I mean to give this autumn on the Paradise, so I have come on here to look at the Florentine school;

[1] That is, addressed to himself for her to use. Her failing sight rendered her writing difficult to read.

[2] See Plate XXVII. in Vol. XXI.

[3] See the letter to Burne-Jones in Vol. IV. p. 356 *n.*

but I have seen enough, even to-day, to make me quite sure of what I have to say, and it is very lucky I came on. I send you an envelope from Milan, for I shall not stay long here, and am ever,

"My dearest Mother,

"Your most affectionate Son,

"J. RUSKIN."

Ultimately the whole course on Tintoret resolved itself into the one lecture ("The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret," in Vol. XXII.), which ended with an enthusiastic description of the "Paradise." In Tuscany a new star came into his ken, as he thus explains in a letter to Mrs. Cowper Temple:—

"PISA, 1*st July*, 1870.

"MY DEAREST ISOLA,—I wonder what you have been thinking of me. It is not because I had people with me that I have not written, but because the various work and pain of this year have put me in a temper in which no pleasant thoughts ever come to me, such as I should choose to write to you; but on the other hand I have not been suffering much—except from my old grievances about pictures and buildings, for I am compelled to think of them now nearly all day long, and my life is mere inquiry and deliberation. I have only had some good to tell you yesterday, and this morning having found great part of the Pisan buildings safe, and the little chapel of the Virgine della Rosa at Lucca[1]—so I write to you. I have learned much on this journey, and hope to tell things in the autumn at Oxford that will be of great use, having found a Master of the religious schools at Florence, Filippo Lippi, new to me, though often seen by me, without seeing, in old times, though I had eyes even then for some sights. But this Filippo Lippi has brought me into a new world, being a complete monk, yet an entirely noble painter. Luini is lovely, but not monkish. Lippi is an Angelico with Luini's strength, or perhaps more, only of earlier date, and with less knowledge. I came on to Florence from Venice feeling anxious about many of these things, and am glad that I have. I have been drawing little but thinking much, and to some good purpose. Will you send me a line to the Giessbach? I am very weary in the innermost of me, into which, you will see, there is more surrender perhaps than there used to be, and even a comparative peace; but my plans have been broken much by this work,

[1] Two years later both were "destroyed": see Vol. XXI. p. 33.

and I am languid with unfollowed purposes. We are on our way home. This is not a letter, but only that you may know why I do not write. Love to William always.

"Ever your affectionate St. C."[1]

To his mother Ruskin had already announced his new discovery:—

"SIENA, *Saturday, 25th June*, 1870.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Yesterday on St. John's day I saw a picture of the religious schools by a man whom I never before had much looked at, which is as much beyond all other religious painting as Tintoret is above all secular painting. Curiously enough, St. John Baptist is also the principal figure in it, and I am really beginning, for the first time in my life, to be glad that my name is John. Many thanks for giving it me.

"Last night the air was quite calm, the stars burning like torches all over the sky, the fire-flies flying all about, literally brighter than the stars. One came into the railroad carriage and shone clear in full lamplight, settling above my head; but the look of them on the mid-sky above the stars was marvellous, all the while bright sheet-lightning playing on the Florentine mountains. We got here soon after ten, and found it cool and delicious. Everybody is in raptures to see us.

"Ever, my dearest mother,

"Your most affectionate Son,

"J. RUSKIN."

Ruskin and his party had gone to Siena to visit Professor Norton, who had made his temporary home in one of the spacious old villas which lie around that delightful city:—

"He was in a delightful mood," writes Ruskin's host; "the clouds which darkened his spirit had lifted for the moment, and all its sunshine and sweetness had free play. He spent much time in drawing the lioness and her cubs at the base of one of the pillars of the wonderful pulpit in the wonderful cathedral. We wandered through the mediæval town, we drove and walked through many of the roads and paths of the picturesque region, and Ruskin enjoyed to the full all the loveliness of the Tuscan landscape, the interest of its historic associations, and the charm of the Italian atmosphere. No guest could have added more to the pleasure of the household."[2]

[1] For this signature, see *Præterita*, iii. § 56.

[2] *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*, vol. ii. p. 3.

The drawing of the lioness and the cubs also took its place in the Oxford Collection, and was referred to in the last lecture of *Aratra Pentelici*, where it is now reproduced (see p. 363). The fire-flies of Siena made, as we have seen, a great impression on Ruskin. In another letter to his mother (June 26) he returns to them: "The fire-flies," he says, "are almost awful in the twilight, as bright as candles, flying in and out of the dark cypresses;" and in a later letter to W. H. Harrison they are again described:—

"AIROLO, ST. GOTHARD, *8th July*, 1870.

"MY DEAR HARRISON,—I promised to write when I left Venice, but had not finished there when I was called to Siena and Florence, and have been only busy worse and worse ever since. I had half the preface written before I left home, but have not added a page since coming abroad, and shall be forced, I see, at last, to write a short and merely explanatory one.[1] This, however, I hope really to get done in a day or two, and the unfinished fragment for 'miscellanies.'

"I am very glad of your little note with account of the light day's work at the Literary Fund (long may such work remain light),[2] and to hear that you liked the Dublin lecture.

"The want of rain which is causing so much suffering was of great service to *my* haymaking in Italy, for the perpetual and clear sunshine enabled me to see pictures even in the darkest churches, and as far south as Florence we had no uncomfortable heat; while Siena, in a hill district, has at this season a climate like the loveliest and purest English summer, with only the somewhat, to me, awful addition of fire-flies innumerable, which, as soon as the sunset is fairly passed into twilight, light up the dark ilex groves with flitting torches, or at least, lights as large as candles, and in the sky, larger than the stars. We got to Siena in a heavy thunderstorm of sheet-lightning in a quiet evening, and the incessant flashes and showers of fire-flies between, made the whole scene look anything rather than *celestial*. But it was very lovely by morning light. . . .

"I will write soon again now, and with sincere regards to Mrs. Harrison and the young ladies, am ever your affectionate

"J. RUSKIN."

[1] Ultimately *Lectures on Art* appeared without any preface (until 1887, when a short one, written in that year, was added). The editors have not found "the unfinished fragment" among Ruskin's MSS.

[2] Harrison was Registrar of the Fund: see Ruskin's paper on him, "My First Editor," § 10, in *On the Old Road*. The "Dublin lecture" is "The Mystery of Life and its Arts" (Vol. XVIII.).

It is a striking illustration of the keenness of Ruskin's impressions, and the retentiveness of his memory, that nineteen years later, when the twilight was gathering around him, the shining of these fire-flies at Siena remained bright before him. "*How* they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves." These are words from the closing paragraph of *Præterita*—the last that Ruskin was to print.[1]

On his way home Ruskin stayed some days in Switzerland, to see Marie of the Giessbach,[2] and there, as appears from a letter to his mother, he was busy already with Oxford lectures for the autumn, which, as then intended, were to be on Italian painting. The war between France and Germany suddenly broke out, and Ruskin brought his party home lest the ways should be closed. His distress at the conflagration threatening so much ill to a country which he dearly loved appears incidentally in this volume.[3]

"ARATRA PENTELICI"

On returning home Ruskin changed his plan for the next Oxford course. The projected lectures on Italian Painting were abandoned, and a course upon "The Elements of Sculpture" was substituted. He conceived the felicitous thought of illustrating his discourse upon Greek art from coins. The analysis of coins can, as he says, "be certified by easily accessible"—and, it might have been added, securely dated and wholly unrestored—"examples," and they lend themselves peculiarly well to reproduction by photographic processes.[4] Ruskin, in the large use he made of coins for the illustration of Greek art and history, was in this country a pioneer of methods which are now more generally admitted.[5] Ruskin himself possessed a choice collection of Greek coins, and during the early autumn of 1870 his main preoccupation was the study of them and of the Coin Room at the British Museum.

[1] There is also a reference to the fire-flies in a note of 1877 in *Ethics of the Dust* (Vol. XVIII. p. 368).

[2] A reminiscence of a walk at Giessbach on this occasion is given in *The Eagle's Nest*, § 101.

[3] See pp. 199, 275, 308 *n.*, 354, 401.

[4] See the author's note in the Preface to *Aratra* (below, p. 194).

[5] A passage from Professor Percy Gardner's recently published *Grammar of Greek Art* (1905) may be cited: "Of all classes of Greek remains coins are the most trustworthy, give us the most precise information, introduce us to the greatest variety of facts. . . . Work upon them is perhaps the best possible introduction to archæology. The student who takes this road avoids areas of controversy; he trains his eyes by the contemplation of works of unquestioned genuineness and beauty; he learns to think by periods and by districts" (p. 254).

The lectures were delivered in November and December 1870, and were revised for publication a year later. The title given to the book containing the lectures—*Aratra Pentelici* (Ploughs of Pentelicus)—was an afterthought, perhaps suggested to the author by passages which he wrote, unless some of these were themselves introduced to play around the title. "Its meaning is," he wrote in sending the sheets of the book to Professor Norton, "that I have traced all the elementary laws of sculpture, as you will see in following sheets, to a right understanding of the power of incision or furrow in marble."[1] A ploughshare, the thus fundamental instrument of sculpture, was duly laid on the table at the first lecture (§ 4 *n.*); and the moral lessons, which with Ruskin always underlaid, and sometimes perhaps overlaid, the artistic, were enforced by reference to "other furrows to be driven than these in the marble of Pentelicus" (§ 180).[2] The technical discussions in this book are full of acuteness; and not less interesting is the theory of the origin of art which Ruskin works into it—"not Schiller's nor Herbert Spencer's," says Mr. Collingwood, "and yet akin to theirs of the *Spieltrieb*,—involving the notion of doll-play;—man as a child, re-creating himself, in a double sense; imitating the creation of the world, and really creating a sort of secondary life in his art, to play with, or to worship."[3] But imagination must ever be founded on life: the true sculptor is to "see Pallas" (pp. 269, 272)—the spirit, that is, of life and of wisdom in the choice of life. The discussion of the spirit of Greek art, with the close examination of particular coins and the comparison between the Greek and the Florentine schools with which the book concludes, is one of the author's closest pieces of critical analysis. "The lectures," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, with just appreciation, "graceful in expression, fertile in suggestion, and original in thought, are a joy to read, and were a genuine example of sound professional guidance, both in the way of judgment and of research."[4] There are many who will be disposed to question his denial to Greek art of any ideal beauty, but there can be few who, through whatever differences of opinion, will forget "how much of truth and charm is embodied in these fiery darts into the soul of Greek and Florentine sculpture."[5] The author himself enjoyed his

[1] *Letters to Charles Eliot Norton*, vol. ii. p. 33.

[2] In this passage (pp. 329–330) there is perhaps a playful reference (characteristic of Ruskin's Oxford lectures) to "ploughing" in University examinations.

[3] *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 277.

[4] *John Ruskin* ("English Men of Letters" Series), p. 124.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 126.

subject, and felt that he had some special qualifications for treating it. In writing to Acland when the course was first announced in the *University Gazette* he says:—

"Denmark Hill, S.E.

"I hope the lectures will be interesting in their balanced estimate of the Greek and Florentine schools, which I suppose few men could now strike so impartially as, according to what knowledge I possess, I am now disposed to do. There are few artists who are not in some position of antagonism either to mediævalism or heathenism, and, I should think, none who cared so much as I do for both. This course, however, will mainly be on the Greeks, as well as the one I hope to get ready for the spring. Then in autumn I shall get fairly on to Pisa, if my health holds."[1]

The study of Greek coins and their types and legends led Ruskin into many by-ways of history and mythology. His keen interest in such inquiries has already been noticed.[2] The paragraphs on Greek vases in the *Lectures on Art*, with their ingenious reading of nature-myths into the designs, and the incidental allusions to mythology in *Aratra Pentelici*, should be considered in relation with what has been said, in the preceding volume,[3] about Ruskin's general standpoint in this study.

The lectures on sculpture as printed by Ruskin differ considerably in arrangement from the lectures as written and delivered, and the lectures as delivered or printed give only the half of what he had planned. With regard to the first point, particulars are given in the Bibliographical Note (p. 185); and it need only here be stated that the last of the delivered lectures, on "The School of Florence," is now for the first time added to the book. Ruskin intended to use it elsewhere, and had spent much time upon its composition. There are no less than three MS. copies of it among his papers. There is a rough draft (in Ruskin's hand) in one of the Oxford ledgers; a copy in Crawley's hand, corrected by Ruskin; and also a fair copy of the complete lecture in his own hand. The two latter

[1] The letter is undated, but must have been written in November 1870, as the announcement appeared in the *Gazette* on November 8. The course "for the spring," as then intended, is explained below. He "got fairly to Pisa" in the lectures delivered in October and November 1873, and afterwards published under the title *Val d'Arno*.

[2] See Vol. VII. p. lxii.

[3] Vol. XIX. pp. lxvi.–lxx.

copies are bound up in volumes at Brantwood, marked (respectively) "School of Florence" and "Readings in *Modern Painters*." The same care with which Ruskin wrote this terminal lecture is shown in the rest of *Aratra Pentelici*. The ultimate MS. from which the book was printed is not known to the editors; the ledgers contain various drafts for most of the lectures. A *facsimile* of a page from one of the ledgers is here given (p. 283), and several additional passages are printed in footnotes (see, *e.g.*, pp. 273, 301, 303, 309).

Next, the lectures on sculpture as delivered and as afterwards published give only half of what Ruskin had planned. He disclosed the full scheme in a postscript to the letter just cited:—

> "The spring lectures are to join on to Zoology—they are to be six:—
>
> 1. The Tortoise of Aegina.
> 2. The Eagle of Elis.
> 3. The Lion of Leontini.
> 4. The Riders of Tarentum.
> 5. The Demeter of Metapontum.
> 6. The Zeus of Syracuse.
>
> I hope these will come out amusing."

The same scheme appears in two or three places of the ledgers which contain the draft of the lectures of 1870 (see above, p. xlix.); the six additional lectures were in large measure planned out and, to some extent, put into form, but they were not delivered or printed by him. When, however, Ruskin came to revise *Aratra Pentelici* for publication, the material collected under the heads "The Demeter of Metapontum," "The Zeus of Syracuse," and "The Eagle of Elis" were incorporated in that book (see § 195 *n.*). For the proposed lecture on "The Lion of Leontini" there is no material, though allusions to this coin-type occur in "The Tortoise of Aegina" (p. 383).

From the remaining MSS. six chapters are now printed in the Appendix. This comprises (1) "The Story of Arachne," a lecture on an allied subject delivered at Woolwich in December 1870, and (2) "The Tortoise of Aegina," the first lecture in the intended sequel to *Aratra Pentelici*. These two chapters have previously been printed in the volume of miscellanies entitled *Verona and Other Lectures* (see the notes on pp. 371, 381). The Appendix next includes (3) "The Riders of Tarentum," and (4) "The Eagle of Elis"—the subjects which were to have formed the fourth and second lectures of the intended sequel.

These chapters are printed from the "ledgers," where they are carefully written and revised; they are, however, incomplete, and an attempt has been made to trace from the author's memoranda the line of thought he intended to pursue. These two chapters are very characteristic of the way in which Ruskin dovetailed one subject into another. The sequel to *Aratra* was, we have seen, "to join on to Zoology": they touched, that is, on various animal-types in Greek art. In this respect the chapters have affinity with *The Eagle's Nest* and *Love's Meinie*. But they also join on to *Aratra* itself, and to the studies of Greek myths contained in *The Queen of the Air* and the Oxford Catalogues. The Appendix contains, next, (5) some carefully written passages (now printed from the same "ledgers") on "Greek and Christian Art, as affected by the Idea of Immortality." This is a discussion which Ruskin promises in other places (see p. 408 *n.*), but which he failed to print. The first scheme for the course on sculpture, given below,[1] shows that the passages were written for *Aratra*. The Appendix contains, lastly, (6) notes on "Some Characteristics of Greek Art, in relation to Christian." These are particularly interesting, and must also have been intended for, and were perhaps delivered in, the lectures on Greek sculpture. They are here printed from some MS. sheets which are bound up at Brantwood in the volume entitled "School of Florence."

Some of the illustrations in this volume have already been referred to, but the usual details may here be added. The *frontispiece* is reproduced from a portrait of the author by Mr. H. S. Uhlrich. It appeared in a different form as a large woodcut in the *Graphic* (July 5, 1879), and Ruskin wrote to the artist that it was "out and out the best portrait of me yet done" (July 4, 1879). Mr. Uhlrich is the engraver who has skilfully cut the designs from Greek vases, now introduced to illustrate *Lectures on Art* (Figs. 1–6).

The plate (A) in this Introduction has been already mentioned (p. xliii.).

Two plates (B and C) are introduced to illustrate a passage in *Lectures on Art;* they are reproductions of the mezzotint and the etching, respectively, of Turner's unpublished plate (intended for *Liber*

[1] In one of the ledgers is the following "General Plan, October 1870": "(1) Relation of the three great arts to each other. (2) Imitation. (3) Structure. (4) The Division of Schools and the Influences of the Hope of Immortality. (5) The Principles of Bas-relief. (6) The Tortoise of Aegina. (7) The Eagle of Elis. (8) The Lion of Leontini. (9) The Riders of Tarentum. (10) The Zeus of Syracuse."

Studiorum) of the "Swiss Bridge, Mount St. Gothard."[1] The plate, which was both etched and engraved by Turner, is not very well known, and it is frequently referred to by Ruskin, who had in his collection one of the very scarce engraver's proofs, and also a copy of the somewhat rare etching. The plate is here reduced by photogravure, by kind permission of Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, from the copy in his collection; the etching is reduced from a large outline which Mr. George Allen made under Ruskin's directions for exhibition at his lectures.

The illustrations to *Aratra Pentelici* comprise (1), in one form or another and with some rearrangement (explained in the Bibliographical Note, p. 187), all those contained in previous editions; and also (2) two additional subjects. With regard to the original illustrations, photogravure or wood-engraving has been employed in place of the autotype process. A comparison of the present volume with the original edition of 1872 will, I think, convince the reader of the advantage thus gained; it has also been possible, owing to the size of the present page, to increase the scale in some cases (as in Plates I., II., VII., X., XVII., XX., XXIII.). Owing to the fine work of the Greek die-cutters, and to the facility of taking photographs from white plaster moulds, it is possible, without losing the sharpness of the original work, to enlarge the coins so as the better to bring out the details. For Plate VI. (IV. in the original edition) it has been necessary to cut new blocks (by Mr. Uhlrich), as those made for Ruskin by A. Burgess were found to have shrunk, so that accuracy of register, in the successive colour printings, would have been impossible. The coins shown, not very successfully, by autotype process on Plate VI. of the original edition are now given as woodcuts, again by Mr. Uhlrich (Figs. 10, 11). Plates XI. and XII. in this edition are woodcuts (Uhlrich) in place of autotypes. No. XIII. is printed from the original steel plate by Mr. G. Allen. No. XVI. is reproduced by photogravure from the drawing by Burgess, from which the autotype in the original edition was made.

The additional plates here introduced (XIV. and XV.) will, it is thought, render more interesting and intelligible one of the most suggestive passages in the book. Particulars of them are given in the note on p. 335.

The remaining *woodcuts* in *Aratra Pentelici* (Figs. 7–9, 12–15) are the same as appeared in the original edition.

[1] No. 78 in Mr. Rawlinson's Catalogue. The plate is called also (incorrectly) "Via Mala." For Ruskin's references to it, see below, p. 155 *n.*

The additional chapter on "The School of Florence" is illustrated by two of the examples (Plates D and E) which Ruskin showed at the lecture. They are both photogravures from drawings by him now in the Oxford Collection (for particulars, see pp. 362, 363 *nn.*).

A further plate of coins (F) is given to illustrate the new chapters on "The Riders of Tarentum" and "The Eagle of Elis" (see pp. 396, 397, 400 *nn.*); and an engraving by Mr. Hugh Allen, from a drawing by Ruskin, showing the type of eagle in Italian sculpture, is added (G) to illustrate the latter lecture. The two woodcuts (Figs. 16 and 17) in the lecture on "The Tortoise of Aegina" replace photogravures on a smaller scale in *Verona and Other Lectures*.

The woodcut in Appendix vi. (Fig. 18) is made from a photographic plate which Ruskin had printed but did not publish (see p. 410 *n.*).

Finally, a plate (H, also a woodcut) is introduced in the same lecture to illustrate Ruskin's remarks. It is founded, by kind permission of Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, on a drawing in his *Sarcophagus of Ânchnesraneferab, Queen of Amasis II.* (1885).

E. T. C.

LIST OF RUSKIN'S OXFORD LECTURES

DURING HIS FIRST TENURE OF THE SLADE PROFESSORSHIP (1870–1878)

1870. February and March. Inaugural: *Lectures on Art* (in this volume).

„ November and December. The Elements of Sculpture: *Aratra Pentelici* (in this volume).

1871. January and February. *Lectures on Landscape* (Vol. XXII.).

„ June. *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret* (Vol. XXII.).

1872. February and March. The Relation of Natural Science to Art: *The Eagle's Nest* (Vol. XXII.).

„ November and December. Botticelli and the Florentine Schools of Engraving: *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII.).

1873. March and May. English and Greek Birds as the subjects of Fine Art: *Love's Meinie.* (See a later volume.)

„ October and November. Tuscan Art: *Val d'Arno* (Vol. XXIII.).

1874. October and November. Mountain Form in the Higher Alps: partly printed in *Deucalion.* (See a later volume.)

„ November and December. The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Art in Florence (Vol. XXIII.).

1875. November. Studies in the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds (Vol. XXII., Appendix).

1876. No lectures.

1877. November and December. Readings in *Modern Painters* (Vol. XXII., Appendix).

1878. No lectures.

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I

LECTURES ON ART

(1870)

LECTURES ON ART

DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN HILARY TERM, 1870

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH
SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART

Oxford
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS
MDCCCLXX
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[*Bibliographical Note.*—The *Lectures on Art* were announced, under their present titles, in the *Oxford University Gazette* of January 28, 1870, the general subject of the course being given as "The Limits and Elementary Practice of Art," with "Lionardo's *Trattato della Pittura*" as the "Text Book." The lectures were delivered at Oxford on the following dates, and were reported at the time thus:—

I. February 8, 1870. *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 9, and *Athenæum*, February 12.
II. February 16. *Athenæum*, February 19.
III. February 23. *Athenæum*, February 26.
IV. March 3. *Athenæum*, March 12.
V. March 9.
VI. March 16.
VII. March 23.
} These were delivered to more restricted audiences and were not reported, a notice in the *University Gazette* of March 8 announcing that admission would be by ticket only.

Later in the year the Lectures were published by the author in a volume, of which there have been the following editions:—

First Edition (1870).—The title-page is as shown on the preceding leaf. Octavo, pp. viii. + 189. On the reverse of the half-title is the imprint: "London: Macmillan & Co. [device of the Clarendon Press], Publishers to the University of Oxford." Contents (here p. 11), p. v.; Prefatory Note (here p. 12), p. vii.; Text, pp. 1–189. The paragraphs were numbered throughout. The headlines, which read from left page to right, are the titles of the lectures; in the corner of the left-hand pages is "[Lect."; in that of the right-hand pages, "I.]," etc. There is a fly-title preceding each of the seven lectures. At the end is a fly-sheet containing an advertisement of Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt's *Handbook of Pictorial Art* (see Vol. XV. p. xxx., the reference there being to the Second Edition of the *Handbook*); and this is followed by twelve numbered pages of advertisements of books published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for the Clarendon Press.

Issued, in July 1870, in cloth boards of a bright magenta colour, lettered across the back, "Lectures | on Art | delivered at | Oxford | Prof. Ruskin," with the device of the Clarendon Press at foot. Price 6s. (1000 copies.)

Second Edition (1875).—This is an exact reprint of the first, with the following small differences: (1) the Note on p. vii. was altered (see here p. 12); (2) the date was altered on the title-page, and the words "Second Edition" were added; and (3) a reference was corrected in § 146 (see here p. 138 *n.*). Uniform in appearance with the First Edition. (1000 copies.)

Third Edition (1880).—This was an exact reprint of the Second; except that (1) the title-page was similarly altered; (2) the Note was omitted (thus reducing the preliminary pagination); (3) the imprint was altered to "London: Henry Frowde [device of the Clarendon Press], Oxford University Press Warehouse, Paternoster Row." Uniform in appearance with the earlier editions, but with the word "Oxford" added at the foot of the back. (1000 copies.)

New and Revised Edition (1887).—This edition was revised by the author, and many alterations were made in the text (see "Variæ Lectiones," below). The author also introduced many italics, and had a few sentences set in capitals. The italics are followed in this volume; the sentences which were put in capitals are indicated in footnotes. The title-page of the New and Revised Edition was:—

> Lectures on Art | Delivered before the University of Oxford | in Hilary Term, 1870. | By John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of | Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | New Edition, | Revised by the Author. | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1887. | *All rights reserved.*

Crown 8vo, pp. x.+250. Imprint (at foot of the reverse of the title-page and at foot of the last page): "Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury." New Preface (here pp. 13–15), pp. v.–viii.; Contents, p. ix.; Text (no fly-titles), pp. 1–250. At the end there are ten blank pages, unnumbered, as explained by the author in his Preface (see here p. 15). Headlines as in this volume.

Issued in February 1888, both in chocolate and in dark green coloured cloth; lettered across the back: "Ruskin. | Lectures | on | Art." Price 5s. (2000 copies.)

Re-issues of the book in the form last described were made in May 1890, called "Fifth Edition" (2000 copies); and December 1891, "Sixth Edition" (2000 copies).

Seventh Edition (1894).—The book was now re-set, the title-page being also different:—

> Lectures on Art. | Delivered | before the | University of Oxford | in Hilary Term, 1870. | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow | of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | Seventh Edition. | London: | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road. | 1894. | [*All rights reserved.*]

Crown 8vo, pp. x.+276. An index (by Mr. Wedderburn) was now added (pp. 237–276). The imprint (at the foot of the reverse of the title-page and at the foot of the last page) is "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press." Issued in December 1894. Price, etc., as before. (2000 copies.)

Re-issues in this form were made in November 1898 ("Eighth Edition," 1000 copies); April 1900 ("Thirteenth Thousand"); July 1901 ("Fourteenth Thousand"); and June 1903 ("Fifteenth Thousand"). In this form the book is still current. The price was reduced on January 1, 1904, to 3s. 6d.

Pocket Edition (1904).—The title-page of this edition, uniform with other volumes in the same series (see Vol. XV. p. 6), is:—

> Lectures on Art | By | John Ruskin | London: George Allen.

The edition is printed (except for the title-page, etc.) from the electrotype plates of those last described. Issued in April 1904 (4000 copies); price

2s. 6d. *Re-issued* in June 1904 (3000 copies, making the Twenty-second Thousand).

An *authorised American* issue of the First Edition was issued in 1870. The same type was kept standing, but the leads were altered, so that the book made fewer pages (155); and the book was printed on crown 8vo, instead of demy 8vo paper. The imprint (on reverse of the title-page) is: "Oxford | By T. Combe, M.A., E. B. Gardner, E. P. Hall, and H. Latham, M.A. | Printers to the University." Issued in cloth boards of a brownish red colour.

Unauthorised American Editions have been numerous, in various forms and at various prices (from 50 cents upwards).

An *authorised American* ("Brantwood") *Edition* of the "New and Revised Edition" of 1887 was issued in 1891 by Messrs. Charles E. Merrill & Co., New York, with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton (pp. v.–xii.).

A *German Translation* was issued in 1901 as volume iv. in "John Ruskin Ausgewählte Werke in Vollständiger Übersetzung." The title-page is:—

John Ruskin | Vorträge über Kunst | Aus dem Englischen von | Wilhelm Schölermann | Verlegt bei Eugen Diederichs, Leipzig 1901.

Crown 8vo, pp. iv.+240. The translation is of the Revised Edition of 1887, but several passages are shortened or omitted (a list of these is given by the translator on pp. 229, 230). The translator added an index of his own (pp. 231–240).

The greater part of Lectures iv., v., vi., and vii. is also translated in the following work:—

Wege zur Kunſt. | III. | Vorleſungen über Kunſt. | [*Flower*] | Eine Gedankenleſe | aus den Werken | des | John Ruskin. | ✠ | Aus dem Engliſchen überſetzt und zuſammengeſtellt | von | Jakob Feis. | Aus ſeinem Nachlaß herausgegeben | von | E. Sänger. | Straßburg. | J. H. Ed. Heitz (Heitz und Mündel).

Crown 8vo, pp. 87. A few passages from the earlier lectures are included in vol. ii. of the same series.

Reviews appeared in the *Athenæum*, July 23, 1870; *Saturday Review*, July 30, 1870; *Spectator*, August 6 and 13, 1870 (this review is noticed by Ruskin in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 139—below, p. 296; and in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 27); the *Academy*, September 10, 1870, vol. i. pp. 305–306 (signed by E. F. S. Pattison, afterwards Lady Dilke[1]); *Macmillan's*

[1] "Fourteen years before the date in 1870 on which the article appeared, Ruskin had been the first patron of her studies and designs. Until seven years before the criticism, he had still been the director of a portion of her work. . . . Her article was of course appreciative in a high degree; but it contained sharp criticism upon many leading heads. . . . The last words of the article formed a protest against being led by the charm of eloquence, or the infection of zeal, on to unsafe ground. It was a good many years before Ruskin forgave the emancipated disciple; but he ended by completely forgiving her" (Memoir by Sir Charles Dilke prefixed to *The Book of the Spiritual Life by the late Lady Dilke*, 1905, pp. 32–33). Some extracts from letters between Ruskin and Lady Dilke, whom he described as one of his "antagonisticest powers," are reprinted from the same Memoir in a later volume of this edition.

Magazine, October 1870, vol. 22, pp. 423–434, by Mr. Stopford Brooke (this article elicited a reply from Ruskin, which was published in the November number: see a later volume of this edition); *Guardian*, November 2, 1870 (the *Guardian* also had a leading article on the first lecture, February 16); *Art Journal*, October 1890, N.S., vol. 9, p. 301; *North British Review*, October 1870, vol. 53, pp. 300–302; the *New Englander* (New Haven), October 1870, vol. 29, pp. 659–677 (by H. N. Day). The reviews in the *Academy* and *Macmillan's Magazine* noticed also the *Catalogue of Examples* (see p. 373).

Variæ Lectiones.—The following is a list of all the variations (a few minor matters of punctuation and paragraphing alone excepted). Where the variations are given in footnotes, a reference to them only is here included:—

Note.—See p. 12.

Lecture i.—§ 2, line 5, eds. 1–3, "and which" for "which." § 4, line 3, "rest" italicised in 1887, when also the footnote was added. § 5, line 19, for an additional passage in eds. 1–3, see p. 22 *n.* § 6, line 1, eds. 1–3, "And first, we have" for "We have first"; line 2, see p. 22 *n.*; line 3, eds. 1–3, "and of the means of intercourse" for "and enlarged means of intercourse"; lines 16, 19, "assuredly" and "with a view" italicised in 1887. § 9, line 6, see p. 26 *n.* § 11, lines 6–8, eds. 1–3, ". . . critical, so that they may both be directed to such works of existing art as will best reward their study, and enabled to make the exercise of their patronage . . ."; and in line 11, "only" before "to the men"; and in line 12, "and, to those," before "in the early." § 13, line 12, "We" italicised in 1887; line 19, eds. 1–3, "changes" instead of "change." § 14, line 7, eds. 1–3, "in" for "of." § 21, lines 22, 23, eds. 1–3, ". . . I shall choose will at first not be costly; many of them, only engravings or photographs." § 27, line 6, "is . . . virtues" italicised in 1887, as also "partly . . . usury" in lines 29–32. § 29, line 28, "churches" italicised in 1887.

Lecture ii.—§ 31, line 44, "fact" and "element" italicised in 1887; last lines, see p. 46 *n.* § 34, line 6, "I" italicised in 1887; so also in lines 17, 18, "fine," "good," and "base." § 35, line 6, "falsifying" italicised in 1887; closing passage italicised in 1887; lines 28, 29, see p. 48 *n.* § 36, line 7, "that" italicised in 1887. § 37, line 5, all editions hitherto have read, not very grammatically, "and to the understanding the lives"; Ruskin's early draft, however, which is a good deal corrected, clearly shows the word "rightly" in place of "the" before "understanding." § 37, last lines, see p. 49 *n.* § 39, last lines, "namely . . . understand" italicised in 1887. § 44, lines 22, 23, "equally human" and "equally Divine" italicised in 1887. § 46, lines 10, 11, "sign . . . derangement" italicised in 1887. § 47, author's second footnote, the reference to the note in the Catalogue was omitted in 1887 and later editions. § 48, line 13, eds. 1–3 omit "Reynolds." § 51, end, for an additional passage in eds. 1–3, see p. 60 *n.* § 52, line 17, "Le Normand's" (in all previous editions) here corrected to "Lenormant's." § 59, line 7, 1887 and later editions (apparently in error) placed "idolatry" in brackets.

Lecture iii.—§ 67, lines 16–18, "the fineness . . . expresses" italicised in 1887. § 95, lines 34, 35, the word "the" before "whirlwind" and before "leprosy" is here omitted in accordance with Ruskin's marking in his copy for revision.

Lecture iv.—§ 116, lines 10–13, "You cannot . . . pourtrayed" italicised in 1887; so also in lines 15, 16, "is in . . . beautiful." § 117, the footnote was added in 1887. § 122, the footnote was added in 1887.

Lecture v.—§ 126, line 2, for an additional passage in eds. 1–3, see p. 118 *n.* § 135, line 10, in eds. 1–3, "1. Textures are principally . . ."; line 31, eds. 1–3, ". . . or threads; and even in advanced . . ." § 136, for an additional passage at the end, see p. 125 *n.* § 137, line 24, see p. 126 *n.*; the footnote was added in 1887. § 139, for an additional passage, and other variations in eds. 1–3, see p. 128 *n.* § 141, lines 1, 2, in eds. 1–3 the words "There is . . . advisable" were printed at the end of § 140. § 142, line 24, for an additional passage in eds. 1–3, see p. 133 *n.*; line 28, "measurement" italicised in 1887.

Lecture vi.—§ 146, line 13, see p. 138 *n.*; line 18, for an additional passage, see p. 138 *n.*; line 21, the reference to the page was added in 1887. § 150, line 1, eds. 1–3 omit "the photograph of." § 151, line 18, "spiritual" italicised in 1887. § 152, line 3, "Helen" in all previous editions is here corrected to "Hellen." § 153, line 23, all previous editions read "Le Normant" for "Lenormant." § 156, line 41, "clambering" italicised in 1887. § 159, line 13, "everything" italicised in 1887, as also "This" in line 19. § 165, for an additional passage in eds. 1–3, see p. 160 *n.*

Lecture vii.—§ 173, for an additional passage in eds. 1–3, see p. 168 *n.* § 183, lines 14–17, see p. 173 *n.* § 184, line 7, "Liberty" was put into capitals in 1887. § 185, line 5, eds. 1–3 read "Now" for "But." § 186, the footnote was added in 1887. § 187, line 1, see p. 175 *n.* § 189, the footnote was added in 1887. § 189, for an additional passage at the end, see p. 178 *n.* § 190, line 9, see p. 178 *n.*; line 11, see p. 178 *n.*]

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[The first edition contained the following note:—

> "The Catalogue referred to in the Lectures is at present incomplete. It will, however, in its present form be published shortly, and may be had either from Messrs. Macmillan, 16 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London, or at the University Galleries, Oxford."

In the second edition this was altered to, "The Catalogue referred to in the Lectures may be had either from Messrs. Macmillan, 29 Bedford Street," etc. For the Catalogue, see now Vol. XXI. pp. 5 *seq.*]

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1887

THE following lectures were the most important piece of my literary work done with unabated power, best motive, and happiest concurrence of circumstance. They were written and delivered while my mother yet lived, and had vividest sympathy in all I was attempting;[1]—while also my friends put unbroken trust in me, and the course of study I had followed seemed to fit me for the acceptance of noble tasks and graver responsibilities than those only of a curious traveller, or casual teacher.

Men of the present world may smile at the sanguine utterances of the first four lectures: but it has not been wholly my own fault that they have remained unfulfilled; nor do I retract one word of hope for the success of other masters, nor a single promise made to the sincerity of the student's labour, on the lines here indicated. It would have been necessary to my success, that I should have accepted permanent residence in Oxford, and scattered none of my energy in other tasks. But I chose to spend half my time at Coniston Waterhead; and to use half my force in attempts to form a new social organisation,—the St. George's Guild,—which made all my Oxford colleagues distrustful of me, and many of my Oxford hearers contemptuous. My mother's death in 1871, and that of a dear friend in 1875,[2] took away the personal joy I had in anything I wrote or designed: and in 1876, feeling unable for Oxford duty, I obtained a year's leave of rest,

[1] [There is at Brantwood a copy of the first edition of these lectures, inscribed "Margaret Ruskin. With her Son's dear love. 1870." "Full of my mother's marks," Ruskin added at a later date.]

[2] [The dear friend referred to in *Præterita*, iii. ch. iii.]

and, by the kind and wise counsel of Prince Leopold, went to Venice,[1] to reconsider the form into which I had cast her history in the abstract of it given in the *Stones of Venice*.

The more true and close view of that history, begun in *St. Mark's Rest*, and the fresh architectural drawings made under the stimulus of it, led me forward into new fields of thought, inconsistent with the daily attendance needed by my Oxford classes; and in my discontent with the state I saw them in, and my inability to return to their guidance without abandonment of all my designs of Venetian and Italian history, began the series of vexations which ended in the very nearly mortal illness of 1878.[2]

Since, therefore, the period of my effective action in Oxford was only from 1870 to 1875, it can scarcely be matter of surprise or reproof that I could not in that time obtain general trust in a system of teaching which, though founded on that of Da Vinci and Reynolds, was at variance with the practice of all recent European academy schools;[3] nor establish—on the unassisted resources of the Slade Professorship—the schools of Sculpture, Architecture, Metal-work, and manuscript Illumination, of which the design is confidently traced in the four inaugural lectures.

In revising the book, I have indicated as in the last edition of the *Seven Lamps*,[4] passages which the student will find generally applicable, and in all their bearings useful, as distinguished from those regarding only their immediate subject. The relative importance of these broader statements, I again indicate by the use of capitals or italics;[5] and if the reader will index the sentences he finds

[1] [Ruskin was in Venice from early in September 1876 till late in May 1877. For his intimacy with Prince Leopold, see above, Introduction, p. xxxv.]

[2] [See Vol. XIII. pp. liv.–lv.]

[3] [See Vol. XVI. p. xx.]

[4] [*i.e.*, the edition of 1880: see Vol. VIII. p. lii.]

[5] [For the sake of uniformity the passages thus printed in the edition of 1887 are, however, given in italics, and noted as having been printed in capitals.]

useful for his own work, in the blank pages left for that purpose at the close of the volume, he will certainly get more good of them than if they had been grouped for him according to the author's notion of their contents.[1]

SANDGATE, 10*th January*, 1888.[2]

[1] [In later editions, when an index (by Mr. Wedderburn) was supplied, the blank pages were omitted, though this passage was left as Ruskin wrote it.]

[2] [Ruskin was at Folkestone and at Sandgate in the latter part of 1887, and in the early part of 1888—at a time of failing health.]

LECTURES ON ART

LECTURE I[1]

INAUGURAL

1. The duty which is to-day laid on me, of introducing, among the elements of education appointed in this great University, one not only new, but such as to involve in its possible results some modification of the rest, is, as you well feel, so grave, that no man could undertake it without laying himself open to the imputation of a kind of insolence; and no man could undertake it rightly, without being in danger of having his hands shortened by dread of his task, and mistrust of himself.

And it has chanced to me, of late, to be so little acquainted either with pride or hope, that I can scarcely recover so much as I now need, of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight, except by remembering that noble persons, and friends of the high temper that judges most clearly where it loves best, have desired that this trust should be given me; and by resting also in the conviction that the goodly tree whose roots, by God's help, we set in earth to-day, will not fail of its height because the planting of it is under poor auspices, or the first shoots of it enfeebled by ill gardening.

2. The munificence of the English gentleman to whom we owe the founding of this Professorship[2] at once in our three great Universities,[3] has accomplished the first great

[1] [Delivered on February 8, 1870.]
[2] [See above, Introduction, p. xix.]
[3] [The Slade Chairs of Fine Arts were founded in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in University College, London.]

group of a series of changes now taking gradual effect in our system of public education; which, as you well know, are the sign of a vital change in the national mind, respecting both the principles on which that education should be conducted, and the ranks of society to which it should extend. For, whereas it was formerly thought that the discipline necessary to form the character of youth was best given in the study of abstract branches of literature and philosophy, it is now thought that the same, or a better, discipline may be given by informing men in early years of the things it will be of chief practical advantage to them afterwards to know; and by permitting to them the choice of any field of study which they may feel to be best adapted to their personal dispositions. I have always used what poor influence I possessed in advancing this change;[1] nor can any one rejoice more than I in its practical results. But the completion—I will not venture to say, correction—of a system established by the highest wisdom of noble ancestors, cannot be too reverently undertaken: and it is necessary for the English people, who are sometimes violent in change in proportion to the reluctance with which they admit its necessity, to be now, oftener than at other times, reminded that the object of instruction here is not primarily attainment, but discipline;[2] and that a youth is sent to our Universities, not (hitherto at least) to be apprenticed to a trade, nor even always to be advanced in a profession; but, always, to be made a gentleman and a scholar.[3]

[1] [See especially Appendix 7 in *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. pp. 258 *seq.*).]

[2] [On education as an ethical process, compare Vol. XIX. p. 171.]

[3] [In one of the MS. drafts of the lecture there is here the following passage on "Gentlemen and Scholars" (compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 236; below, p. 366):—

"Now it is probable that by the Laws of Heaven it may be determined that every man shall live by doing his proper duty, or *devoir*, and no otherwise. Let us, therefore, first define the characters of the gentleman and scholar, and ascertain the proper work of each.

"A Gentleman is a person trained so as to be full of mercy and desirous of honour; that is to say, the praise of good men, especially of his children and their descendants, and the praise of God. This fulness of mercy and desire of praise are so inseparably connected with purity of race that in the transition from the language which will without doubt remain as the means of intercourse between educated persons of all nations to that which

8. To be made these,—if there is in him the making of either. The populaces of civilized countries have lately been under a feverish impression that it is possible for all men to be both; and that having once become, by passing through certain mechanical processes of instruction, gentle

will certainly become the expression of the activity of their dominant power, *gentilis* and *generosus* become expressive of moral dispositions as they change into *gentle* and *generous;* and *notabilis* gradually contrasts and intensifies itself into *nobilis* and *noble.* Now, gentlemen, for the sake of continuity of statement, I must permit myself to repeat to you what you well know, that one of the chief uses, if not the chief use, of the study of letters is to discern in the language of great nations the central ideas by which they lived; for it is certain that the thoughts which led them to their greatness must be founded on an unfailing truth. And, therefore, not as the curious tradition of a barbaric time, but as indicating the root of a power which is to last through all time, you must remember always the first meaning of the words Lord and Lady, as Givers or dividers of bread. For in that word is summed the *devoir* of the governing race. Their Mercy and their Honour are both in this, that they are givers of bread, not takers of it, and replenishers of earth, not devastators of it. Full of mercy, observe; that is to say, occupied in aiding and protecting the life of men upon the earth; and as throughout nature the corruption of any good is for the most part into a contrary form of evil, we may read in the very madness of the war which has been the delight and sustenance of kings, the corruption of their true function to its contrary, and perceive also that their true strength and all possibility of their continuance lay not in that, but in the reverse of that in whatever true care and help to the people was given by those who were in any wise true kings. And it is in maintaining contention with all forms of evil and death, and rightly ordering the natural elements favourable to man's existence—above all, in justly governing the energies of Life itself, and extending the civilization which is the making of civil persons, that the purest happiness of humanity is to be reached, and the phases of its intelligence which are certainly highest, whether terminating in themselves, or fitting us, if that be conceivable, for companionship with spiritual natures greater and kinder than our own.

"Practically, therefore, the first school which youths have to enter at the University is that of Gentleness; in which they may both learn how to take, and recognize it for their duty to take, such captaincy over the Poor as shall enable them to feed and clothe them by leading them in disciplined troops to fruitful labour by land and sea, by being first in adventure, last in endurance, strongest in war with adverse element and circumstance, and above all things just in magistracy by watchful reward of virtue, and fearless quenching of crime. This is the work of the Knights and Lords of England, to become Knights Templars of the Temple of God, which is the Body and Spirit of His poor.

"Thus, then, of the character and work of Gentlemen. Next, we have to ask what is the farther character and work of the Scholar, who must be this and more. We may be sure that in this case also the true nature of both has been corrupted and superseded largely by a false one which takes its name, and is its exact contrary; so that, as you have a malignant and destroying, instead of a healing, Authority, so you have a turbulent and deceiving, instead of a peaceful and instructing Scholarship, and that as the power of the king has passed from him because he used it to slay,

and learned, they are sure to attain in the sequel the consummate beatitude of being rich.[1]

Rich, in the way and measure in which it is well for them to be so, they may, without doubt, *all* become. There is indeed a land of Havilah open to them, of which the wonderful sentence is literally true—"The gold of *that* land is good."[2] But they must first understand, that education, in its deepest sense, is not the equalizer, but the discerner, of men;* and that, so far from being instruments for the collection of riches, the first lesson of wisdom is to disdain them, and of gentleness, to diffuse.

It is not therefore, as far as we can judge, yet possible

* The full meaning of this sentence, and of that which closes the paragraph, can only be understood by reference to my more developed statements on the subject of Education in *Modern Painters* and in *Time and Tide*.[3] The following fourth paragraph is the most pregnant summary of my political and social principles I have ever been able to give. [1887.]

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so the power of the teacher has passed from him because he has used it to deceive and has taken away the Key of Knowledge, and entering not in himself, them that would enter in he, under religious pretext, has also hindered. And we may be sure that the true scholar, being the exact contrary of this, will be one who by resolute withdrawal of himself from all pursuit of the objects of vulgar anxiety and avarice, obtains such rest of body and peace of heart as may enable him at last to enter into the shade of the Avenues that encompass the Acropolis of Heaven, and into the Leschai that lead to the temple of its Light, therein to be taught by Nature and by the Lord of Nature, and by all the dead who rest with him."

For "the first meaning of the words Lord and Lady," see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 88 (Vol. XVIII. p. 138 and *n.*). For the Bible reference, see Matthew xxiii. 13. In "the Leschai that lead to the temple of its Light," Ruskin refers to the arcades or corridors (λέσχαι), usually dedicated to Apollo, which were used as centres of reunion and discussion.]

[1] [In one of the early drafts this passage stood as follows:—

". . . of being rich. But the dream of this discoverable Eden, filled with forests of trees of knowledge whose fruit is good for food, and traversed by rivers of life whose sands are good for coinage, will soon be painfully dispelled; and it will be comfortlessly, but surely, apprehended by them that education is not the equalizer, but the discerner and separator of men; and that, so far from being instruments for the attainment of riches, the first lesson of wisdom is to despise them, and of gentleness, to diffuse."

For the Bible reference here, see Genesis ii. 9, 10; and for education as the discerner of men, *Time and Tide*, § 171 (Vol. XVII. pp. 456–457).]

[2] [Genesis ii. 11, 12.]

[3] [Vol. VI. pp. 482–485; Vol. VII. pp. 427–429; and Vol. XVIII. pp. 456–457. See also General Index, *s.* Education.]

for all men to be gentlemen and scholars. Even under the best training some will remain too selfish to refuse wealth, and some too dull to desire leisure. But many more might be so than are now; nay, perhaps all men in England might one day be so, if England truly desired her supremacy among the nations to be in kindness and in learning. To which good end, it will indeed contribute that we add some practice of the lower arts to our scheme of University education; but the thing which is vitally necessary is, that we should extend the spirit of University education to the practice of the lower arts.

4. And, above all, it is needful that we do this by redeeming them from their present pain of self-contempt, and by giving them *rest*. It has been too long boasted as the pride of England, that out of a vast multitude of men, confessed to be in evil case, it was possible for individuals, by strenuous effort, and rare good fortune, occasionally to emerge into the light, and look back with self-gratulatory scorn upon the occupations of their parents, and the circumstances of their infancy. Ought we not rather to aim at an ideal of national life, when, of the employments of Englishmen, though each shall be distinct, none shall be unhappy or ignoble; when mechanical operations, acknowledged to be debasing in their tendency,* shall be deputed to less fortunate and more covetous races; when advance from rank to rank, though possible to all men, may be rather shunned than desired by the best; and the chief object in the mind of every citizen may not be extrication from a condition admitted to be disgraceful, but fulfilment of a duty which shall be also a birthright?

5. And then, the training of all these distinct classes will not be by Universities of general knowledge, but by distinct schools of such knowledge as shall be most useful for every class: in which, first the principles of their special business may be perfectly taught, and whatever higher learning, and cultivation of the faculties for receiving

* "τέχναι ἐπίρρητοι," compare page 113.

and giving pleasure, may be properly joined with that labour, taught in connection with it. Thus, I do not despair of seeing a School of Agriculture,[1] with its fully-endowed institutes of zoology, botany, and chemistry; and a School of Mercantile Seamanship, with its institutes of astronomy, meteorology, and natural history of the sea: and, to name only one of the finer, I do not say higher, arts, we shall, I hope, in a little time, have a perfect school of Metal-work, at the head of which will be, not the ironmasters, but the goldsmiths; and therein, I believe, that artists, being taught how to deal wisely with the most precious of metals, will take into due government the uses of all others.[2]

But I must not permit myself to fail in the estimate of my immediate duty, while I debate what that duty may hereafter become in the hands of others; and I will therefore now, so far as I am able, lay before you a brief general view of the existing state of the arts in England, and of the influence which her Universities, through these newly-founded lectureships, may, I hope, bring to bear upon it for good.

6. We have first to consider the impulse which has been given to the practice of all the arts[3] by the extension of our commerce, and enlarged means of intercourse with foreign nations, by which we now become more familiarly acquainted with their works in past and in present times. The immediate result of these new opportunities, I regret to say, has been to make us more jealous of the genius of others, than conscious of the limitations of our own; and

[1] [A School of Agriculture was established in Cambridge in 1899, and a School of Forestry (transferred from Cooper's Hill) at Oxford in 1905.]

[2] [Eds. 1–3 added here:—

". . . all others; having in connection with their practical work splendid institutes of chemistry and mineralogy, and of ethical and imaginative literature.

"And thus I confess myself more interested in the final issue of the change in our system of central education, which is to-day consummated by the admission of the manual arts into its scheme, than in any direct effect likely to result upon ourselves from the innovation. But I must not . . ."]

[3] [Eds. 1–3 add: "of which the object is the production of beautiful things."]

to make us rather desire to enlarge our wealth by the sale of art, than to elevate our enjoyments by its acquisition.

Now, whatever efforts we make, with a true desire to produce, and possess, things that are intrinsically beautiful, have in them at least one of the essential elements of success. But efforts having origin only in the hope of enriching ourselves by the sale of our productions, are *assuredly* condemned to dishonourable failure; not because, ultimately, a well-trained nation is forbidden to profit by the exercise of its peculiar art-skill; but because that peculiar art-skill can never be developed *with a view* to profit.[1] The right fulfilment of national power in art depends always on the direction of its aim by the experience of ages.[2] Self-knowledge is not less difficult, nor less necessary for the direction of its genius, to a people than to an individual; and it is neither to be acquired by the

[1] [One of the early drafts has an additional passage in this connexion:—

"All good work is done by a company of poor men. This law is a very stern and singular one, but inevitable. Agriculture, by which the world lives, has been done either by the hands of slaves, or of labourers who only obtained such share of the produce as was sufficient for their life, and happy those who can get of it so much. The good building of the world has been done by poor and nameless builders, mason and master mason working together. The good painting, for low fixed salaries; Mantegna's, for thirty pounds a year; Titian's, John Bellini's, and Carpaccio's for five ducats a month. The best poetry has been done for no salary at all; but for casual alms, as the *Iliad;* or bitter bread, as the *Divina Commedia*. Chaucer, indeed,—"well of English undefiled"—had salary, thirteen pounds a year and a pitcher of wine daily; but when he was seventy years old, was borrowing a few shillings from week to week in advance of his pension. The sweet songs of Scotland were written for small pay beside the plough furrow; and if ever silver and gold were prized by the country lover of Ann Hathaway, it was but in the lilies of Avon. In science, calculate the pay of Galileo, Kepler, Linnæus, and Newton; and set the sum beside what estimate you can make of the wages that the world gives ignorance. In war, count the pay that Marathon was fought for, Sempach and Marston Moor; and then set beside that, some example of the wages the world pays to its robbers. You may sometimes have imagined that all this was wrong, and to be amended in these wiser days. But not so. This is eternally right, and may never be changed."

Compare Vol. XVI. pp. 83 and *nn.*, 183–185. For the references to Italian painters and their salaries, see *Guide to the Venetian Academy;* for the bitter bread of Dante's exile, see *Paradiso,* xvii. 59; particulars about the pension of Chaucer (the description of whom Ruskin quotes from Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* iv. 2, 32) may be found in any life of the poet (see, *e.g.,* vol. i. p. 31 of Chaucer's Works in "Bohn's Standard Library"); for the rewards of Kepler and other pioneers of science, see Vol. VII. p. 449.]

[2] [The words "the direction . . . ages" were put into capitals in 1887.]

eagerness of unpractised pride, nor during the anxieties of improvident distress. No nation ever had, or will have, the power of suddenly developing, under the pressure of necessity, faculties it had neglected when it was at ease; nor of teaching itself, in poverty, the skill to produce what it has never, in opulence, had the sense to admire.

7. Connected also with some of the worst parts of our social system, but capable of being directed to better result than this commercial endeavour, we see lately a most powerful impulse given to the production of costly works of art, by the various causes which promote the sudden accumulation of wealth in the hands of private persons. We have thus a vast and new patronage, which, in its present agency, is injurious to our schools; but which is nevertheless in a great degree earnest and conscientious, and far from being influenced chiefly by motives of ostentation. Most of our rich men would be glad to promote the true interests of art in this country: and even those who buy for vanity, found their vanity on the possession of what they suppose to be best.

It is therefore in a great measure the fault of artists themselves if they suffer from this partly unintelligent, but thoroughly well-intended, patronage. If they seek to attract it by eccentricity, to deceive it by superficial qualities, or take advantage of it by thoughtless and facile production, they necessarily degrade themselves and it together, and have no right to complain afterwards that it will not acknowledge better-grounded claims. But if every painter of real power would do only what he knew to be worthy of himself, and refuse to be involved in the contention for undeserved or accidental success, there is indeed, whatever may have been thought or said to the contrary, true instinct enough in the public mind to follow such firm guidance. It is one of the facts which the experience of thirty years enables me to assert without qualification, that a really good picture is ultimately always approved and bought, unless it is wilfully rendered offensive to the public by faults

which the artist has been either too proud to abandon or too weak to correct.

8. The development of whatever is healthful and serviceable in the two modes of impulse which we have been considering, depends however, ultimately, on the direction taken by the true interest in art which has lately been aroused by the great and active genius of many of our living, or but lately lost, painters, sculptors, and architects. It may perhaps surprise, but I think it will please you to hear me, or (if you will forgive me, in my own Oxford, the presumption of fancying that some may recognize me by an old name) to hear the author of *Modern Painters*[1] say, that his chief error in earlier days was not in over estimating, but in too slightly acknowledging the merit of living men. The great painter whose power, while he was yet among us, I was able to perceive, was the first to reprove me for my disregard of the skill of his fellow-artists;[2] and, with this inauguration of the study of the art of all time,—a study which can only by true modesty end in wise admiration,—it is surely well that I connect the record of these words of his, spoken then too truly to myself, and true always more or less for all who are untrained in that toil,—"You don't know how difficult it is."

You will not expect me, within the compass of this lecture, to give you any analysis of the many kinds of excellent art (in all the three great divisions) which the complex demands of modern life, and yet more varied instincts of modern genius, have developed for pleasure or service. It must be my endeavour, in conjunction with my colleagues in the other Universities,[3] hereafter to enable you to appreciate these worthily; in the hope that also the

[1] [*Modern Painters*, it will be remembered, was published as "by a Graduate of Oxford," the author's name being first given on the title-page of *Seven Lamps* (1849), which was described as being by "John Ruskin, author of 'Modern Painters'" (see Vol. VIII. p. li.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XII. p. 129 and *n.*]

[3] [The first Slade Professor at Cambridge was Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt (succeeded in 1873 by Mr. Sidney Colvin); and at University College, London, Sir Edward Poynter.]

members of the Royal Academy, and those of the Institute of British Architects, may be induced to assist, and guide, the efforts of the Universities, by organizing such a system of art-education for their own students, as shall in future prevent the waste of genius in any mistaken endeavours; especially removing doubt as to the proper substance and use of materials;[1] and requiring compliance with certain elementary principles of right, in every picture and design exhibited with their sanction. It is not indeed possible for talent so varied as that of English artists to be compelled into the formalities of a determined school; but it must certainly be the function of every academical body to see that their younger students are guarded from what must in every school be error; and that they are practised in the best methods of work hitherto known, before their ingenuity is directed to the invention of others.

9. I need scarcely refer, except for the sake of completeness in my statement, to one form of demand for art which is wholly unenlightened, and powerful only for evil;—namely, the demand of the classes occupied solely in the pursuit of pleasure, for objects and modes of art that can amuse indolence or excite passion.[2] There is no need for any discussion of these requirements, or of their forms of influence, though they are very deadly at present in their operation on sculpture, and on jewellers' work. They cannot be checked by blame, nor guided by instruction; they are merely the necessary result of whatever defects exist in the temper and principles of a luxurious society; and it is only by moral changes, not by art-criticism, that their action can be modified.

10. Lastly, there is a continually increasing demand for popular art, multipliable by the printing-press, illustrative of daily events, of general literature, and of natural science. Admirable skill, and some of the best talent of modern times, are occupied in supplying this want; and there is

[1] [Compare Vol. XVI. p. 44.]
[2] [Eds. 1–3 read "satisfy sensibility" for "excite passion."]

no limit to the good which may be effected by rightly taking advantage of the powers we now possess of placing good and lovely art within the reach of the poorest classes. Much has been already accomplished; but great harm has been done also,—first, by forms of art definitely addressed to depraved tastes; and, secondly, in a more subtle way, by really beautiful and useful engravings which are yet not good enough to retain their influence on the public mind; —which weary it by redundant quantity of monotonous average excellence, and diminish or destroy its power of accurate attention to work of a higher order.

Especially this is to be regretted in the effect produced on the schools of line engraving, which had reached in England an executive skill of a kind before unexampled, and which of late have lost much of their more sterling and legitimate methods. Still, I have seen plates produced quite recently, more beautiful, I think, in some qualities than anything ever before attained by the burin:[1] and I have not the slightest fear that photography,[2] or any other adverse or competitive operation, will in the least ultimately diminish,—I believe they will, on the contrary, stimulate and exalt—the grand old powers of the wood and the steel.

11. Such are, I think, briefly the present conditions of art with which we have to deal; and I conceive it to be the function of this Professorship, with respect to them, to establish both a practical and critical school of fine art for English gentlemen: practical, so that, if they draw at all, they may draw rightly; and critical, so that, being first directed to such works of existing art as will best reward their study, they may afterwards make their patronage of living artists delightful to themselves in their consciousness of its justice, and, to the utmost, beneficial to their

[1] [Ruskin placed some modern engravings in his Reference Series: see Nos. 103, 151–154, 160, and 175 (etching); Vol. XXI. pp. 36, 41, 42.]

[2] [On the relation of photography to art, see *Cestus of Aglaia*, §§ 37, 105 (Vol. XIX. pp. 88–89, 150.]

country, by being given to the men who deserve it; in the early period of their lives, when they both need it most and can be influenced by it to the best advantage.[1]

12. And especially with reference to this function of patronage, I believe myself justified in taking into account future probabilities as to the character and range of art in England: and I shall endeavour at once to organize with you a system of study calculated to develop chiefly the knowledge of those branches in which the English schools have shown, and are likely to show, peculiar excellence.

Now, in asking your sanction both for the nature of the general plans I wish to adopt, and for what I conceive to be necessary limitations of them, I wish you to be fully aware of my reasons for both: and I will therefore risk the burdening of your patience while I state the directions of effort in which I think English artists are liable to failure, and those also in which past experience has shown they are secure of success.

13. I referred, but now,[2] to the effort we are making to improve the designs of our manufactures. Within certain limits I believe this improvement may indeed take effect: so that we may no more humour momentary fashions by ugly results of chance instead of design; and may produce both good tissues, of harmonious colours, and good forms and substance of pottery and glass. But we shall never excel in decorative design. Such design is usually produced by people of great natural powers of mind, who have no variety of subjects to employ themselves on, no oppressive anxieties, and are in circumstances either of natural scenery or of daily life, which cause pleasurable excitement. *We* cannot design, because we have too much to think of, and we think of it too anxiously. It has long been observed how little real anxiety exists in the minds of the partly savage races which excel in decorative art; and we must not suppose that the temper of the Middle Ages was a

[1] [See *A Joy for Ever*, § 27 (Vol. XVI. p. 34).]
[2] [See above, § 6, p. 22.]

troubled one, because every day brought its danger or its change. The very eventfulness of the life rendered it careless, as generally is still the case with soldiers and sailors. Now, when there are great powers of thought, and little to think of, all the waste energy and fancy are thrown into the manual work, and you have so much intellect as would direct the affairs of a large mercantile concern for a day, spent all at once, quite unconsciously, in drawing an ingenious spiral.

Also, powers of doing fine ornamental work are only to be reached by a perpetual discipline of the hand as well as of the fancy; discipline as attentive and painful as that which a juggler has to put himself through, to overcome the more palpable difficulties of his profession. The execution of the best artists is always a splendid tour-de-force; and much that in painting is supposed to be dependent on material is indeed only a lovely and quite inimitable leger-demain. Now, when powers of fancy, stimulated by this triumphant precision of manual dexterity, descend uninterruptedly from generation to generation, you have at last, what is not so much a trained artist, as a new species of animal, with whose instinctive gifts you have no chance of contending. And thus all our imitations of other people's work are futile. We must learn first to make honest English wares, and afterwards to decorate them as may please the then approving Graces.

14. Secondly—and this is an incapacity of a graver kind, yet having its own good in it also—we shall never be successful in the highest fields of ideal or theological art.

For there is one strange, but quite essential, character in us—ever since the Conquest, if not earlier—a delight in the forms of burlesque which are connected in some degree with the foulness of evil. I think the most perfect type of a true English mind in its best possible temper, is that of Chaucer;[1] and you will find that, while it is for the most part full of thoughts of beauty, pure and wild

[1] [See below, § 70, p. 77; Vol. V. p. 127; and General Index.]

like that of an April morning,[1] there are, even in the midst of this, sometimes momentarily jesting passages which stoop to play with evil—while the power of listening to and enjoying the jesting of entirely gross persons, whatever the feeling may be which permits it, afterwards degenerates into forms of humour which render some of quite the greatest, wisest, and most moral of English writers now almost useless for our youth. And yet you will find that whenever Englishmen are wholly without this instinct, their genius is comparatively weak and restricted.

15. Now, the first necessity for the doing of any great work in ideal art, is the looking upon all foulness with horror, as a contemptible though dreadful enemy. You may easily understand what I mean, by comparing the feelings with which Dante regards any form of obscenity or of base jest,[2] with the temper in which the same things are regarded by Shakespeare. And this strange earthly instinct of ours, coupled as it is, in our good men, with great simplicity and common sense, renders them shrewd and perfect observers and delineators of actual nature, low or high; but precludes them from that speciality of art which is properly called sublime. If ever we try anything in the manner of Michael Angelo or of Dante, we catch a fall, even in literature, as Milton in the battle of the angels, spoiled from Hesiod;[3] while in art, every attempt in this style has hitherto been the sign either of the presumptuous egotism of persons who had never really learned to be workmen, or it has been connected with very tragic forms of the contemplation of death,—it has always been partly insane, and never once wholly successful.[4]

But we need not feel any discomfort in these limitations

[1] [A reference to the first line of the *Canterbury Tales*: "Whan that Aprile with his schowres swoote."]

[2] [Compare Vol. VII. p. 337.]

[3] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 111 (Vol. XVIII. p. 157), where Ruskin again refers to Milton's fall of the angels "spoiled and degraded from Hesiod."]

[4] [See, for instance, Ruskin's criticisms on Barry and Haydon (Vol. VII. p. 231), and on Haydon and Blake (Vol. XIX. p. 133).]

of our capacity. We can do much that others cannot, and more than we have ever yet ourselves completely done. Our first great gift is in the portraiture of living people—a power already so accomplished in both Reynolds and Gainsborough that nothing is left for future masters but to add the calm of perfect workmanship to their vigour and felicity of perception. And of what value a true school of portraiture may become in the future, when worthy men will desire only to be known, and others will not fear to know them, for what they truly were, we cannot from any past records of art influence yet conceive. But in my next address it will be partly my endeavour to show you how much more useful, because more humble, the labour of great masters might have been, had they been content to bear record of the souls that were dwelling with them on earth, instead of striving to give a deceptive glory to those they dreamed of in heaven.

16. Secondly, we have an intense power of invention and expression in domestic drama; (King Lear and Hamlet being essentially domestic in their strongest motives of interest). There is a tendency at this moment towards a noble development of our art in this direction, checked by many adverse conditions, which may be summed in one,—the insufficiency of generous civic or patriotic passion in the heart of the English people; a fault which makes its domestic affection selfish, contracted, and, therefore, frivolous.

17. Thirdly, in connection with our simplicity and good-humour, and partly with that very love of the grotesque which debases our ideal, we have a sympathy with the lower animals which is peculiarly our own; and which, though it has already found some exquisite expression in the works of Bewick and Landseer, is yet quite undeveloped. This sympathy, with the aid of our now authoritative science of physiology, and in association with our British love of adventure, will, I hope, enable us to give to the future inhabitants of the globe an almost perfect record of the

present forms of animal life upon it, of which many are on the point of being extinguished.

Lastly, but not as the least important of our special powers, I have to note our skill in landscape, of which I will presently speak more particularly.

18. Such I conceive to be the directions in which, principally, we have the power to excel; and you must at once see how the consideration of them must modify the advisable methods of our art study. For if our professional painters were likely to produce pieces of art loftily ideal in their character, it would be desirable to form the taste of the students here by setting before them only the purest examples of Greek, and the mightiest of Italian, art. But I do not think you will yet find a single instance of a school directed exclusively to these higher branches of study in England, which has strongly, or even definitely, made impression on its younger scholars. While, therefore, I shall endeavour to point out clearly the characters to be looked for and admired in the great masters of imaginative design, I shall make no special effort to stimulate the imitation of them; and above all things, I shall try to probe in you, and to prevent, the affectation into which it is easy to fall, even through modesty,—of either endeavouring to admire a grandeur with which we have no natural sympathy, or losing the pleasure we might take in the study of familiar things, by considering it a sign of refinement to look for what is of higher class, or rarer occurrence.

19. Again, if our artisans were likely to attain any distinguished skill in ornamental design, it would be incumbent upon me to make my class here accurately acquainted with the principles of earth and metal work, and to accustom them to take pleasure in conventional arrangements of colour and form. I hope, indeed, to do this, so far as to enable them to discern the real merit of many styles of art which are at present neglected; and, above all, to read the minds of semi-barbaric nations in

the only language by which their feelings were capable of expression; and those members of my class whose temper inclines them to take pleasure in the interpretation of mythic symbols, will not probably be induced to quit the profound fields of investigation which early art, examined carefully, will open to them, and which belong to it alone; for this is a general law, that supposing the intellect of the workman the same, the more imitatively complete his art, the less he will mean by it; and the ruder the symbol, the deeper is its intention.[1] Nevertheless, when I have once sufficiently pointed out the nature and value of this conventional work, and vindicated it from the contempt with which it is too generally regarded, I shall leave the student to his own pleasure in its pursuit; and even, so far as I may, discourage all admiration founded on quaintness or peculiarity of style; and repress any other modes of feeling which are likely to lead rather to fastidious collection of curiosities, than to the intelligent appreciation of work which, being executed in compliance with constant laws of right, cannot be singular, and must be distinguished only by excellence in what is always desirable.

20. While, therefore, in these and such other directions, I shall endeavour to put every adequate means of advance within reach of the members of my class, I shall use my own best energy to show them what is consummately beautiful and well done, by men who have passed through the symbolic or suggestive stage of design, and have enabled themselves to comply, by truth of representation, with the strictest or most eager demands of accurate science, and of disciplined passion. I shall therefore direct your observation, during the greater part of the time you may spare to me, to what is indisputably best, both in painting and sculpture; trusting that you will afterwards recognize the nascent and partial skill of former days both with greater interest and greater respect, when you know the full difficulty of what it attempted, and the complete range of what it foretold.

[1] [See below, § 152, and *Aratra Pentelici*, § 71 (pp. 144, 246).]

21. And with this view, I shall at once endeavour to do what has for many years been in my thoughts, and now, with the advice and assistance of the curators of the University Galleries, I do not doubt may be accomplished here in Oxford, just where it will be pre-eminently useful —namely, to arrange an educational series of examples of excellent art,[1] standards to which you may at once refer on any questionable point, and by the study of which you may gradually attain an instinctive sense of right, which will afterwards be liable to no serious error. Such a collection may be formed, both more perfectly, and more easily, than would commonly be supposed. For the real utility of the series will depend on its restricted extent,—on the severe exclusion of all second-rate, superfluous, or even attractively varied examples,—and on the confining the students' attention to a few types of what is insuperably good. More progress in power of judgment may be made in a limited time by the examination of one work, than by the review of many; and a certain degree of vitality is given to the impressiveness of every characteristic, by its being exhibited in clear contrast, and without repetition.

The greater number of the examples I shall choose will be only engravings or photographs: they shall be arranged so as to be easily accessible, and I will prepare a catalogue, pointing out my purpose in the selection of each. But in process of time, I have good hope that assistance will be given me by the English public in making the series here no less splendid than serviceable; and in placing minor collections, arranged on a similar principle, at the command also of the students in our public schools.

22. In the second place, I shall endeavour to prevail upon all the younger members of the University who wish to attend the art lectures, to give at least so much time to manual practice as may enable them to understand the nature and difficulty of executive skill. The time so spent will not be lost, even as regards their other studies at

[1] [See Vol. XXI.]

the University, for I will prepare the practical exercises in a double series, one illustrative of history, the other of natural science.[1] And whether you are drawing a piece of Greek armour, or a hawk's beak, or a lion's paw, you will find that the mere necessity of using the hand compels attention to circumstances which would otherwise have escaped notice, and fastens them in the memory without farther effort. But were it even otherwise, and this practical training did really involve some sacrifice of your time, I do not fear but that it will be justified to you by its felt results: and I think that general public feeling is also tending to the admission that accomplished education must include, not only full command of expression by language, but command of true musical sound by the voice, and of true form by the hand.[2]

28. While I myself hold this professorship, I shall direct you in these exercises very definitely to natural history, and to landscape;[3] not only because in these two branches I am probably able to show you truths which might be despised by my successors; but because I think the vital and joyful study of natural history quite the principal element requiring introduction, not only into University, but into national, education, from highest to lowest;[4] and I even will risk incurring your ridicule by confessing one of my fondest dreams, that I may succeed in making some of you English youths like better to look at a bird than to shoot it;[5] and even desire to make wild creatures tame, instead of tame creatures wild. And for the study of landscape, it is, I think, now calculated to be of use in deeper,

[1] [On this point compare Vol. XV. p. xxix. For the extent to which Ruskin carried out the intention here expressed, see again, Vol. XXI.]

[2] [For the place of music in education, see Vol. XV. p. 341; and for that of drawing, Vol. VII. p. 428 *n.*, and Vol. XVI. pp. xxx., lxvii.]

[3] [See, in Vol. XXII., the *Lectures on Landscape* (§ 1), delivered in the following year (1871).]

[4] [Compare Vol. VII. pp. 427–428 *n.*; Vol. XI. pp. 258–259; and Vol. XVI. pp. 144–145. Ruskin's views of the place of natural history in popular education have not been without their effect: see W. Jolly's *Ruskin on Education*, pp. 43–44.]

[5] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 175.]

if not more important modes, than that of natural science, for reasons which I will ask you to let me state at some length.

24. Observe first;—no race of men which is entirely bred in wild country, far from cities, ever enjoys landscape. They may enjoy the beauty of animals, but scarcely even that: a true peasant cannot see the beauty of cattle; but only qualities expressive of their serviceableness. I waive discussion of this to-day; permit my assertion of it, under my confident guarantee of future proof. Landscape can only be enjoyed by cultivated persons; and it is only by music, literature, and painting, that cultivation can be given. Also, the faculties which are thus received are hereditary; so that the child of an educated race has an innate instinct for beauty, derived from arts practised hundreds of years before its birth. Now farther note this, one of the loveliest things in human nature. In the children of noble races, trained by surrounding art, and at the same time in the practice of great deeds, there is an intense delight in the landscape of their country as *memorial;*[1] a sense not taught to them, nor teachable to any others; but, in them, innate; and the seal and reward of persistence in great national life;—the obedience and the peace of ages having extended gradually the glory of the revered ancestors also to the ancestral land; until the Motherhood of the dust, the mystery of the Demeter[2] from whose bosom we came, and to whose bosom we return, surrounds and inspires, everywhere, the local awe of field and fountain; the sacredness of landmark that none may remove, and of wave that none may pollute; while records of proud days, and of dear persons, make every rock monumental with ghostly inscription, and every path lovely with noble desolateness.

25. Now, however checked by lightness of temperament,

[1] [On this aspect of landscape, compare Ruskin's lecture of 1884, reprinted in a later volume from E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin* (p. 289).]

[2] [For the Greek conception of Demeter (=Earth Mother), see *Queen of the Air*, § 11 (Vol. XIX. p. 304).]

the instinctive love of landscape in us has this deep root, which, in your minds, I will pray you to disencumber from whatever may oppress or mortify it, and to strive to feel with all the strength of your youth that a nation is only worthy of the soil and the scenes that it has inherited, when, by all its acts and arts, it is making them more lovely for its children.

And now, I trust, you will feel that it is not in mere yielding to my own fancies that I have chosen, for the first three subjects in your Educational Series, landscape scenes; —two in England, and one in France,—the association of these being not without purpose:—and for the fourth Albert Dürer's dream of the Spirit of Labour.[1] And of the landscape subjects, I must tell you this much. The first is an engraving only; the original drawing by Turner was destroyed by fire twenty years ago.[2] For which loss I wish you to be sorry, and to remember, in connection with this first example, that whatever remains to us of possession in the arts is, compared to what we might have had if we had cared for them, just what that engraving is to the lost drawing. You will find also that its subject has meaning in it which will not be harmful to you. The second example is a real drawing by Turner,[3] in the same series, and very nearly of the same place; the two scenes are within a quarter of a mile of each other. It will show you the character of the work that was destroyed. It will show you, in process of time, much more; but chiefly, and this is my main reason for choosing both, it will be a permanent expression to you of what English landscape was once;—and must, if we are to remain a nation, be again.

I think it farther right to tell you, for otherwise you might hardly pay regard enough to work apparently so

[1] [Nos. 1–4 in the Standard Series (not in that called the Educational Series): see Vol. XXI. pp. 10–12.]

[2] [For other references to this drawing—"Brignall Banks"—and its destruction by fire, see Vol. XII. p. 371 and *n.*, and Vol. VI. p. 381.]

[3] [For other references to this drawing—"The Junction of the Greta and the Tees"—see below, § 170, p. 163, and again Vol. XXI. p. 11.]

simple, that by a chance which is not altogether displeasing to me, this drawing, which it has become, for these reasons, necessary for me to give you, is—not indeed the best I have, (I have several as good, though none better)—but, of all I have, the one I had least mind to part with.

The third example is also a Turner drawing—a scene on the Loire—never engraved. It is an introduction to the series of the Loire, which you have already;[1] it has in its present place a due concurrence with the expressional purpose of its companions; and though small, it is very precious, being a faultless, and, I believe, unsurpassable example of water-colour painting.

Chiefly, however, remember the object of these three first examples is to give you an index to your truest feelings about European, and especially about your native landscape, as it is pensive and historical; and so far as you yourselves make any effort at its representation, to give you a motive for fidelity in handwork more animating than any connected with mere success in the art itself.

26. With respect to actual methods of practice, I will not incur the responsibility of determining them for you. We will take Leonardo's treatise on painting for our first text-book;[2] and I think you need not fear being misled by me if I ask you to do only what Leonardo bids, or what will be necessary to enable you to do his bidding. But you need not possess the book, nor read it through. I will translate the pieces to the authority of which I shall appeal;[3] and, in process of time, by analysis of this fragmentary treatise, show you some characters not usually understood of the simplicity as well as subtlety common to most great workmen of that age. Afterwards we will collect the instructions of other undisputed masters, till we

[1] [*i.e.*, in the series of Turner drawings presented by Ruskin to the University Galleries in 1861: see Vol. XIII. pp. 559, 560. For other references to the present drawing, see Vol. XXI. p. 12.]

[2] [For other references by Ruskin to Leonardo's *Trattato della Pittura*, see Vol. XV. p. xxv.]

[3] [See below, §§ 129, 130, 142, 164; pp. 121, 122, 132, 158.]

have obtained a code of laws clearly resting on the consent of antiquity.

While, however, I thus in some measure limit for the present the methods of your practice, I shall endeavour to make the courses of my University lectures as wide in their range as my knowledge will permit. The range so conceded will be narrow enough; but I believe that my proper function is not to acquaint you with the general history, but with the essential principles of art; and with its history only when it has been both great and good, or where some special excellence of it requires examination of the causes to which it must be ascribed.

27. But if either our work, or our enquiries, are to be indeed successful in their own field, they must be connected with others of a sterner character. Now listen to me, if I have in these past details lost or burdened your attention; for this is what I have chiefly to say to you. The art of any country *is the exponent of its social and political virtues*. I will show you that it is so in some detail, in the second of my subsequent course of lectures; meantime accept this as one of the things, and the most important of all things, I can positively declare to you.[1] The art, or general productive and formative energy, of any country, is an exact exponent of its ethical life. You can have noble art only from noble persons, associated under laws fitted to their time and circumstances. And the best skill that any teacher of art could spend here in your help, would not end in enabling you even so much as rightly to draw the water-lilies in the Cherwell (and though it did, the work when done would not be worth the lilies themselves) unless both he and you were seeking, as I trust we shall together seek, in the laws which regulate the finest industries, the clue to the laws which regulate *all* industries, and in better obedience to which we shall actually have henceforward to

[1] [This proposition was, it will be remembered, the burden also of Ruskin's lecture in the University of Cambridge (see Vol. XIX. pp. 163–194); and for many other passages to the same effect, see the General Index (under "Morality").]

live: not merely in compliance with our own sense of what is right, but under the weight of quite literal necessity. For the trades by which the British people has believed it to be the highest of destinies to maintain itself, cannot now long remain undisputed in its hands; its unemployed poor are daily becoming more violently criminal; and a certain distress in the middle classes, arising, *partly from their vanity in living always up to their incomes, and partly from their folly in imagining that they can subsist in idleness upon usury*,[1] will at last compel the sons and daughters of English families to acquaint themselves with the principles of providential economy; and to learn that food can only be got out of the ground, and competence only secured by frugality; and that although it is not possible for all to be occupied in the highest arts, nor for any, guiltlessly, to pass their days in a succession of pleasures, the most perfect mental culture possible to men is founded on their useful energies, and their best arts and brightest happiness are consistent, and consistent only, with their virtue.[2]

28. This, I repeat, gentlemen, will soon become manifest to those among us, and there are yet many, who are

[1] [On this subject compare Vol. XVI. p. 169; Vol. XVII. pp. 220, 271.]

[2] [In one of the early drafts of this lecture there is a passage here which Ruskin afterwards marked "Important: unused":—

"I repeat, that only because it is evident to me that the time has come for these things to be recognized by some part at least of the English people, I have been able hopefully to obey your summons to tell you the laws of the higher arts. For, just ten years ago, in the year 1860, perceiving all declarations of such laws to be at that time impossible,—because, first, the active English mind had become persuaded that money was to be gotten by money instead of won by work, and secondly, that the foundation of prosperous work was in enmity instead of charity,—I drew aside from my own, then useless, specialities of pursuit, went away to the Valley of Chamouni, and there set myself to declare, with the needful obstinacy, first, that two and two did not make five; secondly, that progress in either commerce or the arts depended finally on people doing the best they could for each other, and not the worst. The first of these statements was then universally attributed to my ignorance of arithmetic, and the second to my ignorance of human nature. But there has occurred to the public mind within the past ten years, occasion for reconsidering both."

In these words Ruskin was thinking no doubt of the commercial panic of 1866: compare a reference in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 30, to the failure of Overend and Gurney.]

honest-hearted. And the future fate of England depends upon the position they then take, and on their courage in maintaining it.[1]

There is a destiny now possible to us[2]—the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern, and the grace to obey. We have been taught a religion of pure mercy, which we must either now betray, or learn to defend by fulfilling. And we are rich in an inheritance of honour, bequeathed to us through a thousand years of noble history, which it should be our daily thirst to increase with splendid avarice, so that Englishmen, if it be a sin to covet honour, should be the most offending souls alive.[3] Within the last few years we have had the laws of natural science opened to us with a rapidity which has been blinding by its brightness; and means of transit and communication given to us, which have made but one kingdom of the habitable globe.[4] One kingdom;—but who is to be its king? Is there to be no king in it, think you, and every man to do that which is right in his own eyes?[5] Or only kings of terror, and the obscene empires of Mammon and Belial? Or will you, youths of England, make your country again a royal throne of kings; a sceptred isle,[6] for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace; mistress of Learning and of the Arts;—faithful guardian of great memories in the midst of irreverent and ephemeral visions;—faithful servant of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiments and licentious desires; and amidst the cruel and clamorous

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 142 (Vol. XVIII. p. 501).]

[2] [Ruskin read § 28 (from this point) in the first of his lectures on *The Pleasures of England*, § 3 (see a later volume of this edition), where he describes the present passage as "the most pregnant and essential" of all his teaching.]

[3] [See *Henry V.*, iv. 3, 28.]

[4] [The reader who desires a summary of such discoveries and developments may be referred to *The Wonderful Century*, by A. R. Wallace, 1898, ch. xv.]

[5] [Deuteronomy xii. 8; Proverbs xii. 15.]

[6] [*Richard II.*, Act ii. sc. 1.]

jealousies of the nations, worshipped in her strange valour of goodwill towards men?[1]

29. "Vexilla regis prodeunt."[2] Yes, but of which king? There are the two oriflammes; which shall we plant on the farthest islands,—the one that floats in heavenly fire, or that hangs heavy with foul tissue of terrestrial gold? There is indeed a course of beneficent glory open to us, such as never was yet offered to any poor group of mortal souls. But it must be—it *is* with us, now, "Reign or Die." And if it shall be said of this country, "Fece per viltate, il gran rifiuto,"[3] that refusal of the crown will be, of all yet recorded in history, the shamefullest and most untimely.

And this is what she must either do, or perish: she must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men;—seizing every piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching these her colonists that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country, and that their first aim is to be to advance the power of England by land and sea: and that, though they live on a distant plot of ground, they are no more to consider themselves therefore disfranchised from their native land, than the sailors of her fleets do, because they float on distant waves. So that literally, these colonies must be fastened fleets; and every man of them must be under authority of captains and officers, whose better command is to be over fields and streets instead of ships of the line; and England, in these her motionless navies (or, in the true and mightiest sense, motionless *churches*, ruled by pilots on the Galilean lake[4] of all the world), is to "expect every man to do his duty";[5] recognizing that duty is indeed possible no less in

[1] [Luke ii. 14.]

[2] [The first line of the hymn of Venantius Fortunatus (530–609), Bishop of Poitiers, translated in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, "The royal banners forward go."]

[3] [*Inferno*, iii. 60; for another reference to the passage, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 43 (Vol. XVIII. p. 101).]

[4] [*Lycidas*. See *Sesame and Lilies*, § 20 (Vol. XVIII. p. 69).]

[5] [For another reference to Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, see Vol. XII. p. 138.]

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peace than war; and that if we can get men, for little pay, to cast themselves against cannon-mouths for love of England, we may find men also who will plough and sow for her, who will behave kindly and righteously for her, who will bring up their children to love her, and who will gladden themselves in the brightness of her glory, more than in all the light of tropic skies.

But that they may be able to do this, she must make her own majesty stainless; she must give them thoughts of their home of which they can be proud. The England who is to be mistress of half the earth, cannot remain herself a heap of cinders, trampled by contending and miserable crowds; she must yet again become the England she was once, and in all beautiful ways,—more: so happy, so secluded, and so pure, that in her sky—polluted by no unholy clouds—she may be able to spell rightly of every star that heaven doth show; and in her fields, ordered and wide and fair, of every herb that sips the dew;[1] and under the green avenues of her enchanted garden, a sacred Circe, true Daughter of the Sun, she must guide the human arts,[2] and gather the divine knowledge, of distant nations, transformed from savageness to manhood, and redeemed from despairing into peace.

30. You think that an impossible ideal. Be it so; refuse to accept it if you will; but see that you form your own in its stead. All that I ask of you is to have a fixed purpose of some kind for your country and yourselves; no matter how restricted, so that it be fixed and unselfish. I know what stout hearts are in you, to answer acknowledged need: but it is the fatallest form of error in English youths to hide their hardihood till it fades for lack of sunshine, and to act in disdain of purpose, till all purpose is vain. It is not by deliberate, but by careless selfishness; not by compromise with evil, but by dull following of

[1] [Milton: *Il Penseroso*, 170–172.]

[2] [Circe, daughter of Helios, celebrated for her knowledge of the virtues of herbs. Ruskin counts as hers the power which has "knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices": see *Ethics of the Dust*, Vol. XVIII. p. 298.]

good, that the weight of national evil increases upon us daily. Break through at least this pretence of existence; determine what you will be, and what you would win. You will not decide wrongly if you will resolve to decide at all. Were even the choice between lawless pleasure and loyal suffering, you would not, I believe, choose basely. But your trial is not so sharp. It is between drifting in confused wreck among the castaways of Fortune, who condemns to assured ruin those who know not either how to resist her, or obey; between this, I say, and the taking of your appointed part in the heroism of Rest; the resolving to share in the victory which is to the weak rather than the strong;[1] and the binding yourselves by that law, which, thought on through lingering night and labouring day, makes a man's life to be as a tree planted by the water-side, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;—

"ET FOLIUM EJUS NON DEFLUET,
ET OMNIA, QUÆCUNQUE FACIET, PROSPERABUNTUR."[2]

[1] [Compare Ecclesiasticus ix. 9.]
[2] [Psalms i. 3. For a reference to this passage in a later lecture, see *Lectures on Landscape*, § 13 n.]

LECTURE II[1]

THE RELATION OF ART TO RELIGION

31. It was stated, and I trust partly with your acceptance, in my opening lecture, that the study on which we are about to enter cannot be rightly undertaken except in furtherance of the grave purposes of life with respect to which the rest of the scheme of your education here is designed. But you can scarcely have at once felt all that I intended in saying so;—you cannot but be still partly under the impression that the so-called fine arts are merely modes of graceful recreation, and a new resource for your times of rest. Let me ask you, forthwith, so far as you can trust me, to change your thoughts in this matter. All the great arts have for their object either the support or exaltation of human life,—usually both; and their dignity, and ultimately their very existence, depend on their being "μετὰ λόγου ἀληθοῦς,"[2] that is to say, apprehending, with right reason, the nature of the materials they work with, of the things they relate or represent, and of the faculties to which they are addressed. And farther, they form one united system from which it is impossible to remove any part without harm to the rest. They are founded first in mastery, by strength of *arm*, of the earth and sea, in agriculture and seamanship; then their inventive power begins, with the clay in the hand of the potter, whose art is the humblest but truest type of the forming of the human body and spirit; and in the carpenter's work, which probably was the early employment of the Founder of our religion. And until men have perfectly learned the laws

[1] [Delivered on February 16, 1870.]

[2] [Ruskin quotes from Aristotle's definition of art in *Ethics*, vi. 4: art is the faculty of producing an effect "in accordance with true reason."]

of art in clay and wood, they can consummately know no others. Nor is it without the strange significance which you will find in what at first seems chance, in all noble histories, as soon as you can read them rightly,—that the statue of Athena Polias was of olive-wood, and that the Greek temple and Gothic spire are both merely the permanent representations of useful wooden structures. On these two first arts follow building in stone,—sculpture, —metal work,—and painting; every art being properly called "fine" which demands the exercise of the full faculties of heart and intellect.[1] For though the fine arts are not necessarily imitative or representative, for their essence is in being περὶ γένεσιν[2]—occupied in the actual *production* of beautiful form or colour,—still, the highest of them are appointed also to relate to us the utmost ascertainable truth respecting visible things and moral feelings: and this pursuit of *fact* is the vital *element* of the art power; —that in which alone it can develop itself to its utmost. And I will anticipate by an assertion which you will at present think too bold, but which I am willing that you should think so, in order that you may well remember it,—*the highest thing that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being. It has never done more than this, and it ought not to do less.*[3]

32. The great arts—forming thus one perfect scheme of human skill, of which it is not right to call one division more honourable, though it may be more subtle, than another—have had, and can have, but three principal directions of purpose:—first, that of enforcing the religion of men; secondly, that of perfecting their ethical state; thirdly, that of doing them material service.[4]

[1] [Compare the definition of Fine Art in *Two Paths*, § 54 (Vol. XVI. p. 294).]

[2] [Here, again, Ruskin quotes from *Ethics*, vi. 4, 4: every art is concerned with production.]

[3] [The words "the highest . . . do less" were put into capitals in 1887. See the references to the words in § 103 (below, p. 98), and *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, § 29.]

[4] [These aspects of art are discussed (1) in §§ 43 *seq.*, (2) in §§ 66 *seq.*, and (3) in §§ 97 *seq.*]

33. I do not doubt but that you are surprised at my saying the arts can in their second function only be directed to the perfecting of ethical state, it being our usual impression that they are often destructive of morality. But it is impossible to direct fine art to an immoral end, except by giving it characters unconnected with its fineness, or by addressing it to persons who cannot perceive it to be fine. Whosoever recognizes it is exalted by it. On the other hand, it has been commonly thought that art was a most fitting means for the enforcement of religious doctrines and emotions; whereas there is, as I must presently[1] try to show you, room for grave doubt whether it has not in this function hitherto done evil rather than good.

34. In this and the two next following lectures, I shall endeavour therefore to show you the grave relations of human art, in these three functions, to human life. I can do this but roughly, as you may well suppose—since each of these subjects would require for its right treatment years instead of hours. Only, remember, *I* have already given years, not a few, to each of them; and what I try to tell *you* now will be only so much as is absolutely necessary to set our work on a clear foundation. You may not, at present, see the necessity for *any* foundation, and may think that I ought to put pencil and paper in your hands at once. On that point I must simply answer, "Trust me a little while," asking you however also to remember, that—irrespectively of any consideration of last or first—my true function here is not that of your master in painting, or sculpture, or pottery; but to show you what it is that makes any of these arts *fine*, or the contrary of *fine:* essentially *good*, or essentially *base*. You need not fear my not being practical enough for you; all the industry you choose to give me, I will take; but far the better part of what you may gain by such industry would be lost, if I did not first lead you to see what every

[1] [Below, §§ 49 *seq.*, pp. 57 *seq.*]

form of art-industry intends, and why some of it is justly called right, and some wrong.

85. It would be well if you were to look over, with respect to this matter, the end of the second, and what interests you of the third, book of Plato's *Republic;* noting therein these two principal things, of which I have to speak in this and my next lecture: first, the power which Plato so frankly, and quite justly, attributes to art, of *falsifying* our conceptions of Deity: which power he by fatal error partly implies may be used wisely for good, and that the feigning is only wrong when it is of evil, "ἐάν τις μὴ καλῶς ψεύδηται";[1] and you may trace through all that follows the beginning of the change of Greek ideal art into a beautiful expediency, instead of what it was in the days of Pindar, the statement of what "could not be otherwise than so."[2] But, in the second place, you will find in those books of the Polity, stated with far greater accuracy of expression than our English language admits, the essential relations of art to morality; the sum of these being given in one lovely sentence, which, considering that we have to-day grace done us by fair companionship,* you will pardon me for translating. "*Must it be then only with our poets that we insist they shall either create for us the image of a noble morality, or among us create none? or shall we not also keep guard over all other workers for the people, and forbid them to make what is ill-customed, and unrestrained, and ungentle, and without order or shape, either in likeness of living things, or in buildings, or in any other thing whatsoever that is made for the people? and shall we not rather seek for workers who can track the inner nature of all that may be sweetly schemed;*[3] *so that the young men, as living*

* There were, in fact, a great many more girls than University men at the lectures. [1887.]

[1] [377 D. The passage translated (and condensed) by Ruskin is in Book iii. 401.]

[2] [For the Greek feeling, summed by Ruskin in this phrase, see below, pp. 403, 404.]

[3] [The words "can . . . schemed" were put into capitals in 1887.]

in a wholesome place, may be profited by everything that, in work fairly wrought, may touch them through hearing or sight—as if it were a breeze bringing health to them from places strong for life?"

36. And now—but one word, before we enter on our task, as to the way you must understand what I may endeavour to tell you.

Let me beg you—now and always—not to think that I mean more than I say. In all probability, I mean just what I say, and only that. At all events I do fully mean *that;* and if there is anything reserved in my mind, it will be probably different from what you would guess. You are perfectly welcome to know all that I think, as soon as I have put before you all my grounds for thinking it; but by the time I have done so, you will be able to form an opinion of your own; and mine will then be of no consequence to you.

37. I use then to-day, as I shall in future use, the word "Religion" as signifying the feelings of love, reverence, or dread with which the human mind is affected by its conceptions of spiritual being; and you know well how necessary it is, both to the rightness of our own life, and to rightly[1] understanding the lives of others, that we should always keep clearly distinguished our ideas of Religion, as thus defined, and of Morality, as the law of rightness in human conduct. For there are many religions, but there is only one morality. There are moral and immoral religions, which differ as much in precept as in emotion; but there is only one morality, *which has been, is, and must be for ever, an instinct in the hearts of all civilized men, as certain and unalterable as their outward bodily form, and which receives from religion neither law, nor place; but only hope, and felicity.*[2]

38. The pure forms or states of religion hitherto known are those in which a healthy humanity, finding in itself

[1] [For the text here, see p. 9, above.]
[2] [The words "which has been . . . felicity" were put into capitals in 1887.]

many foibles and sins, has imagined, or been made conscious of, the existence of higher spiritual personality, liable to no such fault or stain; and has been assisted in effort, and consoled in pain, by reference to the will or sympathy of such purer spirits, whether imagined or real.[1] I am compelled to use these painful latitudes of expression, because no analysis has hitherto sufficed to distinguish accurately, in historical narrative, the difference between impressions resulting from the imagination of the worshipper, and those made, if any, by the actually local and temporary presence of another spirit. For instance, take the vision, which of all others has been since made most frequently the subject of physical representation—the appearance to Ezekiel and St. John[2] of the four living creatures, which throughout Christendom have been used to symbolize the Evangelists.* Supposing such interpretation just, one of those figures was either the mere symbol to St. John of himself, or it was the power which inspired him, manifesting itself in an independent form. Which of these it

* Only the Gospels, "IV Evangelia," according to St. Jerome.[3]

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[1] [One of the drafts of this lecture contains the following additional passage:—

"The relative character and dignity of Religions must depend always on the character and dignity of the Persons whom the devotee has conceived for the objects of his trust, and therefore ultimately in his own power of conceiving or understanding that character. It is not possible for a dishonest spirit to imagine a true one; nor for an unkind spirit to imagine a benevolent one; so that, whether the Devotee himself invents his God, or the existing God seeks and finds the Devotee, the purity of the religion is alike limited by the purity of the worshipper.

"No lower intelligence can comprehend, though it may acknowledge, a higher; and the mutual relations between men and angels are limited by the qualities of men as strictly as those between men and dogs or serpents are limited by those of the hound and snake. The highest attributes we acknowledge in the Deity are only exaltations of our own feelings of charity and justice; what we recognize as His strength is the likeness of our own arts; what we hope from His indulgence, presupposes His liability to our weakness; our sense of gratitude to Him is founded on an attribution to Him of effort or of pain; and our trust in His specially attentive Providence involves an accusation of His equity."]

[2] [See Ezekiel i. and x.; Revelation iv.–vii., xiv., and xix.]

[3] [One of the MS. books containing a draft of these lectures has a passage in explanation of this note: "Symbols of Evangelists. St. Jerome first authority for it: Comment. on Ezekiel (Jerom., vol. v., *Opera* Vallarsii, Verona edition): 'quidam dicunt IV Evangelia quos nos quoque secuti sumus.'" For a discussion of the symbols, see below, "The Eagle of Elis," § 1, p. 398.]

was, or whether neither of these, but a vision of other powers, or a dream, of which neither the prophet himself knew, nor can any other person yet know, the interpretation,—I suppose no modestly-minded and accurate thinker would now take upon himself to decide. Nor is it therefore anywise necessary for you to decide on that, or any other such question; but it is necessary that you should be bold enough to look every opposing question steadily in its face; and modest enough, having done so, to know when it is too hard for you. But above all things, see that you be modest in your thoughts, for of this one thing we may be absolutely sure, that all our thoughts are but degrees of darkness. And in these days you have to guard against the fatallest darkness of the two opposite Prides;—the Pride of Faith, which imagines that the nature of the Deity can be defined by its convictions; and the Pride of Science, which imagines that the energy of Deity can be explained by its analysis.

89. Of these, the first, the Pride of Faith, is now, as it has been always, the most deadly, because the most complacent and subtle;—because it invests every evil passion of our nature with the aspect of an angel of light, and enables the self-love, which might otherwise have been put to wholesome shame, and the cruel carelessness of the ruin of our fellow-men, which might otherwise have been warmed into human love, or at least checked by human intelligence, to congeal themselves into the mortal intellectual disease of imagining that myriads of the inhabitants of the world for four thousand years have been left to wander and perish, many of them everlastingly, in order that, in fulness of time, divine truth might be preached sufficiently to ourselves: with this farther ineffable mischief for direct result, that multitudes of kindly-disposed, gentle, and submissive persons, who might else by their true patience have alloyed the hardness of the common crowd, and by their activity for good balanced its misdoing, are withdrawn from all such true services of man, that they may pass the best

part of their lives in what they are told is the service of God; *namely, desiring what they cannot obtain, lamenting what they cannot avoid, and reflecting on what they cannot understand.**

40. This, I repeat, is the deadliest, but for you, under existing circumstances, it is becoming daily, almost hourly, the least probable form of Pride. That which you have chiefly to guard against consists in the overvaluing of minute though correct discovery; the groundless denial of all that seems to you to have been groundlessly affirmed; and the interesting yourselves too curiously in the progress of some scientific minds, which in their judgment of the universe can be compared to nothing so accurately as to the woodworms in the panel of a picture by some great painter, if we may conceive them as tasting with discrimination of the wood, and with repugnance of the colour, and declaring that even this unlooked-for and undesirable combination is a normal result of the action of molecular Forces.

41. Now, I must very earnestly warn you, in the beginning of my work with you here, against allowing either of these forms of egotism to interfere with your judgment or practice of art. On the one hand, you must not allow the expression of your own favourite religious feelings by any particular form of art to modify your judgment of its absolute merit; nor allow the art itself to become an illegitimate means of deepening and confirming your convictions, by realizing to your eyes what you dimly conceive with the brain; as if the greater clearness of the image were a stronger proof of its truth. On the other hand, you must not allow your scientific habit of trusting nothing but what you have ascertained, to prevent you from appreciating, or at least endeavouring to qualify yourselves to appreciate, the work of the highest faculty of the human mind,—its imagination,—when it is toiling in the

* This concentrated definition of monastic life is of course to be understood only of its more enthusiastic forms. [1887.]

presence of things that cannot be dealt with by any other power.

42. These are both vital conditions of your healthy progress. On the one hand, observe that you do not wilfully use the realistic power of art to convince yourselves of historical or theological statements which you cannot otherwise prove; and which you wish to prove:—on the other hand, that you do not check your imagination and conscience while seizing the truths of which they alone are cognizant, because you value too highly the scientific interest which attaches to the investigation of second causes.

For instance, it may be quite possible to show the conditions in water and electricity which necessarily produce the craggy outline, the apparently self-contained silvery light, and the sulphurous blue shadow of a thunder-cloud, and which separate these from the depth of the golden peace in the dawn of a summer morning. Similarly, it may be possible to show the necessities of structure which groove the fangs and depress the brow of the asp, and which distinguish the character of its head from that of the face of a young girl. But it is the function of the rightly-trained imagination to recognize, in these and such other relative aspects, the unity of teaching which impresses, alike on our senses and our conscience, the eternal difference between good and evil: and the rule, over the clouds of heaven and over the creatures in the earth, of the same Spirit which teaches to our own hearts the bitterness of death, and strength of love.

43. Now, therefore, approaching our subject in this balanced temper, which will neither resolve to see only what it would desire, nor expect to see only what it can explain, we shall find our inquiry into the relation of Art to Religion is distinctly threefold: first, we have to ask how far art may have been literally directed by spiritual powers; secondly, how far, if not inspired, it may have been exalted by them; lastly, how far, in any of its

agencies, it has advanced the cause of the creeds it has been used to recommend.

44. First: What ground have we for thinking that art has ever been inspired as a message or revelation? What internal evidence is there in the work of great artists of their having been under the authoritative guidance of supernatural powers?

It is true that the answer to so mysterious a question cannot rest alone upon internal evidence; but it is well that you should know what might, from that evidence alone, be concluded. And the more impartially you examine the phenomena of imagination, the more firmly you will be led to conclude that they are the result of the influence of the common and vital, but not, therefore, less Divine, spirit, of which some portion is given to all living creatures in such manner as may be adapted to their rank in creation; and that everything which men rightly accomplish is indeed done by Divine help, but under a consistent law which is never departed from.

The strength of this spiritual life within us may be increased or lessened by our own conduct; it varies from time to time, as physical strength varies; it is summoned on different occasions by our will, and dejected by our distress, or our sin; but it is always *equally human*, and *equally Divine*. We are men, and not mere animals, because a special form of it is with us always; we are nobler and baser men, as it is with us more or less; but it is never given to us in any degree which can make us more than men.

45. Observe:—I give you this general statement doubtfully, and only as that towards which an impartial reasoner will, I think, be inclined by existing data. But I shall be able to show you, without any doubt, in the course of our studies, that the achievements of art which have been usually looked upon as the results of peculiar inspiration have been arrived at only through long courses of wisely directed labour, and under the influence of feelings which are common to all humanity.

But of these feelings and powers which in different degrees are common to humanity, you are to note that there are three principal divisions: first, the instincts of construction or melody, which we share with lower animals, and which are in us as native as the instinct of the bee or nightingale; secondly, the faculty of vision, or of dreaming, whether in sleep or in conscious trance, or by voluntarily exerted fancy; and lastly, the power of rational inference and collection, of both the laws and forms of beauty.

46. Now the faculty of vision, being closely associated with the innermost spiritual nature, is the one which has by most reasoners been held for the peculiar channel of Divine teaching: and it is a fact that great part of purely didactic art has been the record, whether in language, or by linear representation, of actual vision involuntarily received at the moment, though cast on a mental retina blanched by the past course of faithful life.[1] But it is also true that these visions, where most distinctly received, are always—I speak deliberately—*always*, the *sign of some mental limitation or derangement;* and that the persons who most clearly recognize their value, exaggeratedly estimate it, choosing what they find to be useful, and calling that "inspired," and disregarding what they perceive to be useless, though presented to the visionary by an equal authority.

47. Thus it is probable that no work of art has been more widely didactic than Albert Dürer's engraving, known as the "Knight and Death."* But that is only one of a series of works representing similarly vivid dreams, of which some are uninteresting, except for the manner of their representation, as the "St. Hubert,"[2] and others are

* Standard Series, No. 9.

[1] [On the involuntariness of true vision, see Vol. V. p. 116 *n.*, and Vol. XIX. p. 309. For the expression "mental retina," compare, in a later volume, "*Readings in 'Modern Painters.'*"]

[2] [For other references to the "St. Hubert," see Vol. VII. pp. 127, 306; Vol. XI. p. 58; and *Eagle's Nest*, Preface.]

unintelligible; some, frightful, and wholly unprofitable; so that we find the visionary faculty in that great painter, when accurately examined, to be a morbid influence, abasing his skill more frequently than encouraging it, and sacrificing the greater part of his energies upon vain subjects, two only being produced, in the course of a long life, which are of high didactic value, and both of these capable only of giving sad courage.* Whatever the value of these two, it bears more the aspect of a treasure obtained at great cost of suffering, than of a directly granted gift from heaven.

48. On the contrary, not only the highest, but the most consistent results have been attained in art by men in whom the faculty of vision, however strong, was subordinate to that of deliberative design, and tranquillized by a measured, continual, not feverish, but affectionate, observance of the quite unvisionary facts of the surrounding world.

And so far as we can trace the connection of their powers with the moral character of their lives, we shall find that the best art is the work of good, but of not distinctively religious men, who, at least, are conscious of no inspiration, and often so unconscious of their superiority to others, that one of the greatest of them, Reynolds, deceived by his modesty, has asserted that "all things are possible to well-directed labour."[1]

* The meaning of the "Knight and Death," even in this respect, has lately been questioned on good grounds. See note on the plate in Catalogue.[2]

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[1] [See the Second Discourse: "nothing is denied to well-directed labour" (vol. i. p. 31, in the edition of 1820). One draft of Ruskin's lecture continues with the following passage, which, though cut out of the lecture, he marks "use afterwards":—

"The words are memorable as much for the weight of what in them is true as for the innocence of what in them is erring; for the testimony borne by them at once to the unconsciousness which is the crown of the highest genius, and to the industry which is the price of its highest power. But I wish you to dwell on the 'well-directed' as the emphatic part of the sentence; for indeed, whether in the opening of life, or in that of any special study of it, your first motto, and best encouragement, must be 'claudus in via.'"]

[2] [Vol. XXI. p. 16.]

49. The second question, namely, how far art, if not inspired, has yet been ennobled by religion, I shall not touch upon to-day;[1] for it both requires technical criticism, and would divert you too long from the main question of all,—How far religion has been helped by art?

You will find that the operation of formative art—(I will not speak to-day of music)—the operation of formative art on religious creed is essentially twofold; the realisation, to the eyes, of imagined spiritual persons; and the limitation of their imagined presence to certain places. We will examine these two functions of it successively.

50. And first, consider accurately what the agency of

[1] [One of the early drafts, however, discusses the question fully:—

"How far has art been strengthened by her employment in religious service? Many careful thinkers on this subject, and I myself very strenuously in past years, have contended that the occupation of artists in the representation of divine histories or persons has stimulated and purified the powers of the art so employed. It is not of course possible for me to-day to enter with you even on the first steps of so vast an inquiry; but it will be part of my subsequent duty to lay before you the grounds of my now fixed conviction that few of the greatest men ever painted religious subjects by choice, but only because they were either compelled by ecclesiastical authority, supported by its patronage, or invited by popular applause; that by all three influences their powers were at once wasted and restrained; that their invention was dulled by the monotony of motive and perverted by its incredibility; that the exertion of noble human skill in making bodily pain an object of morbid worship compelled a correlative reaction in making bodily pleasure an object of morbid pursuit; and that the successes, of whatever positive value they may be, reached under the orders of Christianity have been dearly bought by the destruction of the best treasures of heathen art, by the loss of the records of what was most interesting in passing history, by the aversion of all eyes from what was lovely in present nature, and by the birth, in the chasm left by the contracted energies of healthful art, of a sensual art fed by infernal fire.

"Thus the best achievements of so-called religious art have been dearly bought, even supposing their excellence had been otherwise unattainable. But you will see farther reason to regret the sacrifice, when you perceive, as I shall be able to show you by strict analysis, that the merits of sacred art itself were never owing to religion. Observe: I say, 'of sacred art itself.' I do not speak of the consummate art power, but of its reserved and regulated beginnings. As to its highest attainments, there has never been any question but that they were founded entirely on the beauty and the love of this present world. I told you many years ago that there was no religion in any of the works of Titian, and that the mind of Tintoret only sometimes forgot itself into devotion.[1] But I then thought that all the nascent and dawning strength of art had been founded on pious faith; whereas I now with humiliation, but I dare not say with

[1] [*Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 21, 32).]

art is, in realising, to the sight, our conceptions of spiritual persons.

For instance. Assume that we believe that the Madonna is always present to hear and answer our prayers. Assume also that this is true. I think that persons in a perfectly honest, faithful, and humble temper, would in that case desire only to feel so much of the Divine presence as the spiritual Power herself chose to make felt; and, above all things, not to think they saw, or knew, anything except what might be truly perceived or known.

But a mind imperfectly faithful, and impatient in its distress, or craving in its dulness for a more distinct and convincing sense of the Divinity, would endeavour to complete, or perhaps we should rather say to contract, its conception, into the definite figure of a woman wearing a

sorrow, recognize that they were founded, indeed, upon the scorn of death, but not on the hope of immortality—founded, indeed, upon the purity of love, but the love of wife and child, and not of angel or deity; and that the sweet skill which gave to such feelings their highest expression came not by precept of religion, but by the secular and scientific training which Christianity was compelled unwillingly to permit, and by the noble instruction received from the remnants of that very heathen art which Christianity had done her utmost to destroy.

"The reserve and the rapture of monastic piety were only powerful in creation when they involuntarily opened themselves to the sight, and stooped to the sympathies, of common human life; and the skill which enforced with vividest imagery the doctrines of the Catholic faith was taught by spirits that had incurred its condemnation. If ever you are able in some degree to measure the skill that has been spent by Luini, La Robbia, or Ghiberti on the vision of the Virgin, you will also know it to have been received at the feet of Athena and Artemis; and from them, not as Queens of Heaven, but as Queens of Earth, permitting no idleness to virtue, and promising no pardon to sin. The grace of the redeemed souls who enter, *celestamente ballando*, the gate of Angelico's Paradise had been first seen in the terrestrial, but pure mirth, of Florentine maids.[1] The dignity of the Disputa del Sacramento was learned from the laurelled patience of the Roman and gentle bearing of the Greek.

"If thus the influence of Religion upon Painting and Sculpture is determined, virtually its effect on Architecture is decided also. But as doubtless the subject is here more questionable than in any other of its branches, I will endeavour to set it before you in the form in which it may be dealt with clearly. Here, under the shadow of St. Mary's spire, or in the front of any English or French cathedral, it ought to be difficult for you so much as to put the question to yourselves. You would say that architecture was consummated in these. It was so. But we are not inquiring about its consummation, but its development. And to examine into that

[1] [This sentence was used with some revision in § 103.]

blue or crimson dress, and having fair features, dark eyes, and gracefully arranged hair.

Suppose, after forming such a conception, that we have the power to realise and preserve it, this image of a beautiful figure with a pleasant expression cannot but have the tendency of afterwards leading us to think of the Virgin as present, when she is not actually present; or as pleased with us, when she is not actually pleased; or if we resolutely prevent ourselves from such imagination, nevertheless the existence of the image beside us will often turn our thoughts towards subjects of religion, when otherwise they would have been differently occupied; and, in the midst of other occupations, will familiarize more or less, and even mechanically associate with common or faultful states of mind, the appearance of the supposed Divine person.

rightly, you must first separate whatever modes of architecture were learned in useful works, as aqueducts and sea walls; then, whatever was learned in war, and the forms of tower, of battlement, and window, and gateway required for defence; next, the forms dependent on humble domestic requirements, as the gables of roofs built steep, or dormer windows enriching their slope, or turrets for winding stairs, or projecting niches of windows for looking up and down streets, or lifting of merchandise and the like; after that, whatever forms resulted from social and civic requirements; the spans required for halls like those of my own Christ Church or of Westminster, or of the room of the Greater Council at Venice; the dignity of town halls and brolettos with their towers of pride or warning and arcades of state. Lastly, you must separate whatever exquisiteness was reached by completed art in palatial decoration, in loggias, ceilings, sculptured and painted saloons and galleries, from Vicenza to Versailles; and then examine carefully what speciality is thus left as the result of ecclesiastical influences.

"The best, you will say, still: the ecstasy and perfectness of all this, poured out in devotion. You will find, when you look into it, as I will endeavour partly to show you, that this power was used not so much to express devotion as to recommend and to direct it. But the point before us is, with what effects on the architecture? Mainly with these three—the introduction of spectral effects of light and shade, rendering architecture sensational instead of intellectual; the excitement of quite frantic efforts to obtain height and richness of ornament, ending in the corruption of style; and, lastly, the taking away the funds and strength which would have made wholesome the houses of the poor, cleansed the streets, and cultivated the field.

"Whatever excitement of religious emotion the inhabitants of London now receive from St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, I conceive to become ineffectual even in the small space which separates the two buildings; and for all moral or religious purposes, I would willingly part with both choir and cupola, if I could bring in their stead a distinctly sanctifying influence over the pictures and literature of the shops in the Strand."]

51. There are thus two distinct operations upon our mind: first, the art makes us believe what we would not otherwise have believed; and secondly, it makes us think of subjects we should not otherwise have thought of, intruding them amidst our ordinary thoughts in a confusing and familiar manner. We cannot with any certainty affirm the advantage or the harm of such accidental pieties, for their effect will be very different on different characters: but, without any question, the art, which makes us believe what we would not have otherwise believed, is misapplied, and in most instances very dangerously so. Our duty is to believe in the existence of Divine, or any other, persons, only upon rational proofs of their existence; and not because we have seen pictures of them.*

52. But now observe, it is here necessary to draw a distinction, so subtle that in dealing with facts it is continually impossible to mark it with precision, yet so vital, that not only your understanding of the power of art, but the working of your minds in matters of primal moment to you, depends on the effort you make to affirm this distinction strongly.[1] The art which realises a creature of the imagination is only mischievous when that realisation is conceived to imply, or does practically induce a belief in, the real existence of the imagined personage, contrary to, or unjustified by the other evidence of its existence. But

* I have expunged a sentence insisting farther on this point, having come to reverence more, as I grew older, every simple means of stimulating all religious belief and affection. It is the lower and realistic world which is fullest of false beliefs and vain loves. [1887.[2]]

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[1] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 45 (below, p. 230), where the same distinction is made.]

[2] [The sentence in eds. 1–3 is as follows:—

"And since the real relations between us and higher spirits are, of all facts concerning our being, those which it is most important to know accurately, if we know at all, it is a folly so great as to amount to real, though most unintentional, sin, to allow our conceptions of those relations to be modified by our own undisciplined fancy."]

if the art only represents the personage on the understanding that its form is imaginary, then the effort at realisation is healthful and beneficial.

For instance, the Greek design of Apollo crossing the sea to Delphi, which is one of the most interesting of Lenormant's[1] series, so far as it is only an expression, under the symbol of a human form, of what may be rightly imagined respecting the solar power, is right and ennobling; but so far as it conveyed to the Greek the idea of there being a real Apollo, it was mischievous, whether there be, or be not, a real Apollo. If there is no real Apollo, then the art was mischievous because it deceived; but if there is a real Apollo, then it was still more mischievous,* for it not only began the degradation of the image of that true god into a decoration for niches, and a device for seals; but prevented any true witness being borne to his existence. For if the Greeks, instead of multiplying representations of what they imagined to be the figure of the god, had given us accurate drawings of the heroes and battles of Marathon[2] and Salamis, and had simply told us in plain Greek what evidence they had of the power of Apollo, either through his oracles, his help or chastisement, or by immediate vision, they would have served their religion more truly than by all the vase-paintings and fine statues that ever were buried or adored.

58. Now in this particular instance, and in many other examples of fine Greek art, the two conditions of thought, symbolic and realistic, are mingled; and the art is helpful, as I will hereafter show you, in one function, and in the

* I am again doubtful, here. The most important part of the chapter is from § 60 to end. [1887.]

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[1] [*Élite des Monuments Céramographiques . . . appliqués et commentés par Ch. Lenormant et J. de Witte*, 4 vols., 1837, etc. Ruskin placed the plate in the Reference Series, No. 189 (Vol. XXI. p. 49). The design is also mentioned in *Queen of the Air*, § 39 (Vol. XIX. p. 338), where an engraving of it is given (Plate XV.).]

[2] [As they sometimes did: see Vol. XII. p. 151.]

other so deadly, that I think no degradation of conception of Deity has ever been quite so base as that implied by the designs of Greek vases in the period of decline, say about 250 B.C.

But though among the Greeks it is thus nearly always difficult to say what is symbolic and what realistic, in the range of Christian art the distinction is clear. In that, a vast division of imaginative work is occupied in the symbolism of virtues, vices, or natural powers or passions; and in the representation of personages who, though nominally real, become in conception symbolic. In the greater part of this work there is no intention of implying the existence of the represented creature; Dürer's "Melencolia" and Giotto's "Justice"[1] are accurately characteristic examples. Now all such art is wholly good and useful when it is the work of good men.

54. Again, there is another division of Christian work in which the persons represented, though nominally real, are treated as dramatis-personæ of a poem, and so presented confessedly as subjects of imagination. All this poetic art is also good when it is the work of good men.

55. There remains only therefore to be considered, as truly religious, the work which definitely implies and modifies the conception of the existence of a real person. There is hardly any great art which entirely belongs to this class; but Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola is as accurate a type of it as I can give you;[2] Holbein's Madonna at Dresden, the Madonna di San Sisto, and the Madonna of Titian's Assumption, all belong mainly to this class, but are removed somewhat from it (as, I repeat, nearly all great art is) into the poetical one. It is only the bloody crucifixes

[1] [For the "Melencolia" see Vol. VII. Plate E, p. 312; for Giotto's "Justice," the frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 11.]

[2] [A photograph of this "Madonna" is No. 37 in the Standard Series (Vol. XXI. p. 25): for other references to the picture, see Vol. IV. p. 85, and Vol. V. p. 78. For Holbein's "Madonna at Dresden," see Vol. XIX., Plate III., p. 13. For his numerous references to the "San Sisto," and Titian's "Assumption," see the General Index.]

and gilded virgins and other such lower forms of imagery (by which, to the honour of the English Church, it has been truly claimed for her, that "she has never appealed to the madness or dulness of her people,") which belong to the realistic class in strict limitation, and which properly constitute the type of it.

There is indeed an important school of sculpture in Spain, directed to the same objects, but not demanding at present any special attention. And finally, there is the vigorous and most interesting realistic school of our own,[1] in modern times, mainly known to the public by Holman Hunt's picture of the Light of the World,[2] though, I believe, deriving its first origin from the genius of the painter to whom you owe also the revival of interest, first here in Oxford,[3] and then universally, in the cycle of early English legend,—Dante Rossetti.

56. The effect of this realistic art on the religious mind of Europe varies in scope more than any other art power; for in its higher branches it touches the most sincere religious minds, affecting an earnest class of persons who cannot be reached by merely poetical design; while, in its lowest, it addresses itself not only to the most vulgar desires for religious excitement, but to the mere thirst for sensation of horror which characterises the uneducated orders of partially civilized countries; nor merely to the thirst for horror, but to the strange love of death, as such, which has sometimes in Catholic countries showed itself peculiarly by the endeavour to paint the images in the chapels of the Sepulchre so as to look deceptively like corpses. The same morbid instinct has also affected the minds of many among the more imaginative and powerful artists with a feverish

[1] [Compare Lecture i. of *The Art of England* on Rossetti and Hunt as representative of "Realistic Schools of Painting."]

[2] [An engraving of it is No. 2 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 105); and for a full description of the picture, see Vol. XII. pp. 328–331.]

[3] [The reference is to the paintings of Arthurian legend which Rossetti and his band of disciples executed on the walls of the Oxford Union (see Vol. XVI. p. xlviii.), and to the influence upon Burne-Jones and William Morris of his interest in such legends.]

gloom which distorts their finest work; and lastly—and this is the worst of all its effects—it has occupied the sensibility of Christian women, universally, in lamenting the sufferings of Christ, instead of preventing those of His people.

57. When any of you next go abroad, observe, and consider the meaning of, the sculptures and paintings, which of every rank in art, and in every chapel and cathedral, and by every mountain path, recall the hours, and represent the agonies, of the Passion of Christ: and try to form some estimate of the efforts that have been made by the four arts of eloquence, music, painting, and sculpture, since the twelfth century, to wring out of the hearts of women the last drops of pity that could be excited for this merely physical agony: for the art nearly always dwells on the physical wounds or exhaustion chiefly, and degrades, far more than it animates, the conception of pain.

Then try to conceive the quantity of time, and of excited and thrilling emotion, which have been wasted by the tender and delicate women of Christendom during these last six hundred years,[1] in thus picturing to themselves, under the influence of such imagery, the bodily pain, long since passed, of One Person:—which, so far as they indeed conceived it to be sustained by a Divine Nature, could not for that reason have been less endurable than the agonies of any simple human death by torture: and then try to estimate what might have been the better result, for the righteousness and felicity of mankind, if these same women had been taught the deep meaning of the last words that were ever spoken by their Master to those who had ministered to Him of their substance: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."[2] If they had but been taught to measure with their pitiful thoughts the tortures of battle-fields—the slowly consuming plagues of death in the starving children, and wasted age,

[1] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 140 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 185–186).]
[2] [Luke xxiii. 28.]

of the innumerable desolate those battles left;—nay, in our own life of peace, the agony of unnurtured, untaught, unhelped creatures, awaking at the grave's edge to know how they should have lived; and the worse pain of those whose existence, not the ceasing of it, is death; those to whom the cradle was a curse, and for whom the words they cannot hear, "ashes to ashes," are all that they have ever received of benediction. These,—you who would fain have wept at His feet, or stood by His cross,—these you have always with you! Him, you have not always.[1]

58. The wretched in death you have always with you. Yes, and the brave and good in life you have always;—these also needing help, though you supposed they had only to help others; these also claiming to be thought for, and remembered. And you will find, if you look into history with this clue, that one of quite the chief reasons for the continual misery of mankind is that they are always divided in their worship between angels or saints, who are out of their sight, and need no help, and proud and evil-minded men, who are too definitely in their sight, and ought not to have their help. And consider how the arts have thus followed the worship of the crowd. You have paintings of saints and angels, innumerable;—of petty courtiers, and contemptible or cruel kings, innumerable. Few, how few you have (but these, observe, almost always by great painters), of the best men, or of their actions. But think for yourselves,—I have no time now to enter upon the mighty field, nor imagination enough to guide me beyond the threshold of it,—think, what history might have been to us now;—nay, what a different history that of all Europe might have become, if it had but been the object both of the people to discern, and of their arts to honour and bear record of, the great deeds of their worthiest men. And if, instead of living, as they have always hitherto done, in a hellish cloud of contention and

[1] [See Matthew xxvi. 57.]

revenge, lighted by fantastic dreams of cloudy sanctities, they had sought to reward and punish justly, wherever reward and punishment were due, but chiefly to reward; and at least rather to bear testimony to the human acts which deserved God's anger or His blessing, than only, in presumptuous imagination, to display the secrets of Judgment, or the beatitudes of Eternity.

59. Such I conceive generally, though indeed with good arising out of it, for every great evil brings some good in its backward eddies—such I conceive to have been the deadly function of art in its ministry to what, whether in heathen or Christian lands, and whether in the pageantry of words, or colours, or fair forms, is truly, and in the deep sense, to be called idolatry—the serving with the best of our hearts and minds, some dear or sad fantasy which we have made for ourselves, while we disobey the present call of the Master, who is not dead, and who is not now fainting under His cross, but requiring us to take up ours.[1]

60. I pass to the second great function of religious art, the limitation of the idea of Divine presence to particular localities. It is of course impossible within my present limits to touch upon this power of art, as employed on the temples of the gods of various religions; we will examine that on future occasions.[2] To-day, I want only to map out main ideas, and I can do this best by speaking exclusively of this localizing influence as it affects our own faith.[3]

Observe first, that the localization is almost entirely dependent upon human art. You must at least take a stone and set it up for a pillar, if you are to mark the place, so as to know it again, where a vision appeared. A

[1] [See Luke xxiv. 5, 6, and Matthew xvi. 24.]

[2] [An intention not fulfilled in any subsequent lectures.]

[3] [Compare *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 39, where (in a note of 1880) Ruskin refers to the present discussion as placing the subject "without any remains of Presbyterian prejudice in the aspect which it must take on purely rational grounds."]

persecuted people, needing to conceal their places of worship, may perform every religious ceremony first under one crag of the hillside, and then under another, without invalidating the sacredness of the rites or sacraments thus administered. It is, therefore, we all acknowledge, inessential, that a particular spot should be surrounded with a ring of stones, or enclosed within walls of a certain style of architecture, and so set apart as the only place where such ceremonies may be properly performed; and it is thus less by any direct appeal to experience or to reason, but in consequence of the effect upon our senses produced by the architecture, that we receive the first strong impressions of what we afterwards contend for as absolute truth. I particularly wish you to notice how it is always by help of human art that such a result is attained, because, remember always, I am neither disputing nor asserting the truth of any theological doctrine;—that is not my province;—I am only questioning the expediency of enforcing that doctrine by the help of architecture. Put a rough stone for an altar under the hawthorn on a village green;—separate a portion of the green itself with an ordinary paling from the rest;—then consecrate, with whatever form you choose, the space of grass you have enclosed, and meet within the wooden fence as often as you desire to pray or preach; yet you will not easily fasten an impression in the minds of the villagers, that God inhabits the space of grass inside the fence, and does not extend His presence to the common beyond it: and that the daisies and violets on one side of the railing are holy,—on the other, profane. But, instead of a wooden fence, build a wall, pave the interior space; roof it over, so as to make it comparatively dark;—and you may persuade the villagers with ease that you have built a house which Deity inhabits, or that you have become, in the old French phrase, a "logeur du Bon Dieu."[1]

61. And farther, though I have no desire to introduce

[1] [See *Munera Pulveris*, § 167 (Vol. XVII. p. 280).]

any question as to the truth of what we thus architecturally teach, I would desire you most strictly to determine what is intended to be taught.

Do not think I underrate—I am among the last men living who would underrate,—the importance of the sentiments connected with their church to the population of a pastoral village. I admit, in its fullest extent, the moral value of the scene, which is almost always one of perfect purity and peace; and of the sense of supernatural love and protection, which fills and surrounds the low aisles and homely porch. But the question I desire earnestly to leave with you is, whether all the earth ought not to be peaceful and pure, and the acknowledgment of the Divine protection, as universal as its reality? That in a mysterious way the presence of Deity is vouchsafed where it is sought, and withdrawn where it is forgotten, must of course be granted as the first postulate in the enquiry: but the point for our decision is just this, whether it ought always to be sought in one place only, and forgotten in every other.

It may be replied, that since it is impossible to consecrate the entire space of the earth, it is better thus to secure a portion of it than none: but surely, if so, we ought to make some effort to enlarge the favoured ground, and even look forward to a time when in English villages there may be a God's acre tenanted by the living, not the dead; and when we shall rather look with aversion and fear to the remnant of ground that is set apart as profane, than with reverence to a narrow portion of it enclosed as holy.[1]

[1] [In one of the MS. drafts of this lecture, there is a further passage on this theme:—

"The worst of all the effects of art in this localization of effort, is the collecting of sentimental interests and devotions where they are without practical effect, and withdrawing them from wholesome work in human service.

"I have placed in your permanent series two sketches of the Church of St. Vulfran at Abbeville, in the second of which you will see the stream which passes between it and the Estaminet du Pont d'Amour. When I made this drawing in 1868, that stream, which is a little branch of the

62. But now, farther. Suppose it be admitted that by enclosing ground with walls, and performing certain ceremonies there habitually, some kind of sanctity is indeed secured within that space,—still the question remains open whether it be advisable for religious purposes to decorate the enclosure. For separation the mere walls would be enough. What is the purpose of your decoration?

Let us take an instance—the most noble with which I am acquainted, the Cathedral of Chartres.[1] You have there the most splendid coloured glass, and the richest sculpture, and the grandest proportions of building, united to produce a sensation of pleasure and awe. We profess that this is to honour the Deity; or, in other words, that it is pleasing to Him that we should delight our eyes with blue and golden colours, and solemnize our spirits by the sight of large stones laid one on another, and ingeniously carved.

> Somme, and is of purest and sweetest water, was left at the place in which it is drawn—that is to say, in the centre of the town—encumbered with heaps of market garbage, and slowly trickling over slime many times its own depth, composed of every kind of animal refuse. But in the chapel of the south aisle of St. Vulfran, at great cost of fresh painting and gilding, a dramatic representation of the Assumption had been prepared for the pleasure of the religious ladies of Abbeville, with wooden clouds emerging quite out over the altar into the church; and skilfully lighted from above through a hole in the roof.
>
> "The little Norman church, of which I have also placed a photograph in the permanent series arranged for you, was one of the fairest village sanctities that ever charmed a passing traveller—on the slope of a hillside which autumn made sparkling with apples brighter than rubies, and which spring embroidered with violets as soft as the sky. For a moment of pleasing and foolish sentiment, the country seemed happy that could embosom such a scene, and happy indeed it is—if compared with either the wastes of savage lands, or wealth of corrupted cities. Yet it cannot be without horror and wonder that we perceive—and the watchful pause only of a few minutes would enable us to perceive—that in all this village, which the Christian faith had governed for a thousand years, there is not now a single house in which there is light enough to read by, fire enough to be warmed with, floor enough to keep the adults from ague, or food enough to keep the children from scrofula."

Only one sketch of St. Vulfran is, however, at Oxford—No. 95 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 35)—of the southern porch. The sketch referred to in this passage is reproduced as Plate 17 in Vol. II. (p. 398). The photograph of the little Norman church was No. 52 in the Educational Series (afterwards removed): see Vol. XXI. p. 121.]

[1] [For references to other passages in which Ruskin expresses his admiration of this Cathedral, see Vol. I. p. 377 *n.*; and see the General Index.]

63. I do not think it can be doubted that it *is* pleasing to Him when we do this; for He has Himself prepared for us, nearly every morning and evening, windows painted with Divine art, in blue and gold and vermilion: windows lighted from within by the lustre of that heaven which we may assume, at least with more certainty than any consecrated ground, to be one of His dwelling-places. Again, in every mountain side, and cliff of rude sea shore, He has heaped stones one upon another of greater magnitude than those of Chartres Cathedral, and sculptured them with floral ornament,—surely not less sacred because living?

64. Must it not then be only because we love our own work better than His, that we respect the lucent glass, but not the lucent clouds; that we weave embroidered robes with ingenious fingers, and make bright the gilded vaults we have beautifully ordained—while yet we have not considered the heavens, the work of His fingers, nor the stars of the strange vault which He has ordained?[1] And do we dream that by carving fonts and lifting pillars in His honour, who cuts the way of the rivers among the rocks, and at whose reproof the pillars of the earth are astonished,[2] we shall obtain pardon for the dishonour done to the hills and streams by which He has appointed our dwelling-place;—for the infection of their sweet air with poison;—for the burning up of their tender grass and flowers with fire, and for spreading such a shame of mixed luxury and misery over our native land, as if we laboured only that, at least here in England, we might be able to give the lie to the song, whether of the Cherubim above, or Church beneath—"Holy, holy, Lord God of all creatures; Heaven—*and Earth*—are full of Thy glory"?[3]

65. And how much more there is that I long to say

[1] [Psalms viii. 3.]
[2] [Job xxviii. 10; and see xxvi. 11.]
[3] [See Vol. VII. p. 206.]

to you; and how much, I hope, that you would like to answer to me, or to question me of! But I can say no more to-day. We are not, I trust, at the end of our talks or thoughts together; but, if it were so, and I never spoke to you more, this that I have said to you I should have been glad to have been permitted to say; and this, farther, which is the sum of it,—That we *may* have splendour of art again, and with that, we may truly praise and honour our Maker, and with that set forth the beauty and holiness of all that He has made: but only after we have striven with our whole hearts first to sanctify the temple of the body and spirit of every child that has no roof to cover its head from the cold, and no walls to guard its soul from corruption, in this our English land.

One word more.

What I have suggested hitherto, respecting the relations of Art to Religion, you must receive throughout as merely motive of thought; though you must have well seen that my own convictions were established finally on some of the points in question. But I must, in conclusion, tell you something that I *know*;—which, if you truly labour, you will one day know also; and which I trust some of you will believe, now.

During the minutes in which you have been listening to me, I suppose that almost at every other sentence those whose habit of mind has been one of veneration for established forms and faiths, must have been in dread that I was about to say, or in pang of regret at my having said, what seemed to them an irreverent or reckless word touching vitally important things.

So far from this being the fact, it is just because the feelings that I most desire to cultivate in your minds are those of reverence and admiration,[1] that I am so earnest to prevent you from being moved to either by trivial or

[1] [Compare Ruskin's frequent quotation (*e.g.*, Vol. IV. p. 29, Vol. XVII. p. 105) of Wordsworth's line—"We live by admiration, hope, and love"; and see General Index, *s.* "Reverence."]

false semblances. *This* is the thing which I KNOW—and which, if you labour faithfully, you shall know also,—that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life;—Reverence, for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living,—great among the dead,—and marvellous, in the Powers that cannot die.

LECTURE III[1]

THE RELATION OF ART TO MORALS

66. You probably recollect that, in the beginning of my last lecture, it was stated that fine art had, and could have, but three functions: the enforcing of the religious sentiments of men, the perfecting their ethical state, and the doing them material service.[2] We have to-day to examine, the mode of its action in the second power—that of perfecting the morality, or ethical state, of men.

Perfecting, observe—not producing.

You must have the right moral state first, or you cannot have the art. But when the art is once obtained, its reflected action enhances and completes the moral state out of which it arose, and, above all, communicates the exultation to other minds which are already morally capable of the like.

67. For instance, take the art of singing, and the simplest perfect master of it (up to the limits of his nature) whom you can find;—a skylark. From him you may learn what it is to "sing for joy."[3] You must get the moral state first, the pure gladness, then give it finished expression; and it is perfected in itself, and made communicable to other creatures capable of such joy. But it is incommunicable to those who are not prepared to receive it.

Now, all right human song is, similarly, the finished expression, by art, of the joy or grief of noble persons, for

[1] [Delivered on February 23, 1870.]
[2] [Above, § 32, p. 46.]
[3] [Psalms lxvii. 4. Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 67, where this passage is cited.]

right causes. And accurately in proportion to the rightness of the cause, and purity of the emotion, is the possibility of the fine art.[1] A maiden may sing of her lost love, but a miser cannot sing of his lost money. And with absolute precision, from highest to lowest, *the fineness of the possible art is an index of the moral purity and majesty of the emotion it expresses.* You may test it practically at any instant. Question with yourselves respecting any feeling that has taken strong possession of your mind, "Could this be sung by a master, and sung nobly, with a true melody and art?" Then it is a right feeling. Could it not be sung at all, or only sung ludicrously? It is a base one. And that is so in all the arts; so that with mathematical precision, subject to no error or exception, the art of a nation, so far as it exists, is an exponent of its ethical state.

68. An exponent, observe, and exalting influence; but not the root or cause. You cannot paint or sing yourselves into being good men; you must be good men before you can either paint or sing, and then the colour and sound will complete in you all that is best.

And this it was that I called upon you to hear, saying, "listen to me at least now," in the first lecture,[2] namely, that no art-teaching could be of use to you, but would rather be harmful, unless it was grafted on something deeper than all art. For indeed not only with this, of which it is my function to show you the laws, but much more with the art of all men, which you came here chiefly to learn, that of language, the chief vices of education have arisen from the one great fallacy of supposing that noble language is a communicable trick of grammar and accent, instead of simply the careful expression of right thought. All the virtues of language are, in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 18, where this lecture is referred to.]
[2] [Above, § 27, p. 39.]

true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order. There are no other virtues of language producible by art than these: but let me mark more deeply for an instant the significance of one of them. Language, I said, is only clear when it is sympathetic. You can, in truth, understand a man's word only by understanding his temper. Your own word is also as of an unknown tongue to him unless he understands yours. And it is this which makes the art of language, if any one is to be chosen separately from the rest, that which is fittest for the instrument of a gentleman's education. To teach the meaning of a word thoroughly, is to teach the nature of the spirit that coined it; the secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle. And thus the principles of beautiful speech have all been fixed by sincere and kindly speech. On the laws which have been determined by sincerity, false speech, apparently beautiful, may afterwards be constructed; but all such utterance, whether in oration or poetry, is not only without permanent power, but it is destructive of the principles it has usurped. So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it is shaped and chiselled on external principles, it falls into frivolity, and perishes. And this truth would have been long ago manifest, had it not been that in periods of advanced academical science there is always a tendency to deny the sincerity of the first masters of language. Once learn to write gracefully in the manner of an ancient author, and we are apt to think that he also wrote in the manner of some one else. But no noble nor right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart.

No man is worth reading to form your style, who does not mean what he says; nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said. Find out the beginner of a great manner of writing, and

you have also found the declarer of some true facts or sincere passions: and your whole method of reading will thus be quickened, for, being sure that your author really meant what he said, you will be much more careful to ascertain what it is that he means.

69. And of yet greater importance is it deeply to know that every beauty possessed by the language of a nation is significant of the innermost laws of its being. Keep the temper of the people stern and manly; make their associations grave, courteous, and for worthy objects; occupy them in just deeds; and their tongue must needs be a grand one. Nor is it possible, therefore—observe the necessary reflected action—that any tongue should be a noble one, of which the words are not so many trumpet-calls to action. All great languages invariably utter great things, and command them; they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; the breath of them is inspiration because it is not only vocal, but vital; and you can only learn to speak as these men spoke, by becoming what these men were.[1]

70. Now for direct confirmation of this, I want you to think over the relation of expression to character in two great masters of the absolute art of language, Virgil and Pope. You are perhaps surprised at the last name; and indeed you have in English much higher grasp and melody of language from more passionate minds, but you have nothing else, in its range, so perfect.[2] I name, therefore, these two men, because they are the two most accomplished *Artists*, merely as such, whom I know in literature; and because I think you will be afterwards interested in investigating how the infinite grace in the words of the one, and the severity in those of the other, and the precision in those of both, arise wholly out of the moral elements of their minds:—out of the deep tenderness in Virgil which

[1] [Ruskin again read this passage (§§ 69–70) in his course of 1877, "*Readings in 'Modern Painters'*" (see a later volume).]

[2] [For a summary of Ruskin's references to Pope, see Vol. XVI. p. 446 *n.*]

enabled him to write the stories of Nisus and Lausus;[1] and the serene and just benevolence which placed Pope, in his theology, two centuries in advance of his time, and enabled him to sum the law of noble life in two lines which, so far as I know, are the most complete, the most concise, and the most lofty expression of moral temper existing in English words:—

> "*Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;*
> *Never dejected, while another's bless'd.*"[2]

I wish you also to remember these lines of Pope, and to make yourselves entirely masters of his system of ethics; because, putting Shakespeare aside as rather the world's than ours, I hold Pope to be the most perfect representative we have, since Chaucer, of the true English mind;[3] and I think the *Dunciad* is the most absolutely chiselled and monumental work "exacted"[4] in our country. You will find, as you study Pope, that he has expressed for you, in the strictest language and within the briefest limits, every law of art, of criticism, of economy, of policy, and, finally, of a benevolence, humble, rational, and resigned, contented with its allotted share of life, and trusting the problem of its salvation to Him in whose hand lies that of the universe.

71. And now I pass to the arts with which I have special concern, in which, though the facts are exactly the same, I shall have more difficulty in proving my assertion, because very few of us are as cognizant of the merit of painting as we are of that of language; and I can only show you whence that merit springs, after having thoroughly shown you in what it consists. But, in the meantime, I have simply to tell you, that the manual arts are as accurate exponents of ethical state, as other modes of expression;

[1] [*Georgics*, i. 404 *seq.*; *Æneid*, x. 763 *seq.*]
[2] [*Essay on Man*, iv. 323–324.]
[3] [Compare § 14; above, p. 29.]
[4] [See Horace, *Odes*, iii. 30, 1: "*Exegi* monumentum ære perennius."]

first, with absolute precision, of that of the workman; and then with precision, disguised by many distorting influences, of that of the nation to which it belongs.

And, first, they are a perfect exponent of the mind of the workman: but, being so, remember, if the mind be great or complex, the art is not an easy book to read; for we must ourselves possess all the mental characters of which we are to read the signs. No man can read the evidence of labour who is not himself laborious, for he does not know what the work cost: nor can he read the evidence of true passion if he is not passionate; nor of gentleness if he is not gentle: and the most subtle signs of fault and weakness of character he can only judge by having had the same faults to fight with. I myself, for instance, know impatient work, and tired work, better than most critics, because I am myself always impatient, and often tired:—so also, the patient and indefatigable touch of a mighty master becomes more wonderful to me than to others. Yet, wonderful in no mean measure it will be to you all, when I make it manifest,—and as soon as we begin our real work, and you have learned what it is to draw a true line, I shall be able to make manifest to you,—and indisputably so,—that the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Paul Veronese consists of an unfaltering, uninterrupted, succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of the finest fencer: the pencil leaving one point and arriving at another, not only with unerring precision at the extremity of the line, but with an unerring and yet varied course—sometimes over spaces a foot or more in extent—yet a course so determined everywhere, that either of these men could, and Veronese often does, draw a finished profile, or any other portion of the contour of the face, with one line, not afterwards changed. Try, first, to realise to yourselves the muscular precision of that action, and the intellectual strain of it; for the movement of a fencer[1] is

[1] [On the art of fencing, compare *Two Paths*, § 52 *n.* (Vol. XVI. p. 294 *n.*).]

perfect in practised monotony; but the movement of the hand of a great painter is at every instant governed by a direct and new intention. Then imagine that muscular firmness and subtlety, and the instantaneously selective and ordinant energy of the brain, sustained all day long, not only without fatigue, but with a visible joy in the exertion, like that which an eagle seems to take in the wave of his wings; and this all life long, and through long life, not only without failure of power, but with visible increase of it, until the actually organic changes of old age. And then consider, so far as you know anything of physiology, what sort of an ethical state of body and mind that means! —ethic through ages past! what fineness of race there must be to get it, what exquisite balance and symmetry of the vital powers! And then, finally, determine for yourselves whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, with any mean anxiety, any gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against law of God or man, or any actual, though unconscious violation of even the least law to which obedience is essential for the glory of life and the pleasing of its Giver.

72. It is, of course, true that many of the strong masters had deep faults of character, but their faults always show in their work. It is true that some could not govern their passions; if so, they died young, or they painted ill when old. But the greater part of our misapprehension in the whole matter is from our not having well known who the great painters were, and taking delight in the petty skill that was bred in the fumes of the taverns of the North, instead of theirs who breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning, under the woods of Assisi and the crags of Cadore.

73. It is true however also, as I have pointed out long ago,[1] that the strong masters fall into two great divisions, one leading simple and natural lives, the other restrained in

[1] [*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (1853), ch. vi. (Vol. X. pp. 221–224).]

a Puritanism of the worship of beauty; and these two manners of life you may recognize in a moment by their work. Generally the naturalists are the strongest; but there are two of the Puritans, whose work if I can succeed in making clearly understandable to you during my three years here,[1] it is all I need care to do. But of these two Puritans one I cannot name to you, and the other I at present will not. One I cannot, for no one knows his name, except the baptismal one, Bernard, or "dear little Bernard"—Bernardino, called from his birthplace, (Luino, on the Lago Maggiore,) Bernard of Luino.[2] The other is a Venetian,[3] of whom many of you probably have never heard, and of whom, through me, you shall not hear, until I have tried to get some picture by him over to England.

74. Observe then, this Puritanism in the worship of beauty, though sometimes weak, is always honourable and amiable, and the exact reverse of the false Puritanism, which consists in the dread or disdain of beauty. And in order to treat my subject rightly, I ought to proceed from the skill of art to the choice of its subject, and show you how the moral temper of the workman is shown by his seeking lovely forms and thoughts to express, as well as by the force of his hand in expression. But I need not now urge this part of the proof on you, because you are already, I believe, sufficiently conscious of the truth in this matter, and also I have already said enough of it in my writings;[4] whereas I have not at all said enough of the infallibleness of fine technical work as a proof of every other good power. And indeed it was long before I myself understood the true meaning of the pride of the greatest men in their mere execution, shown for a permanent lesson to us, in

[1] [The Professor is appointed for three years. Ruskin was re-appointed in 1873, and again in 1876; and once more, after an interval, in 1882.]

[2] [For a characterisation of Luino, see *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 83 (Vol. XIX. p. 129.]

[3] [Carpaccio. See Vol. IV. p. 356 *n.* for Ruskin's "discovery" of him in 1869; there was, however, already a picture by Carpaccio in the National Gallery, No. 750, purchased in 1865 for £3400.]

[4] [See, *e.g.*, Vol. III. p. 92 (end); Vol. V. pp. 42, 48.]

the stories which, whether true or not, indicate with absolute accuracy the general conviction of great artists;—the stories of the contest of Apelles and Protogenes in a line only,[1] (of which I can promise you, you shall know the meaning to some purpose in a little while)—the story of the circle of Giotto,[2] and especially, which you may perhaps not have observed, the expression of Dürer in his inscription on the drawings sent him by Raphael. These figures, he says, "Raphael drew and sent to Albert Dürer in Nürnberg, to show him"—What? Not his invention, nor his beauty of expression, but "sein Hand zu weisen," "To show him his *hand.*"[3] And you will find, as you examine farther, that all inferior artists are continually trying to escape from the necessity of sound work, and either indulging themselves in their delights in subject, or pluming themselves on their noble motives for attempting what they cannot perform; (and observe, by the way, that a great deal of what is mistaken for conscientious motive is nothing but a very pestilent, because very subtle, condition of vanity;) whereas the great men always understand at once that the first morality of a painter, as of everybody else, is to know his business; and so earnest are they in this, that many, whose lives you would think, by the results of their work, had been passed in strong emotion, have in reality subdued themselves, though capable of the very strongest passions, into a calm as absolute as that of a deeply sheltered mountain lake, which reflects every agitation of the clouds in the sky, and every change of the shadows on the hills, but is itself motionless.

75. Finally, you must remember that great obscurity has been brought upon the truth in this matter by the

[1] [See Vol. XII. p. 183 for the reference to Pliny; and compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 24.]

[2] [See *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, §§ 5–7, for the reference to Vasari; and compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 70 (Vol. XIX. p. 120).]

[3] ["1515.—Raffahell di Urbin, who is held in such esteem by the Pope, made these naked figures and sent them to Albrecht Dürer at Nürnberg to show him his hand." Compare Vol. XIII. p. 477, and Vol. XIX. p. 72.]

want of integrity and simplicity in our modern life. I mean integrity in the Latin sense, wholeness. Everything is broken up, and mingled in confusion, both in our habits and thoughts; besides being in great part imitative: so that you not only cannot tell what a man is, but sometimes you cannot tell whether he *is*, at all!—whether you have indeed to do with a spirit, or only with an echo. And thus the same inconsistencies appear now, between the work of artists of merit and their personal characters, as those which you find continually disappointing expectation in the lives of men of modern literary power; the same conditions of society having obscured or misdirected the best qualities of the imagination, both in our literature and art. Thus there is no serious question with any of us as to the personal character of Dante and Giotto, of Shakespeare and Holbein; but we pause timidly in the attempt to analyse the moral laws of the art skill in recent poets, novelists, and painters.

76. Let me assure you once for all, that as you grow older, if you enable yourselves to distinguish, by the truth of your own lives, what is true in those of other men, you will gradually perceive that all good has its origin in good, never in evil; that the fact of either literature or painting being truly fine of their kind, whatever their mistaken aim, or partial error, is proof of their noble origin: and that, if there is indeed sterling value in the thing done, it has come of a sterling worth in the soul that did it, however alloyed or defiled by conditions of sin which are sometimes more appalling or more strange than those which all may detect in their own hearts, because they are part of a personality altogether larger than ours, and as far beyond our judgment in its darkness as beyond our following in its light. And it is sufficient warning against what some might dread as the probable effect of such a conviction on your own minds, namely, that you might permit yourselves in the weaknesses which you imagined to be allied to genius, when they took the form of personal temptations;—it is

surely, I say, sufficient warning against so mean a folly, to discern, as you may with little pains, that, of all human existences, the lives of men of that distorted and tainted nobility of intellect are probably the most miserable.

77. I pass to the second, and for us the more practically important question, What is the effect of noble art upon other men; what has it done for national morality in time past: and what effect is the extended knowledge or possession of it likely to have upon us now? And here we are at once met by the facts, which are as gloomy as indisputable, that, while many peasant populations, among whom scarcely the rudest practice of art has ever been attempted, have lived in comparative innocence, honour and happiness, the worst foulness and cruelty of savage tribes have been frequently associated with fine ingenuities of decorative design; also, that no people has ever attained the higher stages of art skill, except at a period of its civilization which was sullied by frequent, violent and even monstrous crime; and, lastly, that the attaining of perfection in art power has been hitherto, in every nation, the accurate signal of the beginning of its ruin.[1]

78. Respecting which phenomena, observe first, that although good never springs out of evil, it is developed to its highest by contention with evil. There are some groups of peasantry, in far-away nooks of Christian countries, who are nearly as innocent as lambs; but the morality which gives power to art is the morality of men, not of cattle.

Secondly, the virtues of the inhabitants of many country districts are apparent, not real; their lives are indeed artless, but not innocent; and it is only the monotony of circumstances, and the absence of temptation, which prevent the exhibition of evil passions not less real because often dormant, nor less foul because shown only in petty faults, or inactive malignities.

[1] [Compare "Cambridge Inaugural Address," §§ 14 *seq.* (Vol. XVI. pp. 188 *seq.*).]

79. But you will observe also that *absolute* artlessness, to men in any kind of moral health, is impossible; they have always, at least, the art by which they live—agriculture or seamanship; and in these industries, skilfully practised, you will find the law of their moral training; while, whatever the adversity of circumstances, every rightly-minded peasantry, such as that of Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, or Switzerland, has associated with its needful industry a quite studied school of pleasurable art in dress;[1] and generally also in song, and simple domestic architecture.

80. Again, I need not repeat to you here what I endeavoured to explain in the first lecture in the book I called *The Two Paths*, respecting the arts of savage races:[2] but I may now note briefly that such arts are the result of an intellectual activity which has found no room to expand, and which the tyranny of nature or of man has condemned to disease through arrested growth. And where neither Christianity, nor any other religion conveying some moral help, has reached, the animal energy of such races necessarily flames into ghastly conditions of evil, and the grotesque or frightful forms assumed by their art are precisely indicative of their distorted moral nature.

81. But the truly great nations nearly always begin from a race possessing this imaginative power; and for some time their progress is very slow, and their state not one of innocence, but of feverish and faultful animal energy. This is gradually subdued and exalted into bright human life; the art instinct purifying itself with the rest of the nature, until social perfectness is nearly reached; and then comes the period when conscience and intellect are so highly developed, that new forms of error begin in the inability to fulfil the demands of the one, or to answer the doubts of the other. Then the wholeness of the people is lost; all kinds of hypocrisies and oppositions of

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 428), and Vol. XVI. p. 48.]
[2] [See Vol. XVI. pp. 259 *seq.*]

science[1] develop themselves; their faith is questioned on one side, and compromised with on the other; wealth commonly increases at the same period to a destructive extent; luxury follows; and the ruin of the nation is then certain: while the arts, all this time, are simply, as I said at first, the exponents of each phase of its moral state, and no more control it in its political career than the gleam of the firefly guides its oscillation. It is true that their most splendid results are usually obtained in the swiftness of the power which is hurrying to the precipice; but to lay the charge of the catastrophe to the art by which it is illumined, is to find a cause for the cataract in the hues of its iris. It is true that the colossal vices belonging to periods of great national wealth (for wealth, you will find, is the real root of all evil[2]) can turn every good gift and skill of nature or of man to evil purpose. If, in such times, fair pictures have been misused, how much more fair realities? And if Miranda is immoral to Caliban, is that Miranda's fault?

82. And I could easily go on to trace for you what at the moment I speak, is signified, in our own national character, by the forms of art, and unhappily also by the forms of what is not art, but *ἀτεχνία*, that exist among us. But the more important question is, What *will* be signified by them; what is there in us now of worth and strength, which under our new and partly accidental impulse towards formative labour, may be by that expressed, and by that fortified?

Would it not be well to know this? Nay, irrespective of all future work, is it not the first thing we should want to know, what stuff we are made of — how far we are *ἀγαθοὶ* or *κακοὶ*—good, or good for nothing? We may all know that, each of ourselves, easily enough, if we like to put one grave question well home.

83. Supposing it were told any of you by a physician

[1] [1 Timothy vi. 20.]
[2] [1 Timothy vi. 10.]

whose word you could not but trust, that you had not more than seven days to live. And suppose also that, by the manner of your education it had happened to you, as it has happened to many, never to have heard of any future state, or not to have credited what you heard; and therefore that you had to face this fact of the approach of death in its simplicity: fearing no punishment for any sin that you might have before committed, or in the coming days might determine to commit; and having similarly no hope of reward for past, or yet possible, virtue; nor even of any consciousness whatever to be left to you, after the seventh day had ended, either of the results of your acts to those whom you loved, or of the feelings of any survivors towards you. Then the manner in which you would spend the seven days is an exact measure of the morality of your nature.[1]

84. I know that some of you, and I believe the greater number of you, would, in such a case, spend the granted days entirely as you ought. Neither in numbering the errors, or deploring the pleasures of the past; nor in grasping at vile good in the present, nor vainly lamenting the darkness of the future; but in an instant and earnest execution of whatever it might be possible for you to accomplish in the time, in setting your affairs in order, and in providing for the future comfort, and—so far as you might by any message or record of yourself,—for the consolation, of those whom you loved, and by whom you desired to be remembered, not for your good, but for theirs. How far you might fail through human weakness, in shame for the past, despair at the little that could in the remnant of life be accomplished, or the intolerable pain of broken affection, would depend wholly on the degree in which your nature had been depressed or fortified by the manner of your past life. But I think there are few of

[1] [Compare *Ethics of the Dust*, Vol. XVIII. p. 204, where (in the Preface of 1877) Ruskin refers to this passage in connexion with the *Ethics*, pp. 301, 302.]

you who would not spend those last days better than all that had preceded them.

85. If you look accurately through the records of the lives that have been most useful to humanity, you will find that all that has been done best, has been done so;—that to the clearest intellects and highest souls,—to the true children of the Father, with whom a thousand years are as one day,[1] their poor seventy years are but as seven days. The removal of the shadow of death from them to an uncertain, but always narrow, distance, never takes away from them their intuition of its approach; the extending to them of a few hours more or less of light abates not their acknowledgment of the infinitude that must remain to be known beyond their knowledge,—done beyond their deeds: the unprofitableness of their momentary service is wrought in a magnificent despair, and their very honour is bequeathed by them for the joy of others, as they lie down to their rest, regarding for themselves the voice of men no more.

86. The best things, I repeat to you, have been done thus, and therefore, sorrowfully. But the greatest part of the good work of the world is done either in pure and unvexed instinct of duty, "I have stubbed Thornaby waste;"[2] or else, and better, it is cheerful and helpful doing of what the hand finds to do, in surety that at evening time, whatsoever is right the Master will give.[3] And that it be worthily done, depends wholly on that ultimate quantity of worth which you can measure, each in himself, by the test I have just given you. For that test, observe, will mark to you the precise force, first of your absolute courage, and then of the energy in you for the right ordering of things, and the kindly dealing with persons. You have cut away from these two instincts

[1] [2 Peter iii. 8.]

[2] [Tennyson: "Northern Farmer, Old Style," vii.—"an' I 'a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste."]

[3] [See Ecclesiasticus ix. 10, and Matthew xx. 7, 8.]

every selfish or common motive, and left nothing but the energies of Order and of Love.

87. Now, where those two roots are set, all the other powers and desires find right nourishment, and become, to their own utmost, helpful to others and pleasurable to ourselves. And so far as those two springs of action are not in us, all other powers become corrupt or dead; even the love of truth, apart from these, hardens into an insolent and cold avarice of knowledge, which unused, is more vain than unused gold.

88. These, then, are the two essential instincts of humanity: the love of Order and the love of Kindness. By the love of order the moral energy is to deal with the earth, and to dress it, and keep it;[1] and with all rebellious and dissolute forces in lower creatures, or in ourselves. By the love of doing kindness it is to deal rightly with all surrounding life. And then, grafted on these, we are to make every other passion perfect; so that they may every one have full strength and yet be absolutely under control.

89. Every one must be strong, every one perfect, every one obedient as a war horse. And it is among the most beautiful pieces of mysticism to which eternal truth is attached, that the chariot race, which Plato uses as an image of moral government,[2] and which is indeed the most perfect type of it in any visible skill of men, should have been made by the Greeks the continual subject of their best poetry and best art. Nevertheless Plato's use of it is not altogether true. There is no black horse in the chariot of the soul. One of the driver's worst faults is in starving his horses; another, in not breaking them early enough; but they are all good. Take, for example, one usually thought of as wholly evil — that of Anger, leading to vengeance.[3] I believe it to be quite one of the crowning

[1] [Genesis ii. 15; compare Vol. VII. p. 13.]

[2] [*Phædrus*, 246. For an example of a vase-drawing of a chariot-race, see No. 49 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 120).]

[3] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 118 (Vol. XIX. p. 400). Compare also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23, where this passage is referred to.]

wickednesses of this age that we have starved and chilled our faculty of indignation, and neither desire nor dare to punish crimes justly. We have taken up the benevolent idea, forsooth, that justice is to be preventive instead of vindictive;[1] and we imagine that we are to punish, not in anger, but in expediency; not that we may give deserved pain to the person in fault, but that we may frighten other people from committing the same fault. The beautiful theory of this non-vindictive justice is, that having convicted a man of a crime worthy of death, we entirely pardon the criminal, restore him to his place in our affection and esteem, and then hang him, not as a malefactor, but as a scarecrow. That is the theory. And the practice is, that we send a child to prison for a month for stealing a handful of walnuts,[2] for fear that other children should come to steal more of our walnuts. And we do not punish a swindler for ruining a thousand families, because we think swindling is a wholesome excitement to trade.

90. But all true justice is vindictive to vice, as it is rewarding to virtue. Only—and herein it is distinguished from personal revenge—it is vindictive of the wrong done; —not of the wrong done *to us*. It is the national expression of deliberate anger, as of deliberate gratitude; it is not exemplary, or even corrective, but essentially retributive; it is the absolute art of measured recompense, giving honour where honour is due,[3] and shame where shame is due, and joy where joy is due, and pain where pain is due. It is neither educational, for men are to be educated by wholesome habit, not by rewards and punishments; nor is it preventive, for it is to be executed without regard to any consequences; but only for righteousness' sake, a righteous nation does judgment and justice.[4] But

[1] [On the ethics of punishment, see *A Joy for Ever*, § 123 (Vol. XVI. p. 106); *Munera Pulveris*, § 120 *n.*, *Time and Tide*, § 86, and "Notes on Employment" (Vol. XVII. pp. 243, 392, 542).]

[2] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 30 (Vol. XVIII. p. 82).]

[3] [Romans xiii. 7.]

[4] [1 Kings x. 9.]

in this, as in all other instances, the rightness of the secondary passion depends on its being grafted on those two primary instincts, the love of order and of kindness, so that indignation itself is against the wounding of love. Do you think the μῆνις Ἀχιλῆος came of a hard heart in Achilles,[1] or the "Pallas, te hoc vulnere, Pallas,"[2] of a hard heart in Anchises' son?

91. And now, if with this clue through the labyrinth of them, you remember the course of the arts of great nations, you will perceive that whatever has prospered, and become lovely, had its beginning—for no other was possible—in the love of order in material things associated with true δικαιοσύνη: and the desire of beauty in material things, which is associated with true affection, *charitas*, and with the innumerable conditions of gentleness expressed by the different uses of the words χάρις and *gratia*.[3] You will find that this love of beauty is an essential part of all healthy human nature, and though it can long co-exist with states of life in many other respects unvirtuous, it is itself wholly good;—the direct adversary of envy, avarice, mean worldly care, and especially of cruelty. It entirely perishes when these are wilfully indulged; and the men in whom it has been most strong have always been compassionate, and lovers of justice, and the earliest discerners and declarers of things conducive to the happiness of mankind.

92. Nearly every important truth respecting the love of beauty in its familiar relations to human life was mythically expressed by the Greeks in their various accounts of the parentage and offices of the Graces. But one fact, the most vital of all, they could not in its fulness perceive, namely, that the intensity of other perceptions of beauty is exactly commensurate with the imaginative purity of the passion of love, and with the singleness of its devotion.

[1] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 114 (Vol. XVIII. p. 161), and *Queen of the Air*, § 16 and n. (Vol. XIX. p. 307).]

[2] [*Æneid*, xii. 948.]

[3] [On these words, see Vol. XVII. p. 225 n.]

They were not fully conscious of, and could not therefore either mythically or philosophically express, the deep relation within themselves between their power of perceiving beauty, and the honour of domestic affection which found their sternest themes of tragedy in the infringement of its laws;—which made the rape of Helen the chief subject of their epic poetry, and which fastened their clearest symbolism of resurrection on the story of Alcestis.[1] Unhappily, the subordinate position of their most revered women, and the partial corruption of feeling towards them by the presence of certain other singular states of inferior passion which it is as difficult as grievous to analyse, arrested the ethical as well as the formative progress of the Greek mind;[2] and it was not until after an interval of nearly two thousand years of various error and pain, that, partly as the true reward of Christian warfare nobly sustained through centuries of trial, and partly as the visionary culmination of the faith which saw in a maiden's purity the link between God and her race, the highest and holiest strength of mortal love was reached; and, together with it, in the song of Dante, and the painting of Bernard of Luino and his fellows, the perception, and embodiment for ever of whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report;—that, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, men might think on those things.[3]

98. You probably observed the expression I used a moment ago, the *imaginative* purity of the passion of love. I have not yet spoken, nor is it possible for me to-day, to speak adequately, of the moral power of the imagination: but you may for yourselves enough discern its nature merely by comparing the dignity of the relations between the sexes, from their lowest level in moths or mollusca,

[1] [For another reference to the story, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 61 (Vol. XVIII. p. 117).]
[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 167.]
[3] [Philippians iv. 8.]

through the higher creatures in whom they become a domestic influence and law, up to the love of pure men and women; and, finally, to the ideal love which animated chivalry.[1] Throughout this vast ascent it is the gradual increase of the imaginative faculty which exalts and enlarges the authority of the passion, until, at its height, it is the bulwark of patience, the tutor of honour, and the perfectness of praise.

94. You will find farther, that as of love, so of all the other passions, the right government and exaltation begins in that of the Imagination, which is lord over them. For to *subdue* the passions, which is thought so often to be the sum of duty respecting them, is possible enough to a proud dulness; but to *excite* them rightly, and make them strong for good, is the work of the unselfish imagination. It is constantly said that human nature is heartless. Do not believe it.[2] Human nature is kind and generous; but it is narrow and blind; and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately sees and feels. People would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could *imagine* others as well as themselves. Let a child fall into the river before the roughest man's eyes;—he will usually do what he can to get it out, even at some risk to himself; and all the town will triumph in the saving of one little life. Let the same man be shown that hundreds of children are dying of fever for want of some sanitary measure which it will cost him trouble to urge, and he will make no effort; and probably all the town would resist him if he did. So, also, the lives of many deserving women are passed in a succession of petty anxieties about themselves, and gleaning of minute interests and mean pleasures in their immediate circle, because they are never taught to make any effort to look beyond it; or to know

[1] [On this subject compare the lecture added in this edition to *Ariadne Florentina*.]

[2] [On Ruskin's faith in the dignity and nobility of human nature, compare Vol. XVIII. p. 474, and Vol. XIX. pp. l., 365.]

anything about the mighty world in which their lives are fading, like blades of bitter grass in fruitless fields.[1]

95. I had intended to enlarge on this—and yet more on the kingdom which every man holds in his conceptive faculty, to be peopled with active thoughts and lovely presences, or left waste for the springing up of those dark desires and dreams of which it is written that "every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is evil continually."[2] True, and a thousand times true it is, that, here at least, "greater is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."[3] But this you can partly follow out for yourselves without help, partly we must leave it for future enquiry. I press to the conclusion which I wish to leave with you, that all you can rightly do, or honourably become, depends on the government of these two instincts of order and kindness, by this great Imaginative faculty, which gives you inheritance of the past, grasp of the present, authority over the future. Map out the spaces of your possible lives by its help; measure the range of their possible agency! On the walls and towers of this your fair city, there is not an ornament of which the first origin may not be traced back to the thoughts of men who died two thousand years ago. Whom will *you* be governing by your thoughts, two thousand years hence? Think of it, and you will find that so far from art being immoral, little else except art is moral;[4] that life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality: and for the words "good" and "wicked," used of men, you may almost substitute the words "Makers" and "Destroyers." Far the greater part of the seeming prosperity of the world is, so far as our present knowledge extends, vain: wholly useless for any kind of good, but having assigned

[1] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 72 *seq.* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 125, 126, 140 *seq.*).]
[2] [Genesis vi. 5.]
[3] [Proverbs xvi. 32.]
[4] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 97 (below, p. 264), where this passage is referred to. Ruskin reprinted it (beginning at "Think of it" and continuing to the end of the lecture) at the end of his paper on "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism" (see a later volume of this edition).]

to it a certain inevitable sequence of destruction and of sorrow. Its stress is only the stress of wandering storm; its beauty the hectic of plague: and what is called the history of mankind is too often the record of whirlwind, and the map of the spreading of leprosy. But underneath all that, or in narrow spaces of dominion in the midst of it, the work of every man, "qui non accepit in vanitatem animam suam,"[1] endures and prospers; a small remnant or green bud of it prevailing at last over evil. And though faint with sickness, and encumbered in ruin, the true workers redeem inch by inch the wilderness into garden ground; by the help of their joined hands the order of all things is surely sustained and vitally expanded, and although with strange vacillation, in the eyes of the watcher, the morning cometh, and also the night, there is no hour of human existence that does not draw on towards the perfect day.[2]

96. And perfect the day shall be, when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness[3] must be in labour as well as in rest. Nay! *more*, if it may be, in labour; in our strength, rather than in our weakness; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pray for on the seventh, of reward or repose. With the multitude that keep holiday, we may perhaps sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there asked for what we fancied would be mercy; but for the few who labour as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely goodness and mercy shall *follow* them, *all* the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord—FOR EVER.

[1] [Psalms xxiv. 4: compare Vol. XIX. p. 100.]
[2] [Isaiah xxi. 11, 12; Proverbs iv. 18.]
[3] [Psalms xcvi. 9; and for the other Biblical references in § 96, see Psalms xlii. 4 and xxiii. 6.]

LECTURE IV[1]

THE RELATION OF ART TO USE

97. Our subject of enquiry to-day, you will remember, is the mode in which fine art is founded upon, or may contribute to, the practical requirements of human life.

Its offices in this respect are mainly twofold: it gives Form to knowledge, and Grace to utility; that is to say, it makes permanently visible to us things which otherwise could neither be described by our science, nor retained by our memory; and it gives delightfulness and worth to the implements of daily use, and materials of dress, furniture and lodging. In the first of these offices it gives precision and charm to truth; in the second it gives precision and charm to service. For, the moment we make anything useful thoroughly, it is a law of nature that we shall be pleased with ourselves, and with the thing we have made; and become desirous therefore to adorn or complete it, in some dainty way, with finer art expressive of our pleasure.

And the point I wish chiefly to bring before you to-day is this close and healthy connection of the fine arts with material use; but I must first try briefly to put in clear light the function of art in giving Form to truth.

98. Much that I have hitherto tried to teach has been disputed on the ground that I have attached too much importance to art as representing natural facts, and too little to it as a source of pleasure. And I wish, in the close of these four prefatory lectures, strongly to assert to you, and, so far as I can in the time, convince you, that the entire vitality of art depends upon its being either

[1] [Delivered on March 3, 1870.]

full of truth, or full of use; and that, however pleasant, wonderful or impressive it may be in itself, it must yet be of inferior kind, and tend to deeper inferiority, unless it has clearly one of these main objects,—either *to state a true thing*, or to *adorn a serviceable one*.[1] It must never exist alone—never for itself; it exists rightly only when it is the means of knowledge, or the grace of agency for life.

99. Now, I pray you to observe—for though I have said this often before,[2] I have never yet said it clearly enough—every good piece of art, to whichever of these ends it may be directed, involves first essentially the evidence of human skill, and the formation of an actually beautiful thing by it.

Skill, and beauty, always then; and, beyond these, the formative arts have always one or other of the two objects which I have just defined to you—truth, or serviceableness; and without these aims neither the skill nor their beauty will avail; only by these can either legitimately reign. All the graphic arts begin in keeping the outline of shadow that we have loved, and they end in giving to it the aspect of life; and all the architectural arts begin in the shaping of the cup and the platter, and they end in a glorified roof.[3]

Therefore, you see, in the graphic arts you have Skill, Beauty, and Likeness; and in the architectural arts, Skill, Beauty, and Use; and you *must* have the three in each group, balanced and co-ordinate; and all the chief errors of art consist in losing or exaggerating one of these elements.

100. For instance, almost the whole system and hope of modern life are founded on the notion that you may substitute mechanism for skill, photograph for picture, cast-iron for sculpture. That is your main nineteenth-century faith, or infidelity. You think you can get everything

[1] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 64, where this statement is quoted and reinforced.]

[2] [See, for instance, the chapter in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii., where (Vol. V. p. 53) technical excellence and beauty (p. 55) in art are discussed; and for his admission that he had never yet said it clearly enough, compare Vol. III p. 88 *n.*]

[3] [Compare below, § 122, p. 111.]

by grinding—music, literature, and painting.[1] 'You will find it grievously not so; you can get nothing but dust by mere grinding. Even to have the barley-meal out of it, you must have the barley first; and that comes by growth, not grinding. But essentially, we have lost our delight in Skill; in that majesty of it which I was trying to make clear to you in my last address,[2] and which long ago I tried to express, under the head of ideas of power.[3] The entire sense of that, we have lost, because we ourselves do not take pains enough to do right, and have no conception of what the right costs; so that all the joy and reverence we ought to feel in looking at a strong man's work have ceased in us. We keep them yet a little in looking at a honeycomb or a bird's-nest; we understand that these differ, by divinity of skill, from a lump of wax or a cluster of sticks. But a picture, which is a much more wonderful thing than a honeycomb or a bird's-nest,—have we not known people, and sensible people too, who expected to be taught to produce that, in six lessons?

101. Well, you must have the skill, you must have the beauty, which is the highest moral element; and then, lastly, you must have the verity or utility, which is not the moral, but the vital element; and this desire for verity and use is the one aim of the three that always leads in great schools, and in the minds of great masters, without any exception. They will permit themselves in awkwardness, they will permit themselves in ugliness; but they will never permit themselves in uselessness or in unveracity.

102. And farther, as their skill increases, and as their grace, so much more, their desire for truth. It is impossible to find the three motives in fairer balance and

[1] [Compare, in a later volume, the first lecture in "*Readings in 'Modern Painters.'*"]

[2] [§ 71; above, pp. 78, 79.]

[3] [Ch. iii. of part i. sec. i. in the first volume of *Modern Painters* (Vol. III. pp. 93 *seq.*).]

harmony than in our own Reynolds. He rejoices in showing you his skill; and those of you who succeed in learning what painter's work really is, will one day rejoice also, even to laughter—that highest laughter which springs of pure delight, in watching the fortitude and the fire of a hand which strikes forth its will upon the canvas as easily as the wind strikes it on the sea. He rejoices in all abstract beauty and rhythm and melody of design; he will never give you a colour that is not lovely, nor a shade that is unnecessary, nor a line that is ungraceful.[1] But all his power and all his invention are held by him subordinate,—and the more obediently because of their nobleness,—to his true leading purpose of setting before you such likeness of the living presence of an English gentleman or an English lady, as shall be worthy of being looked upon for ever.

103. But farther, you remember, I hope—for I said it in a way that I thought would shock you a little, that you might remember it—my statement,[2] that art had never done more than this, never more than given the likeness of a noble human being. Not only so, but it very seldom does so much as this; and the best pictures that exist of the great schools are all portraits, or groups of portraits, often of very simple and no wise noble persons. You may have much more brilliant and impressive qualities in imaginative pictures; you may have figures scattered like clouds, or garlanded like flowers; you may have light and shade, as of a tempest, and colour, as of the rainbow; but all that is child's play to the great men, though it is astonishment to us. Their real strength is tried to the utmost, and as far as I know, it is never elsewhere brought out so thoroughly, as in painting one man or woman, and the soul that was in them; nor that always the highest soul, but often only a thwarted one that was

[1] [Ruskin included some studies by Reynolds, remarkable for their boldness and grace, in the Standard Series: see Vol. XXI. p. 24.]

[2] [§ 31; above, p. 45.]

capable of height; or perhaps not even that, but faultful and poor, yet seen through, to the poor best of it, by the masterful sight. So that in order to put before you in your Standard Series, the best art possible, I am obliged, even from the very strongest men, to take portraits, before I take the idealism.[1] Nay, whatever is best in the great compositions themselves has depended on portraiture; and the study necessary to enable you to understand invention will also convince you that the mind of man never invented a greater thing than the form of man, animated by faithful life. Every attempt to refine or exalt such healthy humanity has weakened or caricatured it; or else consists only in giving it, to please our fancy, the wings of birds, or the eyes of antelopes. Whatever is truly great in either Greek or Christian art, is also restrictedly human; and even the raptures of the redeemed souls who enter, "celestemente ballando,"[2] the gate of Angelico's Paradise, were seen first in the terrestrial, yet most pure, mirth of Florentine maidens.[3]

104. I am aware that this cannot but at present appear gravely questionable to those of my audience who are strictly cognisant of the phases of Greek art; for they know that the moment of its decline is accurately marked, by its turning from abstract form to portraiture. But the reason of this is simple. The progressive course of Greek art was in subduing monstrous conceptions to natural ones; it did this by general laws; it reached absolute truth of generic human form, and if this ethical force had remained, would have advanced into healthy portraiture. But at the moment of change the national life ended in Greece; and portraiture, there, meant insult to her religion,

[1] [Compare the note on Nos. 39, 40 in the Standard Series (Vol. XXI. p. 26).]

[2] [See above, § 49 *n.* (p. 57); and compare "The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence." The quotation is from Vasari's account of Angelico's "Last Judgment" (now in the Accademia at Florence): "i Beati si veggiono entrare celestemente ballando per la porte del paradiso" (vol. ii. p. 30 in Bohn's translation of Vasari).]

[3] [Compare *Ethics of the Dust*, § 86 (Vol. XVIII. p. 309).]

and flattery to her tyrants. And her skill perished, not because she became true in sight, but because she became vile at heart.[1]

105. And now let us think of our own work, and ask how that may become, in its own poor measure, active in some verity of representation. We certainly cannot begin by drawing kings or queens; but we must try, even in our earliest work, if it is to prosper, to draw something that will convey true knowledge both to ourselves and others. And I think you will find greatest advantage in the endeavour to give more life and educational power to the simpler branches of natural science: for the great scientific men are all so eager in advance that they have no time to popularise their discoveries, and if we can glean after them a little, and make pictures of the things which science describes, we shall find the service a worthy one. Not only so, but we may even be helpful to science herself; for she has suffered by her proud severance from the arts; and having made too little effort to realise her discoveries to vulgar eyes, has herself lost true measure of what was chiefly precious in them.

106. Take Botany, for instance. Our scientific botanists are, I think, chiefly at present occupied in distinguishing species, which perfect methods of distinction will probably in the future show to be indistinct;—in inventing descriptive names of which a more advanced science and more fastidious scholarship will show some to be unnecessary, and others inadmissible;[2]—and in microscopic investigations of structure, which through many alternate links of triumphant discovery that tissue is composed of vessels, and that vessels are composed of tissue, have not hitherto completely explained to us either the origin, the energy, or the course of the sap; and which, however subtle or successful, bear to the real natural history of plants only the relation that anatomy and organic chemistry bear to the history of men.

[1] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, §§ 120, 121 (below, pp. 281, 282).]
[2] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 71).]

In the meantime, our artists are so generally convinced of the truth of the Darwinian theory that they do not always think it necessary to show any difference between the foliage of an elm and an oak; and the gift-books of Christmas have every page surrounded with laboriously engraved garlands of rose, shamrock, thistle, and forget-me-not, without its being thought proper by the draughtsman, or desirable by the public, even in the case of those uncommon flowers, to observe the real shape of the petals of any one of them.

107. Now what we especially need at present for educational purposes is to know, not the anatomy of plants, but their biography[1]—how and where they live and die, their tempers, benevolences, malignities, distresses, and virtues. We want them drawn from their youth to their age, from bud to fruit. We ought to see the various forms of their diminished but hardy growth in cold climates, or poor soils; and their rank or wild luxuriance, when full-fed, and warmly nursed. And all this we ought to have drawn so accurately, that we might at once compare any given part of a plant with the same part of any other, drawn on the like conditions. Now, is not this a work which we may set about here in Oxford, with good hope and much pleasure? I think it is so important, that the first exercise in drawing I shall put before you will be an outline of a laurel leaf. You will find in the opening sentence of Leonardo's treatise, our present text-book, that you must not at first draw from nature, but from a good master's work, "per assuefarsi a buone membra," to accustom yourselves, that is, to entirely good representative organic forms. So your first exercise shall be the top of the laurel sceptre of Apollo, drawn by an Italian engraver of Leonardo's own time;[2] then we will draw a laurel leaf itself; and little by little, I think we may both learn ourselves, and teach to

[1] [Compare *Proserpina*, i. ch. iv. § 7, where Ruskin refers to this passage.]

[2] [No. 8 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 109); after Baccio Baldini. The "laurel leaf itself" is No. 9 (engraved—Plate II.—in *Proserpina*).]

many besides, somewhat more than we know yet, of the wild olives of Greece, and the wild roses of England.

108. Next, in Geology, which I will take leave to consider as an entirely separate science from the zoology of the past, which has lately usurped its name and interest. In geology itself we find the strength of many able men occupied in debating questions of which there are yet no data even for the clear statement; and in seizing advanced theoretical positions on the mere contingency of their being afterwards tenable; while, in the meantime, no simple person, taking a holiday in Cumberland, can get an intelligible section of Skiddaw, or a clear account of the origin of the Skiddaw slates; and while, though half the educated society of London travel every summer over the great plain of Switzerland, none know, or care to know, why that is a plain, and the Alps to the south of it are Alps;[1] and whether or not the gravel of the one has anything to do with the rocks of the other. And though every palace in Europe owes part of its decoration to variegated marbles, and nearly every woman in Europe part of her decoration to pieces of jasper or chalcedony, I do not think any geologist could at this moment with authority tell us either how a piece of marble is stained, or what causes the streaks in a Scotch pebble.[2]

109. Now, as soon as you have obtained the power of drawing, I do not say a mountain, but even a stone, accurately, every question of this kind will become to you at once attractive and definite; you will find that in the grain, the lustre, and the cleavage-lines of the smallest fragment of rock, there are recorded forces of every order and magnitude, from those which raise a continent by one volcanic effort, to those which at every instant are polishing the apparently complete crystal in its nest, and conducting the apparently motionless metal in its vein; and

[1] [See *Deucalion*, i. ch. i. § 6, where Ruskin refers to this passage.]

[2] [Ruskin cites these cases again—that of the cloudings of marble in *Eagle's Nest*, § 132, and that of the veinings of Scotch pebbles in *Deucalion*, i. ch. v. § 12.]

that only by the art of your own hand, and fidelity of sight which it develops, you can obtain true perception of these invincible and inimitable arts of the earth herself; while the comparatively slight effort necessary to obtain so much skill as may serviceably draw mountains in distant effect will be instantly rewarded by what is almost equivalent to a new sense of the conditions of their structure.

110. And, because it is well at once to know some direction in which our work may be definite, let me suggest to those of you who may intend passing their vacation in Switzerland, and who care about mountains, that if they will first qualify themselves to take angles of position and elevation with correctness, and to draw outlines with approximate fidelity, there are a series of problems of the highest interest to be worked out on the southern edge of the Swiss plain, in the study of the relations of its molasse beds to the rocks which are characteristically developed in the chain of the Stockhorn, Beatenberg, Pilate, Mythen above Schwytz, and High Sentis of Appenzell; the pursuit of which may lead them into many pleasant, as well as creditably dangerous, walks, and curious discoveries; and will be good for the discipline of their fingers in the pencilling of crag form.[1]

111. I wish I could ask you to draw, instead of the Alps, the crests of Parnassus and Olympus, and the ravines of Delphi and of Tempe. I have not loved the arts of Greece as others have; yet I love them,[2] and her, so much, that it is to me simply a standing marvel how scholars can endure for all these centuries, during which their chief education has been in the language and policy of Greece, to have only the names of her hills and rivers upon their lips, and never one line of conception of them in their

[1] [Ruskin here refers to the difficult problems connected with the line of contact of the outer Alps with the molasse beds laid down in Miocene times over the Swiss plain; their relations can only be explained by somewhat complex hypotheses, an outline of which is given in Sir John Lubbock's *Scenery of Switzerland*, 1896, p. 286.]

[2] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 80 and *n.* (Vol. XVI. p. 325).]

mind's sight.[1] Which of us knows what the valley of Sparta is like, or the great mountain vase of Arcadia?[2] which of us, except in mere airy syllabling of names, knows aught of "sandy Ladon's lilied banks, or old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar"?[3] "You cannot travel in Greece?"—I know it; nor in Magna Græcia.[4] But, gentlemen of England, you had better find out why you cannot, and put an end to that horror of European shame, before you hope to learn Greek art.

112. I scarcely know whether to place among the things useful to art, or to science, the systematic record, by drawing, of phenomena of the sky.[5] But I am quite sure that your work cannot in any direction be more useful to yourselves, than in enabling you to perceive the quite unparalleled subtilties of colour and inorganic form, which occur on any ordinarily fine morning or evening horizon; and I will even confess to you another of my perhaps too sanguine expectations, that in some far distant time it may come to pass, that young Englishmen and Englishwomen may think the breath of the morning sky pleasanter than that of midnight, and its light prettier than that of candles.

113. Lastly, in Zoology. What the Greeks did for the horse, and what, as far as regards domestic and expressional character, Landseer has done for the dog and the deer, remains to be done by art for nearly all other animals of high organization. There are few birds or beasts that have not a range of character which, if not equal to that of the horse or dog, is yet as interesting within narrower limits, and often in grotesqueness, intensity, or wild and timid pathos, more singular and mysterious. Whatever love of humour you have,—whatever sympathy with imperfect, but

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 199.]

[2] [Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 26 (Vol. XIX. p. 321).]

[3] [Milton: *Arcades*, 97, 98.]

[4] [For the "European shame" in the want of public security in Greece, see Vol. XVII. p. 449; in Calabria, *ibid.*, Vol. VI. p. 432, and *Val d'Arno*, §§ 49, 50.]

[5] [For Ruskin's own constant study in this form of record by drawing, see Vol. V. p. xxi., and, in a later volume, *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*. He intended to publish a series of his cloud-drawings: see Vol. VII. p. 169 *n*.]

most subtle, feeling,—whatever perception of sublimity in conditions of fatal power, may here find fullest occupation: all these being joined, in the strong animal races, to a variable and fantastic beauty far beyond anything that merely formative art has yet conceived. I have placed in your Educational Series a wing by Albert Dürer,[1] which goes as far as art yet has reached in delineation of plumage; while for the simple action of the pinion it is impossible to go beyond what has been done already by Titian and Tintoret; but you cannot so much as once look at the rufflings of the plumes of a pelican pluming itself after it has been in the water, or carefully draw the contours of the wing either of a vulture or a common swift,[2] or paint the rose and vermilion on that of a flamingo, without receiving almost a new conception of the meaning of form and colour in creation.

114. Lastly. Your work, in all directions I have hitherto indicated, may be as deliberate as you choose; there is no immediate fear of the extinction of many species of flowers or animals; and the Alps, and valley of Sparta, will wait your leisure, I fear too long. But the feudal and monastic buildings of Europe, and still more the streets of her ancient cities, are vanishing like dreams: and it is difficult to imagine the mingled envy and contempt with which future generations will look back to us, who still possessed such things, yet made no effort to preserve, and scarcely any to delineate them: for when used as material of landscape by the modern artist, they are nearly always superficially or flatteringly represented, without zeal enough to penetrate their character, or patience enough to render it in modest harmony. As for places of traditional interest, I do not know an entirely faithful drawing of any historical site, except one or two studies made by enthusiastic young

[1] [From the "Greater Fortune," No. 237 (Vol. XXI. p. 141); for another wing by Dürer (from the "Fall of Lucifer"), see Fig. 49 in vol. iv. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. VI. p. 247).]

[2] [For other references to the swift on the wing, see "The Story of Arachne," § 11 (below, p. 373); *Love's Meinie*, Lecture ii.; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 12.]

painters in Palestine and Egypt:[1] for which, thanks to them always: but we want work nearer home.

115. Now it is quite probable that some of you, who will not care to go through the labour necessary to draw flowers or animals, may yet have pleasure in attaining some moderately accurate skill of sketching architecture, and greater pleasure still in directing it usefully. Suppose, for instance, we were to take up the historical scenery in Carlyle's *Frederick*. Too justly the historian accuses the genius of past art, in that, types of too many such elsewhere, the galleries of Berlin—"are made up, like other galleries, of goat-footed Pan, Europa's Bull, Romulus's She-Wolf, and the Correggiosity of Correggio, and contain, for instance, no portrait of Friedrich the Great,—no likeness at all, or next to none at all, of the noble series of Human Realities, or any part of them, who have sprung, not from the idle brains of dreaming *dilettanti*, but from the head of God Almighty, to make this poor authentic earth a little memorable for us, and to do a little work that may be eternal there."[2] So Carlyle tells us—too truly! We cannot now draw Friedrich for him, but we can draw some of the old castles and cities that were the cradles of German life—Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, Marburg, and such others;[3]—we may keep some authentic likeness of these for the future. Suppose we were to take up that first volume of *Friedrich*, and put outlines to it: shall we begin by looking for Henry the Fowler's tomb—Carlyle himself asks if he has any—at Quedlinburgh,[4] and so downwards, rescuing what we can? That would certainly be making our work of some true use.

[1] [As, for instance, Seddon's "Jerusalem" (see Vol. XIV. pp. 464, 469), and Holman Hunt's early work, "The Scapegoat" (*ibid.*, p. 61).]

[2] [*Friedrich*, book iv. ch. vi. Ruskin quoted this passage again in "The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism," § 11; and see also *The Art of England*, § 195.]

[3] [For Ruskin's drawing of the Castle of Hapsburg, see Vol. XVI., Plate IV., and pp. lxxii.-lxxiii. For descriptions of the Castle Hohenzollern (near the station of Zollern on the railway from Tübingen to Sigmaringen) and of the Castle of Marburg (in Hessen-Cassel), see *Friedrich*, book ii. ch. v. and ch. vii.]

[4] ["Lies buried in Quedlinburgh Abbey:—any Tomb?"—*Friedrich*, book ii. ch. i.]

116. But I have told you enough, it seems to me, at least to-day, of this function of art in recording fact; let me now finally, and with all distinctness possible to me, state to you its main business of all;—its service in the actual uses of daily life.

You are surprised, perhaps, to hear me call this its main business. That is indeed so, however. The giving brightness to picture is much, but the giving brightness to life more. And remember, were it as patterns only, you cannot, without the realities, have the pictures. *You cannot have a landscape by Turner, without a country for him to paint; you cannot have a portrait by Titian, without a man to be pourtrayed.* I need not prove that to you, I suppose, in these short terms; but in the outcome I can get no soul to believe that the beginning of art *is in getting our country clean, and our people beautiful.* I have been ten years[1] trying to get this very plain certainty—I do not say believed—but even thought of, as anything but a monstrous proposition. To get your country clean, and your people lovely;—I assure you that is a necessary work of art to begin with![2] There has indeed been art in countries where people lived in dirt to serve God, but never in countries where they lived in dirt to serve the devil. There has indeed been art where the people were not all lovely—where even their lips were thick—and their skins black, because the sun had looked upon them;[3] but never in a country where the people were pale with miserable toil and deadly shade, and where the lips of youth, instead of being full with blood, were pinched by famine, or warped with poison. And now, therefore, note this well, the gist of all these long prefatory talks. I said[4] that the two great moral instincts were those of Order and

[1] [*i.e.*, since 1860, when *Unto this Last* was written.]
[2] [Compare, below, § 187 (p. 176); *Aratra Pentelici*, § 138 (below, p. 294), where this statement is quoted and reinforced; "Modern Art," § 23 (Vol. XIX. pp. 214–215); and *Art of England*, § 123.]
[3] [Song of Solomon i. 6.]
[4] [§ 86 *seq.*; above, pp. 87, 88.]

Kindness. Now, all the arts are founded on agriculture by the hand, and on the graces and kindness of feeding, and dressing, and lodging your people. Greek art begins in the gardens of Alcinous—perfect order, leeks in beds, and fountains in pipes.[1] And Christian art, as it arose out of chivalry, was only possible so far as chivalry compelled both kings and knights to care for the right personal training of their people; it perished utterly when those kings and knights became δημοβόροι, devourers of the people.[2] And it will become possible again only, when, literally, the sword is beaten into the ploughshare,[3] when your St. George of England shall justify his name,[4] and Christian art shall be known as its Master was, in breaking of bread.[5]

117. Now look at the working out of this broad principle in minor detail; observe how, from highest to lowest, health of art has first depended on reference to industrial use. There is first the need of cup and platter, especially of cup; for you can put your meat on the Harpies',* or on any other, tables; but you must have your cup to drink from. And to hold it conveniently, you must put a handle to it; and to fill it when it is empty you must have a large pitcher of some sort; and to carry the pitcher you may most advisably have two handles. Modify the forms of these needful possessions according to the various requirements of drinking largely and drinking delicately; of pouring easily out, or of keeping for years the perfume in; of storing in cellars, or bearing from fountains; of sacrificial libation, of Panathenaic treasure of oil, and sepulchral treasure of ashes,—and you have a resultant series of beautiful form and decoration, from the rude amphora of red earth up to Cellini's vases of gems and crystal, in which series,

* Virg., *Æn.*, iii. 209 *seqq.*

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[1] [See Vol. VI. p. 419.]

[2] [For this epithet (*Iliad*, i. 231), see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 43 (Vol. XVIII. p. 101, and *Eagle's Nest*, § 207).]

[3] [Isaiah ii. 4; Micah iv. 3; Joel iii. 10. Compare Vol. XVIII. p. 491.]

[4] [For St. George as the husbandman, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 26.]

[5] [Luke xxiv. 35.]

but especially in the more simple conditions of it, are developed the most beautiful lines and most perfect types of severe composition which have yet been attained by art.

118. But again, that you may fill your cup with pure water, you must go to the well or spring; you need a fence round the well; you need some tube or trough, or other means of confining the stream at the spring. For the conveyance of the current to any distance you must build either enclosed or open aqueduct; and in the hot square of the city where you set it free, you find it good for health and pleasantness to let it leap into a fountain. On these several needs you have a school of sculpture founded; in the decoration of the walls of wells in level countries, and of the sources of springs in mountainous ones, and chiefly of all, where the women of household or market meet at the city fountain.

There is, however, a farther reason for the use of art here than in any other material service, so far as we may, by art, express our reverence or thankfulness. Whenever a nation is in its right mind, it always has a deep sense of divinity in the gift of rain from heaven, filling its heart with food and gladness;[1] and all the more when that gift becomes gentle and perennial in the flowing of springs. It literally is not possible that any fruitful power of the Muses should be put forth upon a people which disdains their Helicon; still less is it possible that any Christian nation should grow up "tanquam lignum quod plantatum est secus decursus aquarum,"[2] which cannot recognize the lesson meant in their being told of the places where Rebekah was met; —where Rachel,—where Zipporah,—and she who was asked for water under Mount Gerizim by a Stranger, weary, who had nothing to draw with.[3]

119. And truly, when our mountain springs are set apart in vale or craggy glen, or glade of wood green

[1] [Acts xiv. 17.]
[2] [Psalms i. 3.]
[3] [See Genesis xxiv. 15, 16, xxix. 10; Exodus ii. 16; John iv. 11.]

through the drought of summer, far from cities, then it is best to let them stay in their own happy peace; but if near towns, and liable therefore to be defiled by common usage, we could not use the loveliest art more worthily than by sheltering the spring and its first pools with precious marbles: nor ought anything to be esteemed more important, as a means of healthy education, than the care to keep the streams of it afterwards, to as great a distance as possible, pure, full of fish, and easily accessible to children. There used to be, thirty years ago, a little rivulet of the Wandel, about an inch deep, which ran over the carriage-road and under a foot-bridge just under the last chalk hill near Croydon.[1] Alas! men came and went; and it—did *not* go on for ever.[2] It has long since been bricked over by the parish authorities; but there was more education in that stream with its minnows than you could get out of a thousand pounds spent yearly in the parish schools, even though you were to spend every farthing of it in teaching the nature of oxygen and hydrogen, and the names, and rate per minute, of all the rivers in Asia and America.

120. Well, the gist of this matter lies here then. Suppose we want a school of pottery again in England, all we poor artists are ready to do the best we can, to show you how pretty a line may be that is twisted first to one side, and then to the other; and how a plain household-blue will make a pattern on white; and how ideal art may be got out of the spaniel's colours of black and tan.[3] But I tell you beforehand, all that we can do will be utterly useless, unless you teach your peasant to say grace, not only before meat, but before drink; and having provided him with Greek cups and platters, provide him also with something that is not poisoned to put into them.

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 1 (Vol. XVIII. p. 385).]

[2] [Tennyson's *Brook* is quoted also in Vol. XVIII. p. 455, and see Vol. IV. p. 355.]

[3] [For an example of a "black and tan" Greek vase, see Plate XV. in Vol. XIX.]

121. There cannot be any need that I should trace for you the conditions of art that are directly founded on serviceableness of dress, and of armour; but it is my duty to affirm to you, in the most positive manner, that after recovering, for the poor, wholesomeness of food,[1] your next step towards founding schools of art in England must be in recovering, for the poor, decency and wholesomeness of dress; thoroughly good in substance, fitted for their daily work, becoming to their rank in life, and worn with order and dignity. And this order and dignity must be taught them by the women of the upper and middle classes, whose minds can be in nothing right, as long as they are so wrong in this matter as to endure the squalor of the poor, while they themselves dress gaily. And on the proper pride and comfort of both poor and rich in dress, must be founded the true arts of dress; carried on by masters of manufacture no less careful of the perfectness and beauty of their tissues, and of all that in substance and in design can be bestowed upon them, than ever the armourers of Milan and Damascus[2] were careful of their steel.

122. Then, in the third place, having recovered some wholesome habits of life as to food and dress, we must recover them as to lodging. I said just now[3] that the best architecture was but a glorified roof. Think of it. The dome of the Vatican, the porches of Rheims or Chartres, the vaults and arches of their aisles, the canopy of the tomb, and the spire of the belfry, are all forms resulting from the mere requirement that a certain space shall be strongly covered from heat and rain. More than that —as I have tried all through *The Stones of Venice* to show,—the lovely forms of these were every one of them

[1] [In one of his copies Ruskin has here written in the margin: "That a friend should have risen in the House of Commons to defend the Adulteration of Food" —*i.e.*, a member of the Society of Friends, John Bright (a Quaker). Ruskin quotes and discusses the speech in question (March 5, 1869) in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 37.]

[2] [For the steel of Milan, compare *Val d'Arno*, § 69; and for Damascus steel, Vol. VI. p. 316.]

[3] [Above, § 99; p. 96.]

developed in civil and domestic building, and only after their invention, employed ecclesiastically on the grandest scale.[1] I think you cannot but have noticed here in Oxford, as elsewhere, that our modern architects never seem to know what to do with their roofs. Be assured, until the roofs are right, nothing else will be; and there are just two ways of keeping them right. Never build them of iron, but only of wood or stone; and secondly, take care that in every town the little roofs are built before the large ones, and that everybody who wants one has got one. And we must try also to make everybody want one. That is to say, at some not very advanced period of life, men should desire to have a home, which they do not wish to quit any more, suited to their habits of life, and likely to be more and more suitable to them until their death.[2] And men must desire to have these their dwelling-places built as strongly as possible, and furnished and decorated daintily, and set in pleasant places, in bright light, and good air, being able to choose for themselves that at least as well as swallows. And when the houses are grouped together in cities, men must have so much civic fellowship as to subject their architecture to a common law, and so much civic pride as to desire that the whole gathered group of human dwellings should be a lovely thing, not a frightful one, on the face of the earth. Not many weeks ago an English clergyman,* a master of this University, a man not given to sentiment, but of middle age, and great practical sense,[3] told me, by accident, and wholly without reference to the subject now before us, that he never could enter London from his country parsonage but with closed eyes, lest the sight of the blocks of

* Osborne Gordon.

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[1] [See, for instance, vol. ii. ch. iv. § 52 (Vol. X. pp. 118 *seq.*); and compare *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, Vol. XII. p. 43.]

[2] [Here, again, compare *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, Vol. XII. p. 72; and see also Vol. VIII. p. 226, and *Eagle's Nest*, § 206.]

[3] [For this description of Osborne Gordon, compare Vol. XVII. p. lxxv.]

houses which the railroad intersected in the suburbs should unfit him, by the horror of it, for his day's work.

123. Now, it is not possible—and I repeat to you, only in more deliberate assertion, what I wrote just twenty-two years ago in the last chapter of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*[1]—it is not possible to have any right morality, happiness, or art, in any country where the cities are thus built, or thus, let me rather say, clotted and coagulated; spots of a dreadful mildew, spreading by patches and blotches over the country they consume. You must have lovely cities, crystallized, not coagulated, into form; limited in size, and not casting out the scum and scurf of them into an encircling eruption of shame, but girded each with its sacred pomœrium, and with garlands of gardens full of blossoming trees and softly guided streams.

That is impossible, you say! it may be so. I have nothing to do with its possibility, but only with its indispensability.[2] More than that must be possible, however, before you can have a school of art; namely, that you find places elsewhere than in England, or at least in otherwise unserviceable parts of England, for the establishment of manufactories needing the help of fire, that is to say, of all the *τέχναι βαναυσικαὶ* and *ἐπίρρητοι*, of which it was long ago known to be the constant nature that "*ἀσχολίας μάλιστα ἔχουσι καὶ φίλων καὶ πόλεως συνεπιμελεῖσθαι*,"[3] and to reduce such manufactures to their lowest limit, so that nothing may ever be made of iron that can as effectually be made of wood or stone; and nothing moved by steam that can be as effectually moved by natural forces.[4] And observe, that for all mechanical effort required in social life and in cities, water power is infinitely more than enough; for anchored mills on the large rivers, and mills moved by sluices from

[1] [See Vol. VIII. pp. 259 *seq.*]

[2] [Here, again, compare *Seven Lamps*; Vol. VIII. p. 255.]

[3] [Xenophon, *Economist*, iv. 2, 3: "the arts which are mechanical and infamous peculiarly involve want of leisure for caring for friends or city." Compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 109 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 235); and see § 4, above, p. 21.]

[4] [Compare Vol. XVII. pp. c., 156, 543.]

reservoirs filled by the tide, will give you command of any quantity of constant motive power you need.

Agriculture by the hand, then, and absolute refusal or banishment of unnecessary igneous force, are the first conditions of a school of art in any country. And until you do this, be it soon or late, things will continue in that triumphant state to which, for want of finer art, your mechanism has brought them;—that, though England is deafened with spinning wheels,[1] her people have not clothes —though she is black with digging of fuel, they die of cold—and though she has sold her soul for gain, they die of hunger. Stay in that triumph, if you choose; but be assured of this, it is not one which the fine arts will ever share with you.

124. Now, I have given you my message, containing, as I know, offence enough, and itself, it may seem to many, unnecessary enough. But just in proportion to its apparent non-necessity, and to its certain offence, was its real need, and my real duty to speak it. The study of the fine arts could not be rightly associated with the grave work of English Universities, without due and clear protest against the misdirection of national energy, which for the present renders all good results of such study on a great scale, impossible. I can easily teach you, as any other moderately good draughtsman could, how to hold your pencils, and how to lay your colours; but it is little use my doing that, while the nation is spending millions of money in the destruction of all that pencil or colour has to represent, and in the promotion of false forms of art, which are only the costliest and the least enjoyable of follies. And therefore these are the things that I have first and last to tell you in this place;—that the fine arts are not to be learned by Locomotion, but by making the homes we live in lovely, and by staying in them;—that the fine arts are not to be learned by Competition, but by doing our quiet best in our

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 425), and *Sesame and Lilies*, § 130 (Vol. XVIII. p. 177).]

own way;—that the fine arts are not to be learned by Exhibition, but by doing what is right, and making what is honest, whether it be exhibited or not;—and, for the sum of all, that men must paint and build neither for pride nor for money, but for love; for love of their art, for love of their neighbour, and whatever better love may be than these, founded on these. I know that I gave some pain, which I was most unwilling to give, in speaking of the possible abuses of religious art;[1] but there can be no danger of any, so long as we remember that God inhabits cottages as well as churches, and ought to be well lodged there also. Begin with wooden floors; the tessellated ones will take care of themselves; begin with thatching roofs, and you shall end by splendidly vaulting them; begin by taking care that no old eyes fail over their Bibles, nor young ones over their needles, for want of rushlight, and then you may have whatever true good is to be got out of coloured glass or wax candles.[2] And in thus putting the arts to universal use, you will find also their universal inspiration, their universal benediction. I told you there was no evidence of a *special* Divineness in any application of them; that they were always equally human and equally Divine; and in closing this inaugural series of lectures,[3] into which I have endeavoured to compress the principles that are to be the foundations of your future work, it is my last duty to say some positive words as to the Divinity of all art, when it is truly fair, or truly serviceable.

125. Every seventh day, if not oftener, the greater number of well-meaning persons in England thankfully receive from their teachers a benediction, couched in those terms:—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you." Now I do not know precisely what sense is

[1] [See above, §§ 56 *seq.*, pp. 63 *seq.*]
[2] [Compare Vol. XIX. p. 267.]
[3] [The first four lectures of the course were inaugural and addressed to a general audience; the last three were of a more technical character: see Bibliographical Note above, p. 5.]

attached in the English public mind to those expressions. But what I have to tell you positively is that the three things do actually exist, and can be known if you care to know them, and possessed if you care to possess them; and that another thing exists, besides these, of which we already know too much.

First, by simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion, all grace, graciousness, or beauty and favour of gentle life, will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The Grace of Christ exists, and can be had if you will. Secondly, as you know more and more of the created world, you will find that the true will of its Maker is that its creatures should be happy;—that He has made everything beautiful in its time[1] and its place, and that it is chiefly by the fault of men, when they are allowed the liberty of thwarting His laws, that Creation groans or travails in pain.[2] The Love of God exists, and you may see it, and live in it if you will. Lastly, a Spirit does actually exist which teaches the ant her path, the bird her building, and men, in an instinctive and marvellous way, whatever lovely arts and noble deeds are possible to them. Without it you can do no good thing. To the grief of it you can do many bad ones. In the possession of it is your peace and your power.

And there is a fourth thing, of which we already know too much. There is an evil spirit whose dominion is in blindness and in cowardice, as the dominion of the Spirit of wisdom is in clear sight and in courage.

And this blind and cowardly spirit is for ever telling you that evil things are pardonable, and you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible, and you need not live for them; and that gospel of his is now the loudest that is preached in your Saxon tongue. You will find some day, to your cost, if you believe the first part

[1] [Ecclesiastes iii. 11. Ruskin translates accurately (as in the Revised Version); the Authorised Version has "in his time."]

[2] [Romans viii. 22.]

of it, that it is not true; but you may never, if you believe the second part of it, find, to your gain, that also, untrue; and therefore I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that, for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close:—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves; so, from day to day, and strength to strength, you shall build up indeed, by Art, by Thought, and by Just Will, an Ecclesia of England, of which it shall not be said, "See what manner of stones are here,"[1] but, "See what manner of men."[2]

[1] [Mark xiii. 1.]

[2] [Compare the conclusion of Essay ii. in *Unto this Last* (§ 41), Vol. XVII. p. 56.]

LECTURE V[1]

LINE[2]

126. You will, I doubt not, willingly permit me to begin your lessons in real practice of art[3] in the words of the greatest of English painters: one also, than whom there is indeed no greater, among those of any nation, or any time, —our own gentle Reynolds.[4]

He says in his first discourse:—"The Directors" (of the Academy) "ought more particularly to watch over the genius of those students, who being more advanced, are arrived at that critical period of study, on the nice management of which their future turn of taste depends. At that age it is natural for them to be more captivated with what is brilliant, than with what is solid, and to prefer splendid negligence to painful and humiliating exactness."

"A facility in composing,—a lively and, what is called, a 'masterly' handling of the chalk or pencil, are, it must be confessed, captivating qualities to young minds, and become of course the objects of their ambition. They endeavour to imitate these dazzling excellences, which they will find no great labour in attaining. After much time spent in these frivolous pursuits, the difficulty will be to retreat; but it will then be too late; and there is scarce an

[1] [Delivered on March 9, 1870.]

[2] [For the division of artistic effects into line, light (Lecture vi.), and colour (Lecture vii.), compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 18.]

[3] [Eds. 1–3 read:—

"... practice of art in words of higher authority than mine (I ought rather to say, of *all* authority, while mine are of none),—the words of the greatest ..."]

[4] [On the gentleness of Reynolds, compare *Two Paths*, § 64 (Vol. XVI. p. 308).]

instance of return to scrupulous labour, after the mind has been debauched and deceived by this fallacious mastery."

127. I read you these words, chiefly that Sir Joshua, who founded, as first President, the Academical schools of English painting, in these well-known discourses, may also begin, as he has truest right to do, our system of instruction in this University. But secondly, I read them that I may press on your attention these singular words, "painful and humiliating exactness." Singular, as expressing the first conditions of the study required from his pupils by the master, who, of all men except Velasquez, seems to have painted with the greatest ease. It is true that he asks this pain, this humiliation, only from youths who intend to follow the profession of artists. But if you wish yourselves to know anything of the practice of art, you must not suppose that because your study will be more desultory than that of Academy students, it may therefore be less accurate. The shorter the time you have to give, the more careful you should be to spend it profitably; and I would not wish you to devote one hour to the practice of drawing, unless you are resolved to be informed in it of all that in an hour can be taught.

128. I speak of the practice of *drawing* only; though elementary study of modelling may perhaps some day be advisably connected with it; but I do not wish to disturb, or amuse, you with a formal statement of the manifold expectations I have formed respecting your future work. You will not, I am sure, imagine that I have begun without a plan, nor blame my reticence as to the parts of it which cannot yet be put into execution, and which there may occur reason afterwards to modify. My first task must unquestionably be to lay before you right and simple methods of drawing and colouring.

I use the word "colouring" without reference to any particular vehicle of colour, for the laws of good painting are the same, whatever liquid is employed to dissolve the pigments. But the technical management of oil is more

difficult than that of water-colour, and the impossibility of using it with safety among books or prints,[1] and its unavailableness for note-book sketches and memoranda, are sufficient reasons for not introducing it in a course of practice intended chiefly for students of literature. On the contrary, in the exercises of artists, oil should be the vehicle of colour employed from the first.[2] The extended practice of water-colour painting, as a separate skill, is in every way harmful to the arts: its pleasant slightness and plausible dexterity divert the genius of the painter from its proper aims, and withdraw the attention of the public from excellence of higher claim; nor ought any man, who has the consciousness of ability for good work, to be ignorant of, or indolent in employing, the methods of making its results permanent as long as the laws of Nature allow. It is surely a severe lesson to us in this matter, that the best works of Turner could not be shown to the public for six months without being destroyed,[3]—and that his most ambitious ones for the most part perished, even before they could be shown. I will break through my law of reticence, however, so far as to tell you that I have hope of one day interesting you greatly (with the help of the Florentine masters), in the study of the arts of moulding and painting porcelain; and to induce some of you to use your future power of patronage in encouraging the various branches of this art, and turning the attention of the workmen of Italy from the vulgar tricks of minute and perishable mosaic[4] to the exquisite subtilties of form and colour possible in the perfectly ductile, afterwards unalterable clay. And one of the ultimate results of such craftsmanship might be the production of pictures as brilliant as painted glass,—as delicate as the most subtle water-colours, and more permanent than the Pyramids.

[1] [Compare what Ruskin says of his own early experiences with oils, Vol. I. p. xxxii.]

[2] [Compare *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, § 19.]

[3] [For other passages in which Ruskin calls Turner's water-colours his best works, see Vol. XIII. pp. 96, 130; and on the subject of their fading, *ibid.*, pp. 589 *seq.*]

[4] [Compare Vol. VIII. p. 181; Vol. XV. pp. 464–465.]

129. And now to begin our own work. In order that we may know how rightly to learn to draw and to paint, it will be necessary, will it not, that we know first what we are to aim at doing;—what kind of representation of nature is best?

I will tell you in the words of Leonardo. "That is the most praiseworthy painting which has most conformity with the thing represented," "quella pittura e piu laudabile, la quale ha piu conformita con la cosa mitata," (ch. 276).[1] In plain terms, "the painting which is likest nature is the best." And you will find by referring to the preceding chapter, "come lo specchio e maestro de' pittori," how absolutely Leonardo means what he says. Let the living thing, (he tells us,) be reflected in a mirror, then put your picture beside the reflection, and match the one with the other. And indeed, the very best painting is unquestionably so like the mirrored truth, that all the world admits its excellence. Entirely first-rate work is so quiet and natural that there can be no dispute over it; you may not particularly admire it, but you will find no fault with it. Second-rate painting pleases one person much, and displeases another; but first-rate painting pleases all a little, and intensely pleases those who can recognize its unostentatious skill.

130. This, then, is what we have first got to do—to make our drawing look as like the thing we have to draw as we can.

Now, all objects are seen by the eye as patches of colour of a certain shape, with gradations of colour within them.[2] And, unless their colours be actually luminous, as those of the sun, or of fire, these patches of different hues are sufficiently imitable, except so far as they are seen

[1] [§ 351 in the rearranged English version by Rigaud (Bohn's edition, p. 150). For another reference to the passage, see Vol. XIV. p. 360. The "preceding chapter" is § 350.]

[2] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 32 (below, p. 222); *Elements of Drawing*, § 5, and *Laws of Fésole*, ch. vii. § 1 (Vol. XV. pp. 27, 414); and *Lectures on Landscape*, § 21 (Vol. XXII. p. 26).]

stereoscopically. You will find Leonardo again and again insisting on the stereoscopic power of the double sight:[1] but do not let that trouble you; you can only paint what you can see from one point of sight, but that is quite enough. So seen, then, all objects appear to the human eye simply as masses of colour of variable depth, texture, and outline. The outline of any object is the limit of its mass, as relieved against another mass. Take a crocus, and lay it on a green cloth. You will see it detach itself as a mere space of yellow from the green behind it, as it does from the grass. Hold it up against the window—you will see it detach itself as a dark space against the white or blue behind it. In either case its outline is the limit of the space of light or dark colour by which it expresses itself to your sight. That outline is therefore infinitely subtle—not even a line, but the place of a line, and that, also, made soft by texture. In the finest painting it is therefore slightly softened; but it is necessary to be able to draw it with absolute sharpness and precision. The art of doing this is to be obtained by drawing it as an actual line, which art is to be the subject of our immediate enquiry; but I must first lay the divisions of the entire subject completely before you.

131. I have said that all objects detach themselves as masses of colour. Usually, light and shade are thought of as separate from colour; but the fact is that all nature is seen as a mosaic composed of gradated portions of different colours, dark or light. There is no difference in the quality of these colours, except as affected by texture. You will constantly hear lights and shades spoken of as if these were different in their nature, and to be painted in different ways. But every light is a shadow compared to higher lights, till we reach the brightness of the sun; and every shadow is a light compared to lower shadows, till we reach the darkness of night.

Every colour used in painting, except pure white and

[1] [See especially §§ 124, 348 in Rigaud's translation.]

black, is therefore a light and shade at the same time. It is a light with reference to all below it, and a shade with reference to all above it.

132. The solid forms of an object, that is to say, the projections or recessions of its surface within the outline, are, for the most part, rendered visible by variations in the intensity or quantity of light falling on them. The study of the relations between the quantities of this light, irrespectively of its colour, is the second division of the regulated science of painting.

133. Finally, the qualities and relations of natural colours, the means of imitating them, and the laws by which they become separately beautiful, and in association harmonious, are the subjects of the third and final division of the painter's study. I shall endeavour at once to state to you what is most immediately desirable for you to know on each of these topics, in this and the two following lectures.[1]

134. What we have to do, then, from beginning to end, is, I repeat once more, simply to draw spaces of their true shape, and to fill them with colours which shall match their colours; quite a simple thing in the definition of it, not quite so easy in the doing of it.

But it is something to get this simple definition; and I wish you to notice that the terms of it are complete, though I do not introduce the term "light," or "shadow." Painters who have no eye for colour have greatly confused and falsified the practice of art by the theory that shadow is an absence of colour. Shadow is, on the contrary, necessary to the full presence of colour; for every colour is a diminished quantity or energy of light;[2] and, practically, it follows from what I have just told you—(that every light in painting is a shadow to higher lights, and every shadow a light to lower shadows)—that also every

[1] [In one of his copies Ruskin marks the end of § 130 "A" (*i.e.*, outline), § 132 "B" (light and shade), and § 133 "C" (colour); adding, "but in practice I take C first, B last"—as explained in § 139, below.]

[2] [Here, again, compare *Laws of Fésole*, ch. vii. § 1 (Vol. XV. p. 414).]

colour in painting must be a shadow to some brighter colour, and a light to some darker one—all the while being a positive colour itself. And the great splendour of the Venetian school arises from their having seen and held from the beginning this great fact—that shadow is as much colour as light, often much more. In Titian's fullest red the lights are pale rose-colour, passing into white — the shadows warm deep crimson. In Veronese's most splendid orange, the lights are pale, the shadows crocus colour; and so on. In nature, dark sides if seen by reflected lights, are almost always fuller or warmer in colour than the lights; and the practice of the Bolognese and Roman schools, in drawing their shadows always dark and cold,[1] is false from the beginning, and renders perfect painting for ever impossible in those schools, and to all who follow them.

185. Every visible space, then, be it dark or light, is a space of colour of some kind, or of black or white. And you have to enclose it with a true outline, and to paint it with its true colour.

But before considering how we are to draw this enclosing line, I must state to you something about the use of lines in general, by different schools.

I said just now that there was no difference between the masses of colour of which all visible nature is composed, except in *texture*. Now textures are principally of three kinds:—

(1) Lustrous, as of water and glass.
(2) Bloomy, or velvety, as of a rose-leaf or peach.
(3) Linear, produced by filaments or threads, as in feathers, fur, hair, and woven or reticulated tissues.

All these three sources of pleasure to the eye in texture are united in the best ornamental work. A fine picture by Fra Angelico, or a fine illuminated page of missal, has large spaces of gold, partly burnished and lustrous, partly

[1] [Ruskin in one of his copies for revision notes here: "Correct—Raphael so only in his pictures, not the frescoes. Leonardo always."]

dead;—some of it chased and enriched with linear texture, and mingled with imposed or inlaid colours, soft in bloom like that of the rose-leaf. But many schools of art affect for the most part one kind of texture only, and a vast quantity of the art of all ages depends for great part of its power on texture produced by multitudinous lines. Thus, wood engraving, line engraving properly so called, and countless varieties of sculpture, metal work, and textile fabric, depend for great part of the effect, for the mystery, softness, and clearness of their colours, or shades, on modification of the surfaces by lines or threads. Even in advanced oil painting, the work often depends for some part of its effect on the texture of the canvas.

186. Again, the arts of etching and mezzotint engraving depend principally for their effect on the velvety, or bloomy texture of their darkness, and the best of all painting is the fresco work of great colourists,[1] in which the colours are what is usually called dead; but they are anything but dead, they glow with the luminous bloom of life. The frescoes of Correggio, when not repainted, are supreme in this quality.[2]

187. While, however, in all periods of art these different textures are thus used in various styles, and for various purposes, you will find that there is a broad historical division of schools, which will materially assist you in understanding them. The earliest art in most countries is linear,[3] consisting of interwoven, or richly spiral and otherwise involved arrangements of sculptured or painted lines, on stone, wood, metal or clay. It is generally characteristic

[1] [Compare *Two Paths*, § 74 (Vol. XVI. p. 321).]

[2] [Eds. 1–3 add here:—

"... in this quality; and you have a lovely example in the University Galleries, in the untouched portion of the female head by Raphael, partly restored by Lawrence."

The reference was to the drawing, No. 179 in Sir J. C. Robinson's *Critical Account of the Drawings by Michel Angelo and Raffuello in the University Galleries, Oxford.* It is ascribed by Robinson to Federigo Baroccio. A piece of the original drawing, which had been torn, is restored by a later hand; it was in Sir T. Lawrence's collection.]

[3] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 33.]

of savage life, and of feverish energy of imagination. I shall examine these schools with you hereafter, under the general head of the "Schools of Line."*

Secondly, even in the earliest periods, among powerful nations, this linear decoration is more or less filled with chequered or barred shade, and begins at once to represent animal or floral form, by filling its outlines with flat shadow, or with flat colour. And here we instantly find two great divisions of temper and thought. The Greeks look upon all colour first as light; they are, as compared with other races, insensitive to hue, exquisitely sensitive to phenomena of light. And their linear school passes into one of flat masses of light and darkness, represented in the main by four tints,—white, black, and two reds, one brick colour, more or less vivid, the other dark purple; these two standing mentally [for][1] their favourite πορφύρεος colour, in its light and dark powers.[2] On the other hand, many of the Northern nations are at first entirely insensible to light and shade, but exquisitely sensitive to colour, and their linear decoration is filled with flat tints, infinitely varied, but with no expression of light and shade. Both these schools have a limited but absolute perfection of their own, and their peculiar successes can in no wise be imitated, except by the strictest observance of the same limitations.

138. You have then, Line for the earliest art, branching into—

(1) Greek, Line with Light.
(2) Gothic, Line with Colour.[3]

Now, as art completes itself, each of these schools retain their separate characters, but they cease to depend on lines,

* See *Ariadne Florentina*, § 5. [1887.]

[1] [In eds. 1–3 "these two representing"; which in 1887 Ruskin altered into "standing mentally for," but the word "for" has in all editions hitherto been omitted.]

[2] [On the Greek conception of "purple," see *Queen of the Air*, § 91, and the notes at that place (Vol. XIX. pp. 379, 380).]

[3] [On the characterisation of the Greek school in these lectures, compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 42 (Vol. XXII. p. 39); and *Art of England*, § 52.]

and learn to represent masses instead, becoming more refined at the same time in all modes of perception and execution.

And thus there arise the two vast mediæval schools; one of flat and infinitely varied colour, with exquisite character and sentiment added, in the forms represented; but little perception of shadow. The other, of light and shade, with exquisite drawing of solid form, and little perception of colour: sometimes as little of sentiment.[1] Of these, the school of flat colour is the more vital one; it is always natural and simple, if not great;—and when it is great, it is very great.

The school of light and shade associates itself with that of engraving; it is essentially an academical school, broadly dividing light from darkness, and begins by assuming that the light side of all objects shall be represented by white, and the extreme shadow by black. On this conventional principle it reaches a limited excellence of its own, in which the best existing types of engraving are executed, and ultimately, the most regular expressions of organic form in painting.

Then, lastly,—the schools of colour advance steadily, till they adopt from those of light and shade whatever is compatible with their own power,[2]—and then you have perfect art, represented centrally by that of the great Venetians.

The schools of light and shade, on the other hand, are partly, in their academical formulas, too haughty, and partly, in their narrowness of imagination, too weak, to learn much from the schools of colour; and pass into a state of decadence, consisting partly in proud endeavours to give painting the qualities of sculpture, and partly in the pursuit of effects of light and shade, carried at last to

[1] [Ruskin, in referring later to this passage, describes it, together with §§ 147–148, as containing "statements which, if you were reading the book by yourselves, would strike you probably as each of them difficult, and in some degree inconsistent." See his explanation in *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 260–262.]

[2] [Here, again, compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 50.]

extreme sensational subtlety by the Dutch school. In their fall, they drag the schools of colour down with them; and the recent history of art is one of confused effort to find lost roads, and resume allegiance to violated principles.

139. That, briefly, is the map of the great schools, easily remembered in this hexagonal form:—

1.

LINE.

Early schools.

2.	3.
LINE AND LIGHT.	LINE AND COLOUR.
Greek clay.	Gothic glass.
4.	5.
MASS AND LIGHT.	MASS AND COLOUR.
(Represented by Leonardo, and his schools.)	(Represented by Giorgione, and his schools.)

6.

MASS, LIGHT, AND COLOUR.

(Represented by Titian, and his schools.)

And[1] I wish you with your own eyes and fingers to trace, and in your own progress follow, the method of advance exemplified by these great schools. I wish you to begin by getting command of line, that is to say, by learning to draw a steady line, limiting with absolute correctness the form or space you intend it to limit; to proceed by getting command over flat tints, so that you may be able to fill the spaces you have enclosed, evenly, either with shade or colour according to the school you adopt; and finally

[1] [Eds. 1–3 read:—

"I will endeavour hereafter to show you the various relations of all these branches; at present, I am only concerned with your own practice. My wish is that you should with your own eyes . . ."

And lower down eds. 1–3 omit "according to the school you adopt"; read "drawing" for "gradation," "undulation" for "roundings," and add "form and" before "texture." In *Ariadne Florentina*, § 5, where the passage from "I wish you" to the end of § 139 is quoted, the earlier version is given.]

to obtain the power of adding such fineness of gradation within the masses, as shall express their roundings, and their characters of texture.

140. Those who are familiar with the methods of existing schools must be aware that I thus nearly invert their practice of teaching. Students at present learn to draw details first, and to colour and mass them afterwards. I shall endeavour to teach you to arrange broad masses and colours first; and you shall put the details into them afterwards. I have several reasons for this audacity, of which you may justly require me to state the principal ones. The first is that, as I have shown you, this method I wish you to follow, is the natural one. All great artist nations *have* actually learned to work in this way, and I believe it therefore the right, as the hitherto successful one. Secondly, you will find it less irksome than the reverse method, and more definite. When a beginner is set at once to draw details, and make finished studies in light and shade, no master can correct his innumerable errors, or rescue him out of his endless difficulties. But in the natural method, he can correct, if he will, his own errors. You will have positive lines to draw, presenting no more difficulty, except in requiring greater steadiness of hand, than the outlines of a map. They will be generally sweeping and simple, instead of being jagged into promontories and bays; but assuredly, they may be drawn rightly (with patience), and their rightness tested with mathematical accuracy. You have only to follow your own line with tracing paper, and apply it to your own copy. If they do not correspond, you are wrong, and you need no master to show you where. Again; in washing in a flat tone of colour or shade, you can always see yourself if it is flat, and kept well within the edges; and you can set a piece of your colour side by side with that of the copy; if it does not match, you are wrong; and, again, you need no one to tell you so, if your eye for colour is true. It happens, indeed, more frequently than would be supposed, that there is real

want of power in the eye to distinguish colours;[1] and this I even suspect to be a condition which has been sometimes attendant on high degrees of cerebral sensitiveness in other directions; but such want of faculty would be detected in your first two or three exercises by this simple method, while, otherwise, you might go on for years endeavouring to colour from nature in vain. Lastly, and this is a very weighty collateral reason, such a method enables me to show you many things, besides the art of drawing. Every exercise that I prepare for you will be either a portion of some important example of ancient art, or of some natural object.[2] However rudely or unsuccessfully you may draw it, (though I anticipate from you neither want of care nor success,) you will nevertheless have learned what no words could have so forcibly or completely taught you, either respecting early art or organic structure; and I am thus certain that not a moment you spend attentively will be altogether wasted, and that, generally, you will be twice gainers by every effort.

141. There is, however, yet another point in which I think a change of existing methods will be advisable. You have here in Oxford one of the finest collections in Europe of drawings in pen, and chalk, by Michael Angelo and Raphael.[3] Of the whole number, you cannot but have noticed that not one is weak or studentlike—all are evidently master's work.

You may look the galleries of Europe through, and so far as I know, or as it is possible to make with safety

[1] ["The perception of colour," says Ruskin elsewhere, "is a gift just as definitely granted to one person, and denied to another, as an ear for music" (Vol. X. p. 97).]

[2] [Compare § 22; above, p. 34. But with the opinion of the collection here expressed, compare what Ruskin said, after closer examination, in *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, § 2.]

[3] [Acquired by the University in 1845 (formerly in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence). They have been catalogued by Sir J. C. Robinson (*A Critical Account of the Drawings by Michel Angelo* and *Raffaello in the University Galleries, Oxford, 1870*. Many of them are in course of publication in *Selected Drawings from Old Masters in the University Galleries and in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford, Chosen and Described by Sidney Colvin* (Clarendon Press: 1903, in progress).]

any so wide generalization, you will not find in them a childish or feeble drawing, by these, or by any other great master.

And farther:—by the greatest men—by Titian, Velasquez, or Veronese—you will hardly find an authentic drawing, at all. For the fact is, that while we moderns have always learned, or tried to learn, to paint by drawing, the ancients learned to draw by painting—or by engraving, more difficult still. The brush was put into their hands when they were children, and they were forced to draw with that, until, if they used the pen or crayon, they used it either with the lightness of a brush or the decision of a graver. Michael Angelo uses his pen like a chisel;[1] but all of them seem to use it only when they are in the height of their power, and then for rapid notation of thought or for study of models; but never as a practice helping them to paint. Probably exercises of the severest kind were gone through in minute drawing by the apprentices of the goldsmiths, of which we hear and know little, and which were entirely matters of course. To these, and to the exquisiteness of care and touch developed in working precious metals, may probably be attributed the final triumph of Italian sculpture. Michael Angelo, when a boy, is said to have copied engravings by Schöngauer and others, with his pen, in facsimile so true that he could pass his drawings as the originals.[2] But I should only discourage you from all farther attempts in art, if I asked you to imitate any of these accomplished drawings of the gem-artificers. You have, fortunately, a most interesting collection of them already in your galleries, and may try your hands

[1] [Compare *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, § 1.]

[2] ["If it was possible to Michelangelo to effect so much, that happened because all the gifts of nature were in him enhanced and strengthened by study and exercise; wherefore he daily produced works of increased excellence, as began clearly to be made manifest in the copy which he made of a plate engraved by the German Martino [Schöngauer], and which procured him a very great name. . . . He likewise copied plates from the hands of many old masters, in such sort that the copies could not be distinguished from the originals" (Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*, vol. v. p. 232 in Bohn's translation).]

on them if you will. But I desire rather that you should attempt nothing except what can by determination be absolutely accomplished, and be known and felt by you to be accomplished when it is so. Now, therefore, I am going at once to comply with that popular instinct which, I hope, so far as you care for drawing at all, you are still boys enough to feel, the desire to paint. Paint you shall; but remember, I understand by painting what you will not find easy. Paint you shall; but daub or blot you shall not: and there will be even more care required, though care of a pleasanter kind, to follow the lines traced for you with the point of the brush than if they had been drawn with that of a crayon. But from the very beginning (though carrying on at the same time an incidental practice with crayon and lead pencil), you shall try to draw a line of absolute correctness with the point, not of pen or crayon, but of the brush, as Apelles did,[1] and as all coloured lines are drawn on Greek vases. A line of absolute correctness, observe. I do not care how slowly you do it, or with how many alterations, junctions, or retouchings; the one thing I ask of you is, that the line shall be right, and right by measurement, to the same minuteness which you would have to give in a Government chart to the map of a dangerous shoal.

142. This question of measurement is, as you are probably aware, one much vexed in art schools; but it is determined indisputably by the very first words written by Leonardo: "Il giovane deve prima imparare prospettiva, *per le misure d'ogni cosa.*"[2]

Without absolute precision of measurement, it is certainly impossible for you to learn perspective rightly; and, as far as I can judge, impossible to learn anything else rightly. And in my past experience of teaching, I have

[1] [See above, § 74, p. 81.]

[2] [The opening words of the *Treatise on Painting*. For other passages in which Ruskin insists on accurate measurement, and admits the use of compasses, see *Elements of Drawing*, Vol. XV. p. 38 and *n.*]

found that such precision is of all things the most difficult to enforce on the pupils. It is easy to persuade to diligence, or provoke to enthusiasm; but I have found it hitherto impossible to humiliate one clever student into perfect accuracy.

It is, therefore, necessary, in beginning a system of drawing for the University, that no opening should be left for failure in this essential matter. I hope you will trust the words of the most accomplished draughtsman of Italy, and the painter of the great sacred picture which, perhaps beyond all others, has influenced the mind of Europe,[1] when he tells you that your first duty is "to learn perspective by the *measures* of everything." For perspective, I will undertake that it shall be made, practically, quite easy to you;[2] if you care to master the mathematics of it, they are carried as far as is necessary for you in my treatise written in 1859,[3] of which copies shall be placed at your disposal in your working room. But the habit and dexterity of *measurement* you must acquire at once, and that with engineer's accuracy. I hope that in our now gradually developing system of education, elementary architectural or military drawing will be required at all public schools; so that when youths come to the University, it may be no more necessary for them to pass through the preliminary exercises of perspective than of grammar: for the present, I will place in your series examples simple and severe enough for all necessary practice.[4]

[1] [For other references to "The Last Supper" by Leonardo, see Vol. VII. p. 328, and Vol. X. p. 306.]

[2] [Eds. 1–3 add:—

"... easy to you; but I wish first to make application to the Trustees of the National Gallery for the loan to Oxford of Turner's perspective diagrams, which are at present lying useless in a folio in the National Gallery; and therefore we will not trouble ourselves about perspective till the autumn; unless, in the meanwhile, you care to master the mathematical theory of it, which I have carried ..."

A large loan of Turner's drawings was ultimately obtained (see Vol. XIII. pp. 560–568), but they did not include the perspective diagrams.]

[3] [See *The Elements of Perspective* in Vol. XV.]

[4] [See, for example, in the Educational Series, Nos. 214–216, and in the Working Series, No. 26 in Cabinet II. (Vol. XXI.).]

148. And while you are learning to measure, and to draw, and lay flat tints, with the brush, you must also get easy command of the pen; for that is not only the great instrument for the first sketching, but its right use is the foundation of the art of illumination. In nothing is fine art more directly founded on utility than in the close dependence of decorative illumination on good writing. Perfect illumination is only writing made lovely; the moment it passes into picture-making it has lost its dignity and function.[1] For pictures, small or great, if beautiful, ought not to be painted on leaves of books, to be worn with service; and pictures, small or great, not beautiful, should be painted nowhere. But to make writing *itself* beautiful,—to make the sweep of the pen lovely,—is the true art of illumination; and I particularly wish you to note this, because it happens continually that young girls who are incapable of tracing a single curve with steadiness, much more of delineating any ornamental or organic form with correctness, think that work, which would be intolerable in ordinary drawing, becomes tolerable when it is employed for the decoration of texts; and thus they render all healthy progress impossible, by protecting themselves in inefficiency under the shield of good motive. Whereas the right way of setting to work is to make themselves first mistresses of the art of writing beautifully; and then to apply that art in its proper degrees of development to whatever they desire permanently to write. And it is indeed a much more truly religious duty for girls to acquire a habit of deliberate, legible, and lovely penmanship in their daily use of the pen, than to illuminate any quantity of texts. Having done so, they may next discipline their hands into the control of lines of any length, and, finally, add the beauty of colour and form to the flowing of these perfect lines. But it is only after years of practice that

[1] [See the lecture on "The Distinction between Illumination and Painting," Vol. XII. pp. 474 *seq.*]

they will be able to illuminate noble words rightly for the eyes, as it is only after years of practice that they can make them melodious rightly, with the voice.

144. I shall not attempt, in this lecture, to give you any account of the use of the pen as a drawing instrument.[1] That use is connected in many ways with principles both of shading and of engraving, hereafter to be examined at length. But I may generally state to you that its best employment is in giving determination to the forms in drawings washed with neutral tint; and that, in this use of it, Holbein is quite without a rival.[2] I have therefore placed many examples of his work among your copies.[3] It is employed for rapid study by Raphael and other masters of delineation, who, in such cases, give with it also partial indications of shadow; but it is not a proper instrument for shading, when drawings are intended to be deliberate and complete, nor do the great masters so employ it. Its virtue is the power of producing a perfectly delicate, equal, and decisive line with great rapidity; and the temptation allied with that virtue is the licentious haste, and chance-swept, instead of strictly-commanded, curvature. In the hands of very great painters it obtains, like the etching needle, qualities of exquisite charm in this free use; but all attempts at imitation of these confused and suggestive sketches must be absolutely denied to yourselves while students. You may fancy you have produced something like them with little trouble; but, be assured, it is in reality as unlike them as nonsense is unlike sense; and that, if you persist in such work, you will not only prevent your own executive progress, but you will never understand in all your lives what good painting means. Whenever you take a pen in your hand, if you cannot count every line you lay with it, and say why you make

[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 36.]
[2] [Compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, §§ 19, 20 (Vol. XIX. p. 70).]
[3] [See s. "Holbein" in the Index to the Examples (Vol. XXI.).

it so long and no longer, and why you drew it in that direction and no other, your work is bad. The only man who can put his pen to full speed, and yet retain command over every separate line of it, is Dürer. He has done this in the illustrations of a missal preserved at Munich, which have been fairly facsimiled;[1] and of these I have placed several in your copying series, with some of Turner's landscape etchings,[2] and other examples of deliberate pen work, such as will advantage you in early study. The proper use of them you will find explained in the catalogue.[3]

145. And, now, but one word more to-day. Do not impute to me the impertinence of setting before you what is new in this system of practice as being certainly the best method. No English artists are yet agreed entirely on early methods; and even Reynolds expresses with some hesitation his conviction of the expediency of learning to draw with the brush.[4] But this method that I show you rests in all essential points on his authority, on Leonardo's, or on the evident as well as recorded practice of the most splendid Greek and Italian draughtsmen; and you may be assured it will lead you, however slowly, to great and certain skill. To what degree of skill, must depend greatly on yourselves; but I know that in practice of this kind you cannot spend an hour without definitely gaining, both in true knowledge of art, and in useful power of hand; and for what may appear in it too difficult, I must shelter or support myself, as in beginning, so in closing this first lecture on practice, by the words of Reynolds: "The

[1] [This is the Prayer-book, with sketches by Dürer and Cranach, in the Royal Library at Munich. See *Albrecht Dürer's Randzeich nungen aus dem Gebetbuche des Kaiser's Maximilian I.:* München, 1860.]

[2] [See, again, the Index in Vol. XXI.]

[3] [At p. 51 of the first *Catalogue of Examples:* see now Vol. XXI. pp. 65–66.]

[4] [See the Second Discourse (vol. i. pp. 30, 31, ed. 1820): "These instructions I have ventured to offer from my own experience; but as they deviate widely from received opinions, I offer them with diffidence." It will be noted in the passage referred to that Reynolds uses the word "pencil" in its original sense of "brush" (compare Vol. XV. p. 369).]

impetuosity of youth is disgusted at the slow approaches of a regular siege, and desires, from mere impatience of labour, to take the citadel by storm. . . . They must therefore be told again and again that labour is the only price of solid fame; and that, whatever their force of genius may be, there is no easy method of becoming a good painter."[1]

[1] [*Discourses*, i. A sentence is omitted by Ruskin, where dots are here inserted.]

LECTURE VI[1]

LIGHT

146. THE plan of the divisions of art-schools which I gave you in the last lecture is of course only a first germ of classification, on which we are to found farther and more defined statement; but for this very reason it is necessary that every term of it should be very clear in your minds.

And especially I must explain, and ask you to note the sense in which I use the word "mass." Artists usually employ that word to express the spaces of light and darkness, or of colour, into which a picture is divided. But this habit of theirs arises partly from their always speaking of pictures in which the lights represent solid form. If they had instead been speaking of flat tints, as, for instance, of the gold and blue in this missal page,[2] they would not have called them "masses," but "spaces" of colour. Now both for accuracy and convenience' sake, you will find it well to observe this distinction,[3] and to call a simple flat tint a space of colour; and only the representation of solid or projecting form a mass.[4]

[1] [Delivered on March 16, 1870.]

[2] [Eds. 1–3 add "S. 7"—a page of Ruskin's Beaupré Service-book: see Standard Series, No. 7 (Vol. XXI. p. 16).]

[3] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 15 (below, p. 210).]

[4] [Eds. 1–3 read here:—

> "At all events, I mean myself always to make this distinction; which I think you will see the use of by comparing the missal page (S. 7) with a piece of finished painting (Edu. 2). The one I call space with colour; the other, mass with colour: I use, however, the word 'line' rather than 'space' in our general scheme, because you cannot . . ."

For "S. 7" see last note. "Edu. 2" was a wrong reference; a slip was inserted at the end of some copies of ed. 1 correcting it to "Edu. 43" (so in eds. 2 and 3)—*i.e.*, No. 43 in the first *Catalogue of Examples*, No. 213 in the ultimate arrangement—the example in question being, "Grapes and Peach (William Hunt)": see Vol. XXI. p. 137.]

I use, however, the word "line" rather than "space" in the second and third heads of our general scheme, at p. 128, because you cannot limit a flat tint but by a line, or the locus of a line: whereas a gradated tint, expressive of mass, may be lost at its edges in another, without any fixed limit; and practically is so, in the works of the greatest masters.

147. You have thus, in your hexagonal scheme,[1] the expression of the universal manner of advance in painting: Line first; then line enclosing flat spaces coloured or shaded; then the lines vanish, and the solid forms are seen within the spaces. That is the universal law of advance:—1, line; 2, flat space; 3, massed or solid space. But as you see, this advance may be made, and has been made, by two different roads; one advancing always through colour, the other through light and shade. And these two roads are taken by two entirely different kinds of men. The way by colour is taken by men of cheerful, natural, and entirely sane disposition in body and mind, much resembling, even at its strongest, the temper of well-brought-up children:—too happy to think deeply, yet with powers of imagination by which they can live other lives than their actual ones: make-believe lives, while yet they remain conscious all the while that they *are* making believe—therefore entirely sane. They are also absolutely contented; they ask for no more light than is immediately around them, and cannot see anything like darkness, but only green and blue, in the earth and sea.

148. The way by light and shade is, on the contrary, taken by men of the highest powers of thought,[2] and most earnest desire for truth; they long for light, and for knowledge of all that light can show. But seeking for light, they perceive also darkness; seeking for truth and substance, they find vanity. They look for form in the earth,—for

[1] [See, again, § 139; above, p. 128.]
[2] [See the note on § 138; above, p. 127.]

dawn in the sky; and seeking these, they find formlessness in the earth, and night in the sky.

Now remember, in these introductory lectures I am putting before you the roots of things, which are strange, and dark, and often, it may seem, unconnected with the branches. You may not at present think these metaphysical statements necessary; but as you go on, you will find that having hold of the clue to methods of work through their springs in human character, you may perceive unerringly where they lead, and what constitutes their wrongness and rightness; and when we have the main principles laid down, all others will develop themselves in due succession, and everything will become more clearly intelligible to you in the end, for having been apparently vague in the beginning. You know when one is laying the foundation of a house, it does not show directly where the rooms are to be.

149. You have then these two great divisions of human mind: one, content with the colours of things, whether they are dark or light; the other seeking light pure, as such, and dreading darkness as such. One, also, content with the coloured aspects and visionary shapes of things; the other seeking their form and substance. And, as I said, the school of knowledge, seeking light, perceives, and has to accept and deal with obscurity: and seeking form, it has to accept and deal with formlessness, or death.

Farther, the school of colour in Europe, using the word Gothic in its broadest sense, is essentially Gothic *Christian;* and full of comfort and peace. Again, the school of light is essentially Greek, and full of sorrow. I cannot tell you which is right, or least wrong. I tell you only what I know—this vital distinction between them: the Gothic or colour school is always cheerful, the Greek always oppressed by the shadow of death; and the stronger its masters are, the closer that body of death grips them. The strongest whose work I can show you in recent periods is Holbein; next to him is Leonardo; and then Dürer: but of the three

Holbein is the strongest, and with his help I will put the two schools in their full character before you in a moment.[1]

150. Here is, first, the photograph of an entirely characteristic piece of the great colour school.[2] It is by Cima of Conegliano, a mountaineer, like Luini; born under the Alps of Friuli. His Christian name was John Baptist: he is here painting his name-Saint; the whole picture full of peace, and intense faith and hope, and deep joy in light of sky, and fruit and flower and weed of earth. It was painted for the church of Our Lady of the Garden at Venice, La Madonna dell' Orto[3] (properly Madonna of the *Kitchen* Garden), and it is full of simple flowers, and has the wild strawberry of Cima's native mountains gleaming through the grass.

Beside it I will put a piece of the strongest work of the school of light and shade—strongest because Holbein was a colourist also; but he belongs, nevertheless, essentially to the chiaroscuro school. You know that his name is connected, in ideal work, chiefly with his "Dance of Death." I will not show you any of the terror of that; only a photograph of his well-known "Dead Christ."[4] It will at once show you how completely the Christian art of this school is oppressed by its veracity, and forced to see what is fearful, even in what it most trusts.

You may think I am showing you contrasts merely to fit my theories. But there is Dürer's "Knight and Death,"[5]

[1] [Ruskin had intended (as appears from markings and notes in one of his copies) to rearrange a good deal of Lectures v. and vi. Here, he enclosed the passage "The strongest . . . in a moment" within lines, as if for omission or revision, and wrote in the margin: "Essential shade masters; opposed to Giotto as school of light. The distinction between point and brush another altogether—one of execution and care. So now we take Holbein for Point-master of Shadow school; Botticelli for Point-master of Light school."]

[2] [No. 8 in the Standard Series: see Vol. XXI. p. 16. For another reference to the picture, see Vol. III. p. 175 (where in the note other references to Cima are given: see also General Index).]

[3] [It hangs over the first altar on the right.]

[4] [At Basle. No. 25 in the Catalogue of *References . . . in Illustration of Flamboyant Architecture* (Vol. XIX. p. 273).]

[5] [See further, below, § 158 (p. 153). The plate is reproduced in Vol. VII. p. 310.]

his greatest plate; and if I had Leonardo's "Medusa" here,[1] which he painted when only a boy, you would have seen how he was held by the same chain. And you cannot but wonder why, this being the melancholy temper of the great Greek or naturalistic school, I should have called it the school of light. I call it so because it is through its intense love of light that the darkness becomes apparent to it, and through its intense love of truth and form that all mystery becomes attractive to it. And when, having learned these things, it is joined to the school of colour, you have the perfect, though always, as I will show you, pensive, art of Titian and his followers.

151. But remember, its first development, and all its final power, depend on Greek sorrow, and Greek religion.

The school of light is founded in the Doric worship of Apollo, and the Ionic worship of Athena, as the spirits of life in the light, and of life in the air, opposed each to their own contrary deity of death—Apollo to the Python, Athena to the Gorgon—Apollo as life in light, to the earth spirit of corruption in darkness;—Athena, as life by motion, to the Gorgon spirit of death by pause, freezing or turning to stone: both of the great divinities taking their glory from the evil they have conquered; both of them, when angry, taking to men the form of the evil which is their opposite—Apollo slaying by poisoned arrow, by pestilence; Athena by cold, the black ægis on her breast.[2]

These are the definite and direct expressions of the Greek thoughts respecting death and life. But underlying both these, and far more mysterious, dreadful, and yet beautiful, there is the Greek conception of *spiritual* darkness; of the anger of fate, whether foredoomed or avenging;

[1] [The picture in the Uffizi; Shelley's lines upon it well illustrate Ruskin's point:—

"Its horror and its beauty are divine.
Upon its lips and eyelids seem to lie
Loveliness like a shadow, from which shine,
Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,
The agonies of anguish and of death."]

[2] [Compare with this passage, for Apollo, Vol. V. pp. 92, 227, and Vol. XIX. p. 64; and for Athena, below, p. 399, and *Pleasures of England*, § 108.]

the root and theme of all Greek tragedy; the anger of the Erinnyes, and Demeter Erinnys,[1] compared to which the anger either of Apollo or Athena is temporary and partial:—and also, while Apollo or Athena only slay, the power of Demeter and the Eumenides is over the whole life; so that in the stories of Bellerophon, of Hippolytus,[2] of Orestes, of Œdipus, you have an incomparably deeper shadow than any that was possible to the thought of later ages, when the hope of the Resurrection had become definite. And if you keep this in mind, you will find every name and legend of the oldest history become full of meaning to you. All the mythic accounts of Greek sculpture begin in the legends of the family of Tantalus.[3] The main one is the making of the ivory shoulder of Pelops after Demeter has eaten the shoulder of flesh. With that you have Broteas, the brother of Pelops, carving the first statue of the mother of the gods; and you have his sister, Niobe, weeping herself to stone under the anger of the deities of light. Then Pelops himself, the dark-faced, gives name to the Peloponnesus, which you may therefore read as the "isle of darkness"; but its central city, Sparta, the "sown city," is connected with all the ideas of the earth as life-giving. And from her you have Helen, the representative of light in beauty, and the Fratres Helenæ—"lucida sidera";[4] and, on the other side of the hills, the brightness of Argos,[5] with its correlative darkness over the Atreidæ,

[1] [That is, Demeter as Avenger: compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 5.]

[2] [For the story of Bellerophon, see *Queen of the Air*, § 29 (Vol. XIX. p. 324); and for a reference to that of Hippolytus, *Aratra Pentelici*, § 171 (below, p. 321).]

[3] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 86 (below, p. 258), where this passage is referred to and explained; and compare *Queen of the Air*, § 23 (Vol. XIX. p. 315). The story of the ivory shoulder is there referred to; for Broteas carving the first statue of the mother of the gods, see Pausanias, iii. 22, 4; and for the story of Niobe, *ibid.*, viii. 2.]

[4] [Horace: *Odes*, i. 3, 2. Castor and Pollux were protectors of sailors, who saw these brethren of Helen in the lights which are said to play about the spars of a vessel at times after stormy weather in the Mediterranean, and which are now called St. Elmo's fire.]

[5] [Argos (shining, bright), son of Zeus and Niobe, "gave his name to the district" (Pausanias, ii. 16, 1); for Helios turning away his face from the feast at which Atreus served up to Thyestes (son of Pelops) the bodies of his own children, see Hyginus, 88; Euripides, *Orestes*, 1008, and *Electra*, 727; and Plato, *Politicus*, 268; and compare "The Tortoise of Ægina," § 21 *n.* (below, p. 389).]

marked to you by Helios turning away his face from the feast of Thyestes.

152. Then join with these the Northern legends connected with the air. It does not matter whether you take Dorus as the son of Apollo or the son of Hellen;[1] he equally symbolizes the power of light: while his brother, Æolus, through all his descendants, chiefly in Sisyphus, is confused or associated with the real god of the winds, and represents to you the power of the air. And then, as this conception enters into art, you have the myths of Dædalus, the flight of Icarus, and the story of Phrixus and Helle, giving you continual associations of the physical air and light, ending in the power of Athena over Corinth as well as over Athens.

Now, once having the clue, you can work out the sequels for yourselves better than I can for you; and you will soon find even the earliest or slightest grotesques of Greek art become full of interest. For nothing is more wonderful than the depth of meaning which nations in their first days of thought, like children, can attach to the rudest symbols;[2] and what to us is grotesque or ugly, like a little child's doll, can speak to them the loveliest things. I have brought you to-day a few more examples of early Greek vase painting, respecting which remember generally that its finest development is for the most part sepulchral. You have, in the first period, always energy in the figures, light in the sky or upon the figures;* in the second period,

* See Note in the Catalogue on No. 201.[3]

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[1] [Dorus, the mythical ancestor of the Dorians (as Hellen, of the Hellenes), is by some called the son of Hellen, by others the son of Apollo (see Herodotus, i. 56; Diodorus, iv. 37, 58; Apollodorus, i. 7). The legends of Æolus and Sisyphus are discussed in *Queen of the Air* (Vol. XIX. pp. 310–326). For the myth of Dædalus, see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 206 (below, p. 352); for Icarus, *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 13 (Vol. XIX. p. 66); and for Phrixus and Helle, *Queen of the Air*, § 29 (Vol. XIX. p. 325), and compare *Crown of Wild Olive* (Vol. XVIII. p. 530).]

[2] [See above, § 19 (p. 33); "the ruder the symbol, the deeper the meaning."]

[3] ["The Resurrection of Semele": No. 183 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 45).]

while the conception of the divine power remains the same, it is thought of as in repose, and the light is in the god, not in the sky; in the time of decline, the divine power is gradually disbelieved, and all form and light are lost together. With that period I wish you to have nothing to do. You shall not have a single example of it set before you, but shall rather learn to recognize afterwards what is base by its strangeness. These, which are to come early in the third group of your Standard Series, will enough represent to you the elements of early and late conception in the Greek mind of the deities of light.

158. First (S. 204[1]), you have Apollo ascending from the sea; thought of as the physical sunrise: only a circle of light for his head; his chariot horses, seen foreshortened, black against the day-break, their feet not yet risen above the horizon. Underneath is the painting from the opposite side of the same vase: Athena as the morning breeze, and Hermes as the morning cloud, flying across the waves before the sunrise. At the distance I now hold them from you, it is scarcely possible for you to see that they are figures at all, so like are they to broken fragments of flying mist; and when you look close, you will see that as Apollo's face is invisible in the circle of light, Mercury's is invisible in the broken form of cloud: but I can tell you that it is conceived as reverted, looking back to Athena; the grotesque appearance of feature in the front is the outline of his hair.

These two paintings are excessively rude, and of the archaic period; the deities being yet thought of chiefly as physical powers in violent agency.

Underneath these two[2] are Athena and Hermes, in the types attained about the time of Phidias; but, of course,

[1] [Now Reference Series, No. 186 (Vol. XXI. p. 49). These two designs from a Greek vase are also discussed in *Queen of the Air*, § 39, where they are reproduced (Vol. XIX. p. 340, and Plate XVI.).]

[2] [That is, underneath them in Frame 186. The figures of Athena and Hermes are Plate 76 in vol. i. of Lenormant and De Witte. They are not here shown, as the Athena is Plate IV. in *Aratra Pentelici* (see below, p. 242).]

rudely drawn on the vase, and still more rudely in this print from Lenormant and De Witte. For it is impossible (as you will soon find if you try for yourself) to give on a plane surface the grace of figures drawn on one of solid curvature, and adapted to all its curves: and among other minor differences, Athena's lance is in the original nearly twice as tall as herself, and has to be cut short

Fig. 1

to come into the print at all. Still, there is enough here to show you what I want you to see—the repose, and entirely realised personality, of the deities as conceived in the Phidian period. The relation of the two deities is, I believe, the same as in the painting above, though probably there is another added of more definite kind. But the physical meaning still remains—Athena unhelmeted, as the *gentle* morning wind, commanding the cloud Hermes to

slow flight. His petasus is slung at his back, meaning that the clouds are not yet opened or expanded in the sky.

154. Next (S. 205[1]), you have Athena, again unhelmeted and crowned with leaves, walking between two nymphs,

Fig. 2

who are crowned also with leaves; and all the three hold flowers in their hands, and there is a fawn walking at Athena's feet.

This is still Athena as the morning air, but upon the earth instead of in the sky, with the nymphs of the

[1] [Now No. 187 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 49). Plate 81 in vol. i. of Lenormant and De Witte, from which the woodcut here (Fig. 1) is reduced.]

dew beside her; the flowers and leaves opening as they breathe upon them. Note the white gleam of light on the fawn's breast; and compare it with the next following examples:—(underneath this one is the contest of Athena and Poseidon, which does not bear on our present subject).

Fig. 3

Next (S. 206[1]), Artemis as the moon of morning, walking low on the hills, and singing to her lyre; the fawn beside her, with the gleam of light and sunrise on its ear and breast. Those of you who are often out in the dawn-time know that there is no moon so glorious as that gleaming crescent, though in its wane, ascending *before* the sun.

Underneath, Artemis, and Apollo, of Phidian time.

Next (S. 207[2]), Apollo walking on the earth, god of the morning, singing to his lyre; the fawn beside him, again with the gleam of light on its breast. And underneath, Apollo, crossing the sea to Delphi, of the Phidian time.[3]

155. Now you cannot but be struck in these three examples with the similarity of action in Athena, Apollo,

[1] [Now No. 188 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 49). Plate 7 in vol. ii. of Lenormant and De Witte, from which the woodcut here (Fig. 2) is reduced.]

[2] [Now No. 189 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 49). Plate 29 in vol. ii. of Lenormant and De Witte, from which the woodcut of Apollo here (Fig. 3) is reduced.]

[3] [See Plate XV. in Vol. XIX. (p. 337).]

and Artemis, drawn as deities of the morning; and with the association in every case of the fawn with them. It has been said (I will not interrupt you with authorities)[1] that the fawn belongs to Apollo and Diana because stags are sensitive to music; (are they?). But you see the fawn is here [Fig. 1] with Athena of the dew, though she has no lyre; and I have myself no doubt that in this particular relation to the gods of morning it always stands as the symbol of wavering and glancing motion on the ground, as well as of the light and shadow through the leaves, chequering the ground as the fawn is dappled. Similarly the spots on the nebris of Dionysus,[2] thought of sometimes as stars (ἀπὸ τῆς τῶν ἄστρων ποικιλίας, Diodorus, I. 11), as well as those of his panthers, and the cloudings of the tortoise-shell of Hermes,[3] are all significant of this light of the sky broken by cloud-shadow.

156. You observe also that in all the three examples the fawn has light on its ears, and face, as well as its breast. In the earliest Greek drawings of animals, bars of white are used as one means of detaching the figures from the ground; ordinarily on the under side of them, marking the lighter colour of the hair in wild animals. But the placing of this bar of white, or the direction of the face in deities of light, (the faces and flesh of women being always represented as white,) may become expressive of the direction of the light, when that direction is important. Thus we are enabled at once to read the intention of this Greek symbol of the course of a day (in the centre-piece of S. 208,[4] which gives you the types of Hermes). At the top[5] you have an archaic representation of Hermes stealing Io from Argus. Argus is here the Night; his

[1] [See Lenormant and De Witte, vol. ii. p. 16, where reference is made to Ælian. *De Nat. Anim.*, xii. 46.]

[2] [Compare below, § 180, p. 171; and *Eagle's Nest*, § 225.]

[3] [Compare "The Tortoise of Ægina," § 20 (below, p. 388), where this passage is referred to.]

[4] [Now No. 190 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 50).]

[5] [Plate 99 in vol. iii. of Lenormant and De Witte, from which the woodcut here (Fig. 4) is reduced.]

grotesque features monstrous; his hair overshadowing his shoulders; Hermes on tiptoe, stealing upon him, and taking the cord which is fastened to the horn of Io out of his hand without his feeling it. Then, underneath, you have the course of an entire day.[1] Apollo first, on the left, dark, entering his chariot, the sun not yet risen. In front of him Artemis, as the moon, ascending before him, playing on her lyre, and looking back to the sun. In the centre, behind the horses, Hermes, as the cumulus cloud

Fig. 4

at mid-day, wearing his petasus heightened to a cone, and holding a flower in his right hand; indicating the nourishment of the flowers by the rain from the heat cloud. Finally, on the right, Latona, going down as the evening, lighted from the right by the sun, now sunk; and with her feet reverted, signifying the reluctance of the departing day.

Finally, underneath,[2] you have Hermes of the Phidian period, as the floating cumulus cloud, almost shapeless (as you see him at this distance); with the tortoise-shell lyre in his hand, barred with black, and a fleece of white cloud,

[1] [Plate 50 in vol. ii. of Lenormant and De Witte, from which the woodcut here (Fig. 5) is reduced.]

[2] Plate 89 in vol. iii. of Lenormant and De Witte, from which the woodcut here (Fig. 6) is reduced.]

not level but *oblique*, under his feet. (Compare the "διὰ τῶν κοίλων—πλάγιαι,"[1] and the relations of the "αἰγίδος ἡνίοχος Ἀθάνα," with the clouds as the moon's messengers in Aristophanes; and note of Hermes generally, that you never find him flying as a Victory flies, but always, if moving fast at all, *clambering* along, as it were, as a cloud gathers and heaps itself: the Gorgons stretch and stride in their flight,

Fig. 5

half kneeling, for the same reason, running or gliding shapelessly along in this stealthy way.[2])

157. And now take this last illustration, of a very different kind. Here is an effect of morning light by Turner (S. 301[3]), on the rocks of Otley-hill, near Leeds, drawn long ago, when Apollo, and Artemis, and Athena, still sometimes were seen, and felt, even near Leeds. The original drawing is one of the great Farnley series, and entirely beautiful. I have shown, in the last volume of

[1] [*Clouds*, 325 and 602 (αἰγίδος . . .). The former line is quoted also in *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 26 *n.*).]

[2] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 160, where this figure of Hermes is again discussed.]

[3] [Provisionally so numbered by Ruskin, but the example (a photograph of a drawing at Farnley) was not ultimately placed in the permanent collection.]

Modern Painters, how well Turner knew the meaning of Greek legends:[1]—he was not thinking of them, however, when he made this design; but, unintentionally, has given us the very effect of morning light we want: the glittering of the sunshine on dewy grass, half dark; and the narrow gleam of it on the sides and head of the stag and hind.

158. These few instances will be enough to show you

Fig. 6

how we may read in the early art of the Greeks their strong impressions of the power of light. You will find the subject entered into at somewhat greater length in my *Queen of the Air*;[2] and if you will look at the beginning of the 7th book of Plato's *Polity*, and read carefully the passages in the context respecting the sun and

[1] [See Vol. VII. pp. 392 *seq.*]
[2] [See Vol. XIX. p. 379.]

intellectual sight,[1] you will see how intimately this physical love of light was connected with their philosophy, in its search, as blind and captive, for better knowledge. I shall not attempt to define for you to-day the more complex but much shallower forms which this love of light, and the philosophy that accompanies it, take in the mediæval mind; only remember that in future, when I briefly speak of the Greek school of art with reference to questions of delineation, I mean the entire range of the schools, from Homer's days to our own, which concern themselves with the representation of light, and the effects it produces on material form—beginning practically for us with these Greek vase paintings, and closing practically for us with Turner's sunset on the *Téméraire*;[2] being throughout a school of captivity and sadness, but of intense power; and which in its technical method of shadow on material form,[3] as well as in its essential temper, is centrally represented to you by Dürer's two great engravings of the "Melencolia" and the "Knight and Death."[4] On the other hand, when I briefly speak to you of the Gothic school, with reference to delineation, I mean the entire and much more extensive range of schools extending from the earliest art in Central Asia and Egypt down to our own day in India and China: —schools which have been content to obtain beautiful harmonies of colour without any representation of light; and which have, many of them, rested in such imperfect expressions of form as could be so obtained; schools usually in some measure childish, or restricted in intellect, and similarly childish or restricted in their philosophies or faiths: but contented in the restriction; and in the more powerful

[1] [*Republic*, vii. 515, where Plato imagines "human beings living in a sort of underground den which has a mouth wide open to the light, and behind them a breastwork such as marionette players might use for a screen; and there is a way beyond the breastwork along which passengers are moving, holding in their hands images of men and women. 'A strange parable and strange captives.' They are ourselves," etc. (Jowett's Summary).]

[2] [No. 524 in the National Gallery: see Vol. XIII. pp. 167–172 for a description of the picture.]

[3] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 24.]

[4] [Both are reproduced in Vol. VII. (pp. 310, 312).]

races, capable of advance to nobler development than the Greek schools, though the consummate art of Europe has only been accomplished by the union of both. How that union was effected, I will endeavour to show you in my next lecture;[1] to-day I shall take note only of the points bearing on our immediate practice.

159. A certain number of you, by faculty and natural disposition,—and all, so far as you are interested in modern art,—will necessarily have to put yourselves under the discipline of the Greek or chiaroscuro school, which is directed primarily to the attainment of the power of representing form by pure contrast of light and shade. I say, the "discipline" of the Greek school, both because, followed faithfully, it is indeed a severe one, and because to follow it at all is, for persons fond of colour, often a course of painful self-denial, from which young students are eager to escape. And yet, when the laws of both schools are rightly obeyed, the most perfect discipline is that of the colourists; for they see and draw *everything*, while the chiaroscurists must leave much indeterminate in mystery, or invisible in gloom: and there are therefore many licentious and vulgar forms of art connected with the chiaroscuro school, both in painting and etching, which have no parallel among the colourists. But both schools, rightly followed, require first of all absolute accuracy of delineation. *This* you need not hope to escape. Whether you fill your spaces with colours, or with shadows, they must equally be of the true outline and in true gradations. I have been thirty years telling modern students of art this in vain.[2] I mean to say it to you only once, for the statement is too important to be weakened by repetition.

Without perfect delineation of form and perfect gradation of space, neither noble colour is possible, nor noble light.[3]

160. It may make this more believable to you if I put

[1] [§§ 177 *seq.*; below, pp. 170 *seq.*]

[2] [See, for instance (in *Modern Painters*), Vol. III. pp. 270, 323, and Vol. IV. pp. 89–91; and compare Vol. XIX. p. 67.]

[3] [The sentence "Without . . . light" was put into capitals in 1887.]

Swiss Bridge, Mount St. Gothard

beside each other a piece of detail from each school. I gave you the St. John of Cima da Conegliano for a type of the colour school. Here is my own study of the sprays of oak which rise against the sky of it in the distance, enlarged to about its real size (Edu. 12[1]). I hope to draw it better for you at Venice;[2] but this will show you with what perfect care the colourist has followed the outline of every leaf in the sky. Beside, I put a chiaroscurist drawing (at least, a photograph of one), Dürer's, from nature, of the common wild wall-cabbage (Edu. 82[3]). It is the most perfect piece of delineation by flat tint I have ever seen, in its mastery of the perspective of every leaf, and its attainment almost of the bloom of texture, merely by its exquisitely tender and decisive laying of the colour. These two examples ought, I think, to satisfy you as to the precision of outline of both schools, and the power of expression which may be obtained by flat tints laid within such outline.

161. Next, here are two examples of the gradated shading expressive of the forms within the outline, by two masters of the chiaroscuro school. The first (S. 12) shows you Leonardo's method of work, both with chalk and the silver point.[4] The second (S. 802), Turner's work in mezzotint;[5] both masters doing their best. Observe that this plate of Turner's, which he worked on so long that it was never published, is of a subject peculiarly depending on effects of mystery and concealment, the fall of the Reuss under the Devil's Bridge on the St. Gothard (the *old* bridge; you may still see it under the existing one, which was built since Turner's drawing was made). If ever

[1] [In the final arrangement, Educational Series, No. 20 (Vol. XXI. p. 77).]

[2] [Ruskin went to Venice soon after the delivery of these lectures, but does not appear to have made a drawing from the Cima: his main study was devoted to Tintoret (see Introduction, above, p. li.; and compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 163).]

[3] [No. 256 in the final arrangement: see Vol. XXI. p. 141 for the name given to Dürer's drawing.]

[4] [Standard Series, No. 12 (Vol. XXI. p. 18).]

[5] [The example is not now in the Oxford Collection, but is here reproduced (Plate B). It is the unpublished plate for *Liber Studiorum*, known as "Swiss Bridge, Mont St. Gothard." For other references to it, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 40); Vol. XIII. pp. 96, 461; and Vol. XV. p. 99 *n.*]

outline could be dispensed with, you would think it might be so in this confusion of cloud, foam, and darkness. But here is Turner's own etching on the plate (Edu. 85 F[1]), made under the mezzotint; and of all the studies of rock outline made by his hand, it is the most decisive and quietly complete.

162. Again; in the Leonardo sketches, many parts are lost in obscurity, or are left intentionally uncertain and mysterious, even in the light, and you might at first imagine some permission of escape had been here given you from the terrible law of delineation. But the slightest attempts to copy them will show you that the terminal lines are inimitably subtle, unaccusably true, and filled by gradations of shade so determined and measured that the addition of a grain of the lead or chalk as large as the filament of a moth's wing would make an appreciable difference in them.

This is grievous, you think, and hopeless? No, it is delightful and full of hope: delightful, to see what marvellous things can be done by men; and full of hope, if your hope is the right one, of being one day able to rejoice more in what others have done, than in what you can yourself do, and more in the strength that is for ever above you, than in that you can ever attain.

163. But you can attain much, if you will work reverently and patiently, and hope for no success through ill-regulated effort. It is, however, most assuredly at this point of your study that the full strain on your patience will begin. The exercises in line-drawing and flat laying of colour are irksome; but they are definite, and within certain limits, sure to be successful if practised with moderate care. But the expression of form by shadow requires more subtle patience, and involves the necessity of frequent and mortifying failure, not to speak of the self-denial which I said was needful in persons fond of colour, to draw in mere light and shade. If, indeed, you were going to be artists,

[1] [No. 244 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 96); here reproduced (Plate C) from a copy by Mr. G. Allen (see above, Introduction, p. lx.). For another reference to it, see Vol. XXI. p. 225.]

Etched by Turner

George Allen
Vaus & Crampton sc.

Swiss Bridge, Mont St. Gothard : Etching

or could give any great length of time to study, it might be possible for you to learn wholly in the Venetian school, and to reach form through colour. But without the most intense application this is not possible; and practically, it will be necessary for you, as soon as you have gained the power of outlining accurately, and of laying flat colour, to learn to express solid form as shown by light and shade only. And there is this great advantage in doing so, that many forms are more or less disguised by colour, and that we can only represent them completely to others, or rapidly and easily record them for ourselves, by the use of shade alone. A single instance will show you what I mean. Perhaps there are few flowers of which the impression on the eye is more definitely of flat colour, than the scarlet geranium. But you would find, if you were to try to paint it, —first, that no pigment could approach the beauty of its scarlet; and secondly, that the brightness of the hue dazzled the eye, and prevented its following the real arrangement of the cluster of flowers. I have drawn for you here (at least this is a mezzotint from my drawing), a single cluster of the scarlet geranium, in mere light and shade (Edu. 32 B[1]), and I think you will feel that its domed form, and the flat lying of the petals one over the other, in the vaulted roof of it, can be seen better thus than if they had been painted scarlet.

164. Also this study will be useful to you, in showing how entirely effects of light depend on delineation, and gradation of spaces, and not on methods of shading. And this is the second great practical matter I want you to remember to-day. All effects of light and shade depend not on the method or execution of shadows, but on their rightness of place, form, and depth. There is indeed a loveliness of execution *added* to the rightness, by the great masters, but you cannot obtain that unless you become one of them. Shadow cannot be laid thoroughly well, any more

[1] [In the ultimate arrangement, Rudimentary Series, No. 293 (Vol. XXI. p. 234). The engraving was published as Plate XII. in *Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. p. 478).]

than lines can be drawn steadily, but by a long practised hand, and the attempts to imitate the shading of fine draughtsmen, by dotting and hatching, are just as ridiculous as it would be to endeavour to imitate their instantaneous lines by a series of re-touchings. You will often indeed see in Leonardo's work, and in Michael Angelo's, shadow wrought laboriously to an extreme of fineness; but when you look into it, you will find that they have always been drawing more and more form within the space, and never finishing for the sake of added texture, but of added fact. And all those effects of transparency and reflected light, aimed at in common chalk drawings, are wholly spurious.[1] For since, as I told you,[2] all lights are shades compared to higher lights, and lights only as compared to lower ones, it follows that there can be no difference in their quality as such; but that light is opaque when it expresses substance, and transparent when it expresses space; and shade is also opaque when it expresses substance, and transparent when it expresses space. But it is not, even then, transparent in the common sense of that word; nor is its appearance to be obtained by dotting or cross hatching, but by touches so tender as to look like mist. And now we find the use of having Leonardo for our guide. He is supreme in all questions of execution, and in his 28th chapter,[3] you will find that shadows are to be "dolce è sfumose," to be tender, and look as if they were exhaled, or breathed on the paper. Then, look at any of Michael Angelo's finished drawings, or of Correggio's sketches, and you will see that the true nurse of light is in art, as in nature, the cloud; a misty and tender darkness, made lovely by gradation.

165. And how absolutely independent it is of material or method of production, how absolutely dependent on rightness of place and depth, there are now before you instances enough to prove. Here is Dürer's work in flat

[1] [Compare *Laws of Fésole*, ch. vii. § 2 (Vol. XV. p. 414).]
[2] [§ 131; above, p. 122.]
[3] [§ 262 in Rigaud's version (Bohn).]

colour, represented by the photograph in its smoky brown; Turner's, in washed sepia, and in mezzotint; Leonardo's, in pencil and in chalk; on the screen in front of you a large study in charcoal. In every one of these drawings, the material of shadow is absolutely opaque. But photograph-stain, chalk, lead, ink, or charcoal,—every one of them, laid by the master's hand, becomes full of light by gradation only. Here is a moonlight (Edu. 31 B[1]) in which you would think the moon shone through every cloud; yet the clouds are mere single dashes of sepia, imitated by the brown stain of a photograph; similarly, in these plates from the *Liber Studiorum* the white paper becomes transparent or opaque, exactly as the master chooses. Here, on the granite rock of the St. Gothard (S. 302),[2] in white paper made opaque, every light represents solid bosses of rock, or balls of foam. But in this study of twilight (S. 303[3]), the same white paper (coarse old stuff it is, too!) is made as transparent as crystal, and every fragment of it represents clear and far away light in the sky of evening in Italy.

From all which the practical conclusion for you is, that you are never to trouble yourselves with any questions as to the means of shade or light, but only with the right government of the means at your disposal. And it is a most grave error in the system of many of our public drawing-schools, that the students are permitted to spend weeks of labour in giving attractive appearance, by delicacy of texture, to chiaroscuro drawings in which every form is false, and every relation of depth, untrue. A most unhappy form of error; for it not only delays, and often wholly arrests, their advance in their own art; but it prevents what ought to take place correlatively with their executive practice, the formation of their taste by the accurate

[1] ["Moonlight off the Needles, Isle of Wight"; the example (a photograph of Turner's sepia sketch for the subject) is no longer in the Oxford Collection: see Vol. XXI. p. 65.]

[2] [See above, p. 155 *n.*]

[3] ["Etching for composition"; probably the "Apuleia in search of Apuleius." The example is no longer in the Oxford Collection: see Vol. XXI. p. 6.]

study of the models from which they draw.[1] And I must so far anticipate what we shall discover when we come to the subject of sculpture, as to tell you the two main principles of good sculpture; first, that its masters think before all other matters of the right placing of masses; secondly, that they give life by flexure of surface, not by quantity of detail; for sculpture is indeed only light and shade drawing in stone.[2]

166. Much that I have endeavoured to teach on this subject has been gravely misunderstood, by both young painters and sculptors, especially by the latter. Because I am always urging them to imitate organic forms, they think if they carve quantities of flowers and leaves, and copy them from the life, they have done all that is needed. But the difficulty is not to carve quantities of leaves. Anybody can do that. The difficulty is, never anywhere to have an *unnecessary* leaf. Over the arch on the right,[3] you see there is a cluster of seven, with their short stalks springing from a thick stem. Now, you could not turn one of those leaves a hair's-breadth out of its place, nor thicken one of their stems, nor alter the angle at which each slips over the next one, without spoiling the whole as much as you would a piece of melody by missing a note. That is disposition of masses. Again, in the group on the left, while the placing of every leaf is just as skilful, they are made more interesting yet by the lovely undulation of their surfaces, so that not one of them is in equal light

[1] [Eds. 1–3 add here:—

"... they draw. I do not doubt but that you have more pleasure in looking at the large drawing of the arch of Bourges, behind me (Ref. 1), than at common sketches of sculpture. The reason you like it is, that the whole effort of the workman has been to show you, not his own skill in shading, but the play of the light on the surfaces of the leaves, which is lovely, because the sculpture itself is first-rate. And I must ..."

For "Ref. 1"—a drawing by A. Burgess—see now under Reference Series, No. 56 (Vol. XXI. p. 30). In striking out this passage in 1887, Ruskin omitted to notice that he referred to the drawing again in § 166—a reference unintelligible as it stands in the text.]

[2] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 295, where this statement is referred to and illustrated.]

[3] [In the drawing of Bourges: see note above.]

with another. And that is so in all good sculpture, without exception. From the Elgin Marbles down to the lightest tendril that curls round a capital in the thirteenth century, every piece of stone that has been touched by the hand of a master becomes soft with under-life, not resembling nature merely in skin-texture, nor in fibres of leaf, or veins of flesh; but in the broad, tender, unspeakably subtle undulation of its organic form.

167. Returning then to the question of our own practice, I believe that all difficulties in method will vanish, if only you cultivate with care enough the habit of accurate observation, and if you think only of making your light and shade true, whether it be delicate or not. But there are three divisions or degrees of truth to be sought for, in light and shade, by three several modes of study, which I must ask you to distinguish carefully.

(I.) When objects are lighted by the direct rays of the sun, or by direct light entering from a window, one side of them is of course in light, the other in shade, and the forms in the mass are exhibited systematically by the force of the rays falling on it; (those having most power of illumination which strike most vertically;) and note that there is, therefore, to every solid curvature of surface, a necessarily proportioned gradation of light, the gradation on a parabolic solid being different from the gradation on an elliptical or spherical one. Now, when your purpose is to represent and learn the anatomy, or otherwise characteristic forms, of any object, it is best to place it in this kind of direct light, and to draw it as it is seen when we look at it in a direction at right angles to that of the ray. This is the ordinary academical way of studying form. Leonardo seldom practises any other in his real work, though he directs many others in his treatise.

168. The great importance of anatomical knowledge to the painters of the sixteenth century rendered this method of study very frequent with them; it almost wholly regulated their schools of engraving, and has been the most

frequent system of drawing in art-schools since (to the very inexpedient exclusion of others). When you study objects in this way,—and it will indeed be well to do so often, though not exclusively,—observe always one main principle. Divide the light from the darkness frankly at first: all over the subject let there be no doubt which is which. Separate them one from the other as they are separated in the moon, or on the world itself, in day and night. Then gradate your lights with the utmost subtilty possible to you; but let your shadows alone, until near the termination of the drawing: then put quickly into them what farther energy they need, thus gaining the reflected lights out of their original flat gloom; but generally not looking much for reflected lights. Nearly all young students (and too many advanced masters) exaggerate them. It is good to see a drawing come out of its ground like a vision of light only; the shadows lost, or disregarded in the vague of space. In vulgar chiaroscuro the shades are so full of reflection that they look as if some one had been walking round the object with a candle, and the student, by that help, peering into its crannies.[1]

169. (II.) But, in the reality of nature, very few objects are seen in this accurately lateral manner, or lighted by unconfused direct rays. Some are all in shadow, some all in light, some near, and vigorously defined; others dim and faint in aerial distance. The study of these various effects and forces of light, which we may call aerial chiaroscuro, is a far more subtle one than that of the rays exhibiting organic form (which for distinction's sake we may call "formal" chiaroscuro), since the degrees of light from the sun itself to the blackness of night, are far beyond any literal imitation. In order to produce a mental impression of the facts, two distinct methods may be followed: —the first, to shade downwards from the lights, making everything darker in due proportion, until the scale of our power being ended, the mass of the picture is lost in shade.

[1] [Compare *Laws of Fésole*, ch. x. § 9 (Vol. XV. p. 467).]

The second, to assume the points of extreme darkness for a basis, and to light everything above these in due proportion, till the mass of the picture is lost in light.

170. Thus, in Turner's sepia drawing "Isis" (Edu. 31[1]), he begins with the extreme light in the sky, and shades down from that till he is forced to represent the near trees and pool as one mass of blackness. In his drawing of the Greta (S. 2),[2] he begins with the dark brown shadow of the bank on the left, and illuminates up from that, till, in his distance, trees, hills, sky, and clouds, are all lost in broad light, so that you can hardly see the distinction between hills and sky. The second of these methods is in general the best for colour, though great painters unite both in their practice, according to the character of their subject. The first method is never pursued in colour but by inferior painters. It is, nevertheless, of great importance to make studies of chiaroscuro in this first manner for some time, as a preparation for colouring; and this for many reasons, which it would take too long to state now. I shall expect you to have confidence in me when I assure you of the necessity of this study, and ask you to make good use of the examples from the *Liber Studiorum*[3] which I have placed in your Educational Series.[4]

171. (III.) Whether in formal or aerial chiaroscuro, it is optional with the student to make the local colour of objects a part of his shadow, or to consider the high lights of every colour as white. For instance, a chiaroscurist of Leonardo's school, drawing a leopard, would take no notice whatever of the spots, but only give the shadows which expressed the anatomy. And it is indeed necessary to be able to do this, and to make drawings of the forms of things as if they were sculptured, and had no colour. But

[1] [Now No. 137 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 87): a photograph of Turner's sepia sketch (No. 883 in the National Gallery) for the subject in the *Liber Studiorum*.]

[2] [See above, § 25 (p. 36), and Vol. XXI. p. 11.]

[3] [Compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 35, and Vol. XV. p. xxiv.]

[4] [For a list of examples from the *Liber Studiorum* placed in the Educational Series and elsewhere in the collection, see Index in Vol. XXI. p. 319.]

in general, and more especially in the practice which is to guide you to colour, it is better to regard the local colour as part of the general dark and light to be imitated; and, as I told you at first,[1] to consider all nature merely as a mosaic of different colours, to be imitated one by one in simplicity. But good artists vary their methods according to their subject and material. In general, Dürer takes little account of local colour; but in woodcuts of armorial bearings (one with peacock's feathers I shall get for you some day[2]) takes great delight in it; while one of the chief merits of Bewick is the ease and vigour with which he uses his black and white for the colours of plumes.[3] Also, every great artist looks for, and expresses, that character of his subject which is best to be rendered by the instrument in his hand, and the material he works on.[4] Give Velasquez or Veronese a leopard to paint, the first thing they think of will be its spots; give it to Dürer to engrave, and he will set himself at the fur and whiskers; give it a Greek to carve, and he will only think of its jaws and limbs; each doing what is absolutely best with the means at his disposal.

172. The details of practice in these various methods I will endeavour to explain to you by distinct examples in your Educational Series, as we proceed in our work; for the present, let me, in closing, recommend to you once more with great earnestness the patient endeavour to render the chiaroscuro of landscape in the manner of the *Liber Studiorum;* and this the rather, because you might easily suppose that the facility of obtaining photographs which render such effects, as it seems, with absolute truth and with unapproachable subtilty, superseded the necessity of

[1] [§ 130; above, p. 121.]

[2] [The arms of Rogendorf, 1520. "The two Lords of Rogendorf invited me," writes Dürer in his diary at Antwerp. "I dined once with them, and drew their arms large on a wood-block for cutting" (Sir Martin Conway's *Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer*, p. 103). Ruskin was unable to keep his promise, for the only known impression of the woodcut is preserved in the Germanic Museum at Nürnberg.]

[3] [For an example of Bewick's plumage, see the peacock in Frame No. 188 of the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 91). For other references to Bewick in this connexion, see Vol. XV. p. 410 and *n.*]

[4] [Compare *Cambridge Inaugural Address*, § 2 (Vol. XVI. p. 178).]

study, and the use of sketching.[1] Let me assure you, once for all, that photographs supersede no single quality nor use of fine art, and have so much in common with Nature, that they even share her temper of parsimony, and will themselves give you nothing valuable that you do not work for. They supersede no good art, for the definition of art is "human labour regulated by human design," and this design, or evidence of active intellect in choice and arrangement, is the essential part of the work; which so long as you cannot perceive, you perceive no art whatsoever; which when once you do perceive, you will perceive also to be replaceable by no mechanism. But, farther, photographs will give you nothing you do not work for. They are invaluable for record of some kinds of facts, and for giving transcripts of drawings by great masters; but neither in the photographed scene, nor photographed drawing, will you see any true good, more than in the things themselves, until you have given the appointed price in your own attention and toil. And when once you have paid this price, you will not care for photographs of landscape. They are not true, though they seem so. They are merely spoiled nature. If it is not human design you are looking for, there is more beauty in the next wayside bank than in all the sun-blackened paper you could collect in a lifetime. Go and look at the real landscape, and take care of it; do not think you can get the good of it in a black stain portable in a folio. But if you care for human thought and passion, then learn yourselves to watch the course and fall of the light by whose influence you live, and to share in the joy of human spirits in the heavenly gifts of sunbeam and shade. For I tell you truly, that to a quiet heart, and healthy brain, and industrious hand, there is more delight, and use, in the dappling of one wood-glade with flowers and sunshine, than to the restless, heartless, and idle could be brought by a panorama of a belt of the world, photographed round the equator.

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 35, where this passage is referred to and reinforced. See also above, § 100, p. 96.]

LECTURE VII[1]

COLOUR

178. To-DAY I must try to complete our elementary sketch of schools of art, by tracing the course of those which were distinguished by faculty of colour, and afterwards to deduce from the entire scheme advisable methods of immediate practice.

You remember that, for the type of the early schools of colour, I chose their work in glass;[2] as for that of the early schools of chiaroscuro, I chose their work in clay.

I had two reasons for this. First, that the peculiar skill of colourists is seen most intelligibly in their work in glass or in enamel; secondly, that Nature herself produces all her loveliest colours in some kind of solid or liquid glass or crystal. The rainbow is painted on a shower of melted glass, and the colours of the opal are produced in vitreous flint mixed with water; the green and blue, and golden or amber brown of flowing water is in surface glassy, and in motion "splendidior vitro."[3] And the loveliest colours ever granted to human sight—those of morning and evening clouds before or after rain—are produced on minute particles of finely-divided water, or perhaps sometimes ice. But more than this. If you examine with a lens some of the richest colours of flowers, as, for instance, those of the gentian and dianthus,[4] you will find their texture is produced

[1] [Delivered on March 23, 1870.]

[2] [See § 139; above, p. 128.]

[3] [Horace, *Odes*, iii. 13, 1: "O Fons Bandusiæ, splendidior vitro."]

[4] [Compare (in Vol. XIII. p. 117) the description of "the gentian's peace of pale, ineffable azure, as if strange stars had been made for earth out of the blue light of heaven." See also Vol. II. p. 431, and the other references there noted. For the colour of the mountain-pink (dianthus), see *Laws of Fésole*, Vol. XV. p. 427.]

by a crystalline or sugary frost-work upon them. In the lychnis of the high Alps, the red and white have a kind of sugary bloom, as rich as it is delicate. It is indescribable; but if you can fancy very powdery and crystalline snow mixed with the softest cream, and then dashed with carmine, it may give you some idea of the look of it. There are no colours, either in the nacre of shells, or the plumes of birds and insects, which are so pure as those of clouds, opal, or flowers; but the *force* of purple and blue in some butterflies, and the methods of clouding, and strength of burnished lustre, in plumage like the peacock's, give them more universal interest; in some birds, also, as in our own kingfisher,[1] the colour nearly reaches a floral preciousness. The lustre in most, however, is metallic rather than vitreous; and the vitreous always gives the purest hue. Entirely common and vulgar compared with these, yet to be noticed as completing the crystalline or vitreous system, we have the colours of gems. The green of the emerald is the best of these; but at its best is as vulgar as house-painting beside the green of birds' plumage or of clear water. No diamond shows colour so pure as a dewdrop; the ruby is like the pink of an ill-dyed and half-washed-out print, compared to the dianthus; and the carbuncle is usually quite dead unless set with a foil, and even then is not prettier than the seed of a pomegranate. The opal is, however, an exception.[2] When pure and uncut in its native rock, it presents the most lovely colours that can be seen in the world, except those of clouds.

We have thus in nature, chiefly obtained by crystalline conditions, a series of groups of entirely delicious hues; and it is one of the best signs that the bodily system is in a healthy state when we can see these clearly in their most delicate tints, and enjoy them fully and simply, with

[1] [There is a study by Ruskin of the kingfisher, "with dominant reference to colour," in the Rudimentary Series, No. 201 (Vol. XXI. p. 227). It is now reproduced in the *Eagle's Nest*, § 185.]

[2] [For other references to the beauty of the opal, see Vol. VII. p. 208 and *n.*; also Vol. III. p. 268.]

the kind of enjoyment that children have in eating sweet things.[1]

174. Now, the course of our main colour schools is briefly this:—First we have, returning to our hexagonal scheme,[2] *line;* then *spaces* filled with pure colour; and then *masses* expressed or rounded with pure colour. And during these two stages the masters of colour delight in the purest tints, and endeavour as far as possible to rival those of opals and flowers. In saying "the purest tints," I do not mean the simplest types of red, blue, and yellow, but the most pure tints obtainable by their combinations.

175. You remember I told you,[3] when the colourists painted masses or projecting spaces, they, aiming always at colour, perceived from the first and held to the last the fact that shadows, though of course darker than the lights with reference to which they *are* shadows, are not therefore necessarily less vigorous colours, but perhaps more vigorous.[4] Some of the most beautiful blues and purples in nature, for instance, are those of mountains in shadow against amber sky; and the darkness of the hollow in the centre of a wild rose is one glow of orange fire, owing to the quantity of its yellow stamens. Well, the Venetians always saw this, and all great colourists see it, and are thus separated from the non-colourists or schools of mere chiaroscuro, not by difference in style merely, but by being right while the others are wrong. It is an absolute fact that shadows are as much colours as lights are; and whoever represents them by merely the subdued or darkened tint of the light, represents them falsely. I particularly want you to observe that this is no matter of taste, but fact. If you are especially sober-minded, you may indeed choose

[1] [Eds. 1–3 add:—

"I shall place a piece of rock opal on the table in your working room; if on fine days you will sometimes dip it into water, take it into sunshine, and examine it with a lens of moderate power, you may always test your progress in sensibility to colour by the degree of pleasure it gives you."]

[2] [See § 139; above, p. 128.]

[3] [Above, § 134, p. 123.]

[4] [Compare *Laws of Fésole*, ch. vii. § 1 (Vol. XV. p. 414).]

sober colours where Venetians would have chosen gay ones; that is a matter of taste; you may think it proper for a hero to wear a dress without patterns on it, rather than an embroidered one; that is similarly a matter of taste: but, though you may also think it would be dignified for a hero's limbs to be all black, or brown, on the shaded side of them, yet, if you are using colour at all, you cannot so have him to your mind, except by falsehood; he never, under any circumstances, could be entirely black or brown on one side of him.

176. In this, then, the Venetians are separate from other schools by rightness, and they are so to their last days. Venetian painting is in this matter always right. But also, in their early days, the colourists are separated from other schools by their contentment with tranquil cheerfulness of light; by their never wanting to be dazzled. None of their lights are flashing or blinding; they are soft, winning, precious; lights of pearl, not of lime: only, you know, on this condition they cannot have sunshine: their day is the day of Paradise; they need no candle, neither light of the sun,[1] in their cities; and everything is seen clear, as through crystal, far or near.

This holds to the end of the fifteenth century. Then they begin to see that this, beautiful as it may be, is still a make-believe light; that we do not live in the inside of a pearl; but in an atmosphere through which a burning sun shines thwartedly, and over which a sorrowful night must far prevail. And then the chiaroscurists succeed in persuading them of the fact that there is a mystery in the day as in the night, and show them how constantly to see truly, is to see dimly. And also they teach them the brilliancy of light, and the degree in which it is raised from the darkness; and instead of their sweet and pearly peace, tempt them to look for the strength of flame and coruscation of lightning, and flash of sunshine on armour and on points of spears.

[1] [Revelation xxii. 5.]

177. The noble painters take the lesson nobly, alike for gloom or flame. Titian with deliberate strength, Tintoret with stormy passion, read it, side by side. Titian deepens the hues of his Assumption, as of his Entombment, into a solemn twilight;[1] Tintoret involves his earth in coils of volcanic cloud, and withdraws, through circle flaming above circle, the distant light of Paradise. Both of them, becoming naturalist and human, add the veracity of Holbein's intense portraiture to the glow and dignity they had themselves inherited from the Masters of Peace: at the same moment another, as strong as they, and in pure felicity of art-faculty, even greater than they, but trained in a lower school,—Velasquez,—produced the miracles of colour and shadow-painting, which made Reynolds say of him, "What we all do with labour, he does with ease;"[2] and one more, Correggio, uniting the sensual element of the Greek schools with their gloom, and their light with their beauty, and all these with the Lombardic colour, became, as since I think it has been admitted without question, the captain of the painter's art as such. Other men have nobler or more numerous gifts, but as a painter, master of the art of laying colour so as to be lovely, Correggio is alone.[3]

178. I said the noble men learned their lesson nobly. The base men also, and necessarily, learn it basely. The great men rise from colour to sunlight. The base ones fall from colour to candlelight. To-day, "non ragioniam di lor,"[4] but let us see what this great change which perfects the art of painting mainly consists in, and means. For though we are only at present speaking of technical matters, every one of them, I can scarcely too often repeat, is the outcome and sign of a mental character, and you

[1] [For the colouring of Titian's "Entombment" in the Louvre, see Vol. IV. p. 86. For other references to the "Assumption" at Venice, see Vol. VII. p. 289 *n*. For the "Paradise" of Tintoret, as for the other painters here mentioned, see General Index.]

[2] [See Vol. XVI. p. 313 and *n*.]

[3] [For a summary of Ruskin's views on Correggio, see Vol. IV. p. 197 *n*.]

[4] [*Inferno*, iii. 51.]

can only understand the folds of the veil, by those of the form it veils.

179. The complete painters, we find, have brought dimness and mystery into their method of colouring. That means that the world all round them has resolved to dream, or to believe, no more; but to know, and to see. And instantly all knowledge and sight are given, no more as in the Gothic times, through a window of glass, brightly, but as through a telescope-glass, darkly.[1] Your cathedral window shut you from the true sky, and illumined you with a vision; your telescope leads you to the sky, but darkens its light, and reveals nebula beyond nebula, far and farther, and to no conceivable farthest—unresolvable. That is what the mystery means.

180. Next, what does that Greek opposition of black and white mean?

In the sweet crystalline time of colour, the painters, whether on glass or canvas, employed intricate patterns, in order to mingle hues beautifully with each other, and make one perfect melody of them all. But in the great naturalist school, they like their patterns to come in the Greek way, dashed dark on light,—gleaming light out of dark. That means also that the world round them has again returned to the Greek conviction, that all nature, especially human nature, is not entirely melodious nor luminous; but a barred and broken thing: that saints have their foibles, sinners their forces; that the most luminous virtue is often only a flash, and the blackest-looking fault is sometimes only a stain: and, without confusing in the least black with white, they can forgive, or even take delight in things that are like the νεβρίς, dappled.[2]

181. You have then—first, mystery. Secondly, opposition of dark and light. Then, lastly, whatever truth of form the dark and light can show.

That is to say, truth altogether, and resignation to it,

[1] [See 1 Corinthians xiii. 12.]

[2] [Compare the reference, above, to the nebris of Dionysus; § 155, p. 148.]

and quiet resolve to make the best of it. And therefore portraiture of living men, women, and children,—no more of saints, cherubs, or demons. So here I have brought for your standards of perfect art, a little maiden of the Strozzi family, with her dog, by Titian;[1] and a little princess of the house of Savoy, by Vandyke; and Charles the Fifth, by Titian; and a queen, by Velasquez; and an English girl in a brocaded gown, by Reynolds; and an English physician in his plain coat, and wig, by Reynolds: and if you do not like them, I cannot help myself, for I can find nothing better for you.[2]

182. Better?—I must pause at the word. Nothing stronger, certainly, nor so strong. Nothing so wonderful, so inimitable, so keen in unprejudiced and unbiassed sight.

Yet better, perhaps, the sight that was guided by a sacred will; the power that could be taught to weaker hands; the work that was faultless, though not inimitable, bright with felicity of heart, and consummate in a disciplined and companionable skill. You will find, when I can place in your hands the notes on Verona, which I read at the Royal Institution,[3] that I have ventured to call the æra of painting represented by John Bellini, the time "of the Masters." Truly they deserved the name, who did nothing but what was lovely, and taught only what was right. These mightier, who succeeded them, crowned, but closed, the dynasties of art, and since their day, painting has never flourished more.

183. There were many reasons for this, without fault of theirs. They were exponents, in the first place, of the change in all men's minds from civil and religious to

[1] [In one of his copies Ruskin notes of the dog's chain in this picture its "ποικιλία": on which subject, see below, p. 349 *n.*]

[2] [For the "little maiden of the Strozzi family," see Standard Series, No. 42 (Vol. XXI. p. 26), and *Eagle's Nest*, § 151 (where it is now reproduced). "Princess" of the house of Savoy should be "prince": see Standard Series, No. 41 (Vol. XXI. p. 26). For other references to Titian's "Charles V." (*ibid.*, No. 47, p. 27), see Vol. XIX. p. 56. The "queen by Velasquez" is Margaret of Austria (*ibid.*, No. 45, p. 27); the "English girl" (*ibid.*, No. 43, p. 26) is Lady Elizabeth Keppel; the "English physician" (*ibid.*, No. 44, p. 27) is Dr. Armstrong.]

[3] [Now printed in Vol. XIX.: see p. 443.]

merely domestic passion; the love of their gods and their country had contracted itself now into that of their domestic circle, which was little more than the halo of themselves. You will see the reflection of this change in painting at once by comparing the two Madonnas (S. 37, John Bellini's, and Raphael's, called "della Seggiola"[1]). Bellini's Madonna cares for all creatures through her child; Raphael's, for her child only.

Again, the world round these painters had become sad and proud, instead of happy and humble;—its domestic peace was darkened by irreligion, its national action fevered by pride. And for sign of its Love, the Hymen, whose statue this fair English girl, according to Reynolds's thought, has to decorate (S. 48), is blind, and holds a coronet.[2]

Again, in the splendid power of realization, which these greatest of artists had reached, there was the latent possibility of amusement by deception, and of excitement by sensualism. And Dutch trickeries of base resemblance, and French fancies of insidious beauty, soon occupied the eyes of the populace of Europe, too restless and wretched now to care for the sweet earth-berries and Madonna's ivy of Cima,[3] and too ignoble to perceive Titian's colour, or Correggio's shade.

184. Enough sources of evil were here, in the temper and power of the consummate art. In its practical methods there was another, the fatallest of all. These great artists brought with them mystery, despondency, domesticity, sensuality: of all these, good came, as well as evil. One thing more they brought, of which nothing but evil ever comes, or can come—LIBERTY.[4]

[1] [Standard Series, No. 37 (Vol. XXI. p. 25); and for the Raphael, see above, p. 62.]

[2] [This passage was revised in 1887. Eds. 1–3 read:—

"... darkened by irreligion, and made restless by pride. And the Hymen, whose statue this fair English girl of Reynolds' thought must decorate (§ 43), is blind, and holds a coronet."]

[3] [See § 150; above, p. 141.]

[4] [Ruskin, it may be noted, ends his Inaugural Lectures on Art at Oxford, as he did the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, with an attack upon liberty. Compare Vol. V. p. 379; Vol. VIII. pp. 248–249, 261, 287; Vol. XV. p. 387.]

By the discipline of five hundred years they had learned and inherited such power, that whereas all former painters could be right only by effort, they could be right with ease; and whereas all former painters could be right only under restraint, they could be right, free. Tintoret's touch, Luini's, Correggio's, Reynolds's, and Velasquez's, are all as free as the air, and yet right. "How very fine!" said everybody. Unquestionably, very fine. Next, said everybody, "What a grand discovery! Here is the finest work ever done, and it is quite free. Let us all be free then, and what fine things shall we not do also!" With what results we too well know.

Nevertheless, remember you are to delight in the freedom won by these mighty men through obedience, though you are not to covet it. Obey, and you also shall be free in time; but in these minor things, as well as in great, it is only right service which is perfect freedom.[1]

185. This, broadly, is the history of the early and late colour-schools. The first of these I shall call generally, henceforward, the school of crystal; the other that of clay:[2] potter's clay, or human, are too sorrowfully the same, as far as art is concerned. But remember, in practice, you cannot follow both these schools; you must distinctly adopt the principles of one or the other. I will put the means of following either within your reach; and according to your dispositions you will choose one or the other: all I have to guard you against is the mistake of thinking you can unite the two. If you want to paint (even in the most distant and feeble way) in the Greek School, the school of Leonardo, Correggio, and Turner, you cannot design coloured windows, nor Angelican paradises. If, on the other hand, you choose to live in the peace of paradise, you cannot share in the gloomy triumphs of the earth.

[1] [See Vol. VIII. p. 249.]

[2] [On "the school of clay," compare *Academy Notes*, 1875 (Vol. XIV. p. 272), and *Lectures on Landscape*, § 61.]

186. And, incidentally note, as a practical matter of immediate importance, that painted windows have nothing to do with chiaroscuro.* The virtue of glass is to be transparent everywhere.[1] If you care to build a palace of jewels, painted glass is richer than all the treasures of Aladdin's lamp; but if you like pictures better than jewels, you must come into broad daylight to paint them. A picture in coloured glass is one of the most vulgar of barbarisms, and only fit to be ranked with the gauze transparencies and chemical illuminations of the sensational stage.

Also, put out of your minds at once all question about difficulty of getting colour; in glass we have all the colours that are wanted, only we do not know either how to choose, or how to connect them; and we are always trying to get them bright, when their real virtues are to be deep, mysterious, and subdued. We will have a thorough study of painted glass soon:[2] meanwhile I merely give you a type of its perfect style, in two windows from Chalons-sur-Marne (S. 141[3]).

187. But[4] for my own part, with what poor gift and skill is in me, I belong wholly to the chiaroscurist school; and shall teach you therefore chiefly that which I am best able to teach: and the rather, that it is only in this school that you can follow out the study either of natural history or landscape. The form of a wild animal, or the wrath of a mountain torrent, would both be revolting (or in a certain sense invisible) to the calm fantasy of a painter in the schools of crystal. He must lay his lion asleep in

* There is noble chiaroscuro in the variations of their colour, but not as representative of solid form.

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[1] [Compare *Laws of Fésole*, ch. vii. § 3 (Vol. XV. p. 415), and Vol. XVI. pp. 324, 417.]

[2] [This intention was not carried out. There are passing allusions to the subject in *Eagle's Nest*, §§ 33, 118, 226.]

[3] [These drawings are no longer in the Oxford Collection.]

[4] [Eds. 1–3 read: "You will have then to choose between these two modes of thought: for my own part . . ."]

St. Jerome's study beside his tame partridge and easy slippers;[1] lead the appeased river by alternate azure promontories, and restrain its courtly little streamlets with margins of marble. But, on the other hand, your studies of mythology and literature may best be connected with these schools of purest and calmest imagination; and their discipline will be useful to you in yet another direction, and that a very important one. It will teach you to take delight in little things, and develop in you the joy which all men should feel in purity and order, not only in pictures but in reality. For, indeed, the best art of this school of fantasy may at last be in reality, and the chiaroscurists, true in ideal, may be less helpful in act. We cannot arrest sunsets nor carve mountains, but we may turn every English homestead, if we choose, into a picture by Cima or John Bellini, which shall be "no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed."[2]

188. For the present, however, and yet for some little time during your progress, you will not have to choose your school. For both, as we have seen, begin in delineation, and both proceed by filling flat spaces with an even tint. And therefore this following will be the course of work for you, founded on all that we have seen.

Having learned to measure, and draw a pen line with some steadiness (the geometrical exercises for this purpose being properly school, not University work),[3] you shall have a series of studies from the plants which are of chief importance in the history of art; first from their real forms, and then from the conventional and heraldic expressions of them; then we will take examples of the filling of

[1] [See the picture in the National Gallery, No. 694 (ascribed to "School of Bellini").]

[2] [*1 Henry IV.*, v. 4, 120. Compare § 116, above, p. 107.]

[3] [Several of such exercises are placed in the Rudimentary Series (see Vol. XXI. pp. 173, 239 *seq.*), some of them being engraved also for the contemplated "Oxford Art School Series." Then in the Educational Series come the Flower Subjects; the examples of flat colour are partly in the Reference and partly in the Educational Series. Animal subjects are in the Educational and the Rudimentary Series.]

ornamental forms with flat colour in Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic design; and then we will advance to animal forms treated in the same severe way, and so to the patterns and colour designs on animals themselves. And when we are sure of our firmness of hand and accuracy of eye, we will go on into light and shade.

189. In process of time, this series of exercises will, I hope, be sufficiently complete and systematic to show its purpose at a glance. But during the present year, I shall content myself with placing a few examples of these different kinds of practice in your rooms for work, explaining in the catalogue[1] the position they will ultimately occupy, and the technical points of process into which it is useless to enter in a general lecture. After a little time spent in copying these, your own predilections must determine your future course of study; only remember, whatever school you follow, it must be only to learn method, not to imitate result, and to acquaint yourself with the minds of other men, but not to adopt them as your own. Be assured that no good can come of our work but as it arises simply out of our own true natures, and the necessities of the time around us, though in many respects an evil one. We live in an age of base conceit and baser servility—an age whose intellect is chiefly formed by pillage, and occupied in desecration; one day mimicking, the next destroying, the works of all the noble persons who made its intellectual or art life possible to it:—an age without honest confidence enough in itself to carve a cherry-stone with an original fancy, but with insolence enough to abolish the solar system, if it were allowed to meddle with it.* In the midst of all this, you have to become lowly and strong; to recognize

* Every day these bitter words become more sorrowfully true (September, 1887).

[1] [For the bibliography of the successive catalogues prepared by Ruskin, see Vol. XXI. pp. 5, 55, 161.]

the powers of others and to fulfil your own. I shall try to bring before you every form of ancient art, that you may read and profit by it, not imitate it. You shall draw Egyptian kings dressed in colours like the rainbow, and Doric gods, and Runic monsters, and Gothic monks—not that you may draw like Egyptians or Norsemen, nor yield yourselves passively to be bound by the devotion, or inspired by the passion of the past, but that you may know truly what other men have felt during their poor span of life; and open your own hearts to what the heavens and earth may have to tell you in yours.[1]

190. In closing this first course of lectures, I have one word more to say respecting the possible consequence of the introduction of art among the studies of the University. What art may do for scholarship, I have no right to conjecture; but what scholarship may do for art, I may in all modesty tell you. Hitherto, great artists, though always gentlemen, have yet been too exclusively craftsmen. Art has been less thoughtful than we suppose; it has taught much, but erred much, also.[2] Many of the greatest pictures are enigmas; others, beautiful toys; others, harmful and corrupting enchantments.[3] In the loveliest, there is something weak; in the greatest, there is something guilty. And this, gentlemen, if you will, is the new thing that may come to pass,—that the scholars of England may resolve to teach also with the silent power of the arts; and that some among you may so learn and use them, that pictures may be painted which shall not be enigmas any more, but open teachings of what can no otherwise be so well shown;—which shall not be fevered or broken visions

[1] [Eds. 1–3 have an additional paragraph here:—
"Do not be surprised, therefore, nor provoked, if I give you at first strange things and rude, to draw. As soon as you try them, you will find they are difficult enough, yet with care, entirely possible. As you go on drawing them they will become interesting, and, as soon as you understand them, you will be on the way to understand yourselves also."]

[2] [In eds. 1–3: "it has taught much, but much, also, falsely."]

[3] [Eds. 1–3 read "toys" for "enchantments."]

any more, but filled with the indwelling light of self-possessed imagination;—which shall not be stained or enfeebled any more by evil passion, but glorious with the strength and chastity of noble human love;—and which shall no more degrade or disguise the work of God in heaven, but testify of Him as here dwelling with men, and walking with them, not angry, in the garden of the earth.[1]

[1] [See Genesis iii. 8.]

II

ARATRA PENTELICI

(LECTURES DELIVERED, 1870; PUBLISHED 1872)

ARATRA PENTELICI.

SIX LECTURES
ON THE ELEMENTS OF
SCULPTURE

GIVEN BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN MICHAELMAS TERM, 1870.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN,

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRISTCHURCH, AND SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR
BY SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE;
AND SOLD BY
MR. G. ALLEN, HEATHFIELD COTTAGE, KESTON, KENT.
1872.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The lectures, published under the title *Aratra Pentelici*, were delivered at Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1870. They were announced in the *Oxford University Gazette* (of October 14, 1870) to be delivered as follows: "The Elementary Principles of Sculpture. I. The Division of Arts (November 24); II. Imagination (November 26); III. Likeness (December 1); IV. Structure (December 3); V. The School of Athens (December 8); and VI. The School of Florence (December 10)." The second lecture as delivered was expanded in the volume into Lectures ii. and iii. A short report of the second lecture as delivered appeared in the *Athenæum* of December 3, 1870, and the report shows that passages from both "Lecture II." and "Lecture III." (as printed in the book) were included in it.

The lectures, amplified, rearranged, and revised, were prepared for the press in the autumn of 1871; the volume was originally advertised under the title of *Lectures on Sculpture*. Having, as already stated, expanded his second lecture into two, Ruskin, on that account and for other reasons, did not include the last lecture—on "The School of Florence"—in the volume. He preferred to limit the volume to general principles illustrated by the Greek school only (Preface, § 2); the concluding lecture, dealing with "the religious temper of the Florentine," was reserved for publication in another intended volume (§ 184 *n.*). This was not done, and the lecture is now for the first time printed (see below, pp. 355–367).

In the following June (1871) Ruskin delivered, in another connexion and for another purpose (see Vol. XXII. p. 71), a lecture on "The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret," and this he published separately, calling it "Seventh of the Course of Lectures on Sculpture, delivered at Oxford, 1870–71." The six lectures, as published in *Aratra*, were, as we have seen, the first five as delivered; "The School of Florence" was the sixth; and Ruskin called "Michael Angelo and Tintoret" the seventh. Eighteen years later, in forgetfulness of these facts, the lecture on "Michael Angelo and Tintoret" was included in a new edition of *Aratra*, though it has in fact little connexion with the other lectures in that volume. In the present edition the lecture is published in its chronological place (Vol. XXII.), not with the lectures of 1870, but with those of 1871.

The successive editions of the volume, *Aratra Pentelici*, have been as follow:—

First Edition (1872).—The volume was issued as the third in the Collected Works Series. The general title-page was:—

> The | Works of John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christchurch, Oxford. | Volume III. | Aratra Pentelici | [*Rose*] | London: Printed for the Author | By Smith, Elder & Co., 15, Waterloo Place; and sold by | Mr. G. Allen, Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent. | 1872.

The particular title-page is as shown here on the preceding leaf. Octavo, pp. xii.+207. Contents (here p. 191), p. v.; Preface (here pp. 193–197),

pp. vii.–xii.; Text, pp. 1–207. The imprint (on the reverse of p. 207) is "London: Printed by Smith, Elder and Co., | Old Bailey, E.C." Headlines, as in this edition. There was no list of illustrations. They consisted of one engraving on steel (XII.) and twenty autotype plates (although Ruskin calls them engravings, as at p. 214).

Issued on January 17, 1872, in "Ruskin calf," lettered across the back "Ruskin. | Works. | Vol. | III. | Aratra | Pentelici." Price 19s., increased on January 1, 1874, to 27s. 6d. 1000 copies.

Second Edition (1879).—This, though dated 1879, was not issued till June 1880. The text was not altered, but there were new title-pages. The general title-page reads:—

> The | Works of John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow | of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | Volume III. | Aratra Pentelici. | [*Rose*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1879.

The particular title-page reads:—

> Aratra Pentelici. | Six Lectures | on the Elements of | Sculpture, | given before the University of Oxford in | Michaelmas Term, 1870. | By | John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of | Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | Second Thousand. | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1879. | [*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]

Issued in "Ruskin calf" as before, price 27s. 6d. In July 1882 some copies were put up in mottled-grey boards with white paper label on the back, which reads, "Ruskin. | Works. | Vol. III. | Aratra | Pentelici." Price 22s. 6d. The price of the copies in calf was reduced in 1893 to 20s., and in 1900 to 19s. In 1893 copies were also put up in green cloth, price 14s. 6d. (reduced in 1900 to 12s. 6d.).

Third Edition, in "Works" form (1899).—This is an edition which follows the Small Edition of 1890 in including "The Relation of Michael Angelo and Tintoret," and the later issues of that edition in including also an Index (see below). The general title-page is the same as in the preceding edition, except for the publisher's imprint, which now becomes "George Allen, | Orpington and London. | 1899." The particular title-page reads:—

> Aratra Pentelici. | Seven Lectures | on the Elements of | Sculpture, | Given before the University of Oxford in | Michaelmas Term, 1870. | By | John Ruskin, | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of | Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | Third Edition. | George Allen, | Orpington and London. | 1899. | [*All rights reserved.*]

Octavo, pp. xvi.+279. Imprint at the foot of the reverse of the title-page, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press"; imprint at the foot of the last page, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | Edinburgh & London." Contents (altered so as to include Preface, Lecture vii., and Index), pp. vii.–viii.; "List of Plates," pp. ix.–x.; Preface (with numbered paragraphs), pp. xi.–xvi.; Text, pp. 1–244; Index, pp. 245–279.

Issued in May 1899 in green cloth boards, lettered across the back, "Ruskin. | Vol. III. | Aratra | Pentelici." Price 14s. 6d. (250 copies.)

This edition seems to have been set from a copy of the Small Edition, as the misprints (introduced in that edition) in §§ 112 and 195 occur (see below).

Small Edition (1890).—In this edition (which was the *Third* in order of publication) an additional lecture on "The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret" (see above) was included. The title-page is:—

> Aratra Pentelici. | Seven Lectures | on the | Elements of Sculpture, | given before the University of Oxford | in Michaelmas Term, 1870.[1] | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow | of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, | and | 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London | 1890. | [*All rights reserved.*]

Small crown 8vo, pp. xvi. + 283. Imprint (at the foot of the reverse of the title-page and on the reverse of p. 283): "Printed by Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury." Preface, pp. v.–xii.; Contents, p. xiii. The List of Plates, p. xv., is as follows. As the plates in the present edition have been rearranged, a collation is added:—

	To face page	*In this Edition*
1. Porch of San Zenone, Verona	26	No. I.
2. The Arethusa of Syracuse	27	,, II.
3. The Warning to the Kings, San Zenone, Verona	29	,, III.
4. The Nativity of Athena	81	,, VI.
5. Tomb of the Doges Jacopo and Lorenzo Tiepolo	85	,, VII.
6. Archaic Athena of Athens and Corinth	88	Figs. 4, 5.
7. Archaic, Central, and Declining Art of Greece	127	No. VIII.
8. The Apollo of Syracuse and the Self-made Man	148	,, IX.
9. Apollo Chrysocomes of Clasomenæ	150	,, X.
10. Marble Masonry in the Duomo of Verona	177	,, XI.
11. The First Elements of Sculpture (Incised Outline and Open Space)	178	,, XII.
12. Branch of Phillyrea	194	,, XIII.
13. Greek Flat Relief, and Sculpture by Edged Incision	196	,, XVI.
14. Apollo and the Python. Heracles and the Nemean Lion	212	,, XVII.
15. Hera of Argos. Zeus of Syracuse	214	,, XVIII.
16. Demeter of Messene. Hera of Cnossus	215	,, XVIII.
17. Athena of Thurium, Siren Ligeia	216	Nos. XIX. and XX.
18. Artemis of Syracuse. Hera of Lacinian Cape	217	No. XX.
19. Zeus of Messene. Ajax of Opus	221	,, XXI.
20. Greek and Barbarian Sculpture	226	,, XXII.
21. The Beginnings of Chivalry	229	,, XXIII.

(Plates IV. and V. in this edition have hitherto been printed as *figures*. Plates XIV. and XV. are added.)

Text, pp. 1–283. Headlines, as in previous editions. The same negatives (except in the case of Plates I. and VII., which were reduced) for autotypes were used as in the octavo editions; Plate XII. was reduced by photogravure.

Issued in chocolate and in dark green coloured cloth, lettered across the back, "Ruskin. | Aratra | Pentelici." Price 7s. 6d. 3000 copies.

[1] This, as will be seen from the facts stated above, is a mistake—the lecture on "Michael Angelo and Tintoret" now included had no reference whatever to "the elements of sculpture," and was not delivered in "Michaelmas Term, 1870," but in Trinity Term, 1871.

Second Small Edition (1901).—This edition, the fourth in order of publication, included an Index (by Mr. Wedderburn). The title-page is the same as in the preceding edition, except that the words "Sixth Thousand" are added, and that the publisher's imprint becomes "London: | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road. | 1901." Imprint at the foot of the last page, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | Edinburgh & London." Index, pp. 285–319. Issued in October 1901 (1000 copies). Price 7s. 6d., reduced in January 1904 to 6s. This edition is still current.

Various *Unauthorised American Editions* have been issued.

An *Authorised* ("Brantwood") *American Edition* (including "The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret") was published in 1891 by Messrs. Charles E. Merrill & Co., New York, with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton (pp. v.–xii.).

A *German translation* of five of the lectures ("Structure" and "The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret" excluded) forms a volume in Jakob Feis's Series "Gedankenlese aus den Werken John Ruskin's." The title-page is:—

> Wege zur Kunst. | IV. | Aratra Pentelici. | Vorlesungen über die Grundlagen der bildenden Kunst. | Von | John Ruskin. | Aus dem Englischen übersetzt | von | Theodor Knorr. | Mit 3 Tafeln. | [*Coat of Arms*] | Straßburg, | J. H. Ed. Heitz (Heitz und Mündel).

Small crown 8vo, pp. 102. Translator's Preface, pp. 7–9; Text, pp. 11–102. The text is somewhat curtailed, and the translator adds a few notes. On Plate 1 are given on reduced scale, by half-tone process, Plate 3 and Figs. 2 and 5 of the English Edition; on Plates 2 and 3, the various coins. Price 2m. 50.

No *reviews* of the volume appeared; it was not sent to the press.

Variæ Lectiones.—The only intentional alterations (other than those already described) in the text of the six lectures here included consist of the addition of a few footnotes (supplying references) in the small editions which were not given in the first and second (octavo) editions. These footnotes are to §§ 75, 88, 97, 99, 138. Also in Preface, § 2, a footnote was added (see p. 194 *n.*).

In the present edition a few misprints or slips of the pen which occur in all previous editions are corrected. Thus accents are corrected in §§ 29, 70, 74, 96, 100, 106, 107, 109, 136, 138, 139, 141, 149, 180 and 208. The other alterations are:—

Preface.—§ 2, author's footnote, "Lenormant" is substituted for "Le Normand"; § 2, line 8, here the small editions appended an editorial footnote: "It is included in this edition. See Lecture VII., pp. 235–283"—an erroneous reference to the lecture on Michael Angelo and Tintoret (see above, p. 185). § 3, author's second footnote, last line, "Henry VI." is substituted for "Henry IV."

Lecture i.—§ 12, line 28, "Höllen" for "Hellen"; § 15, line 5, "Fifth" for "Fourth;" § 17, last lines, "all" and "diamonds" are here italicised in accordance with marks in Ruskin's own copy.

Lecture iii.—§ 70, τι in the quotation from Lucian has been misprinted τα; § 95, line 8, "monocondylous" is substituted for "monochondylous," and so in § 139, line 9, "monocondyloid" for "monochondyloid."

Lecture iv.—§ 112, line 11, eds. 1–2 correctly printed τέχνης—the small editions and the third octavo edition have πέχνης; § 131, line 1, "181" has hitherto been misprinted "131."

Lecture v.—§ 179, see p. 328 *n.*

Lecture vi.—§ 185, line 10, "Bandini" is here corrected to "Baldini"; § 195, the small editions and the third octavo edition misprint Ταῖα for Γαῖα; § 204, line 24, the small editions read "ἀγγέων" for "ἀγγέων," but the misprint is corrected in the third octavo edition.

In this edition the numbering of the Plates and Figures has been in some cases altered, and consequential alterations are made in the references to them in the text. For example, in § 80, in connexion with the rearrangement of the illustrations, "Figures 10 and 11" are substituted for "Plate VI"; "first head" for "upper head"; and a reference to "[Fig. 11]" for "below" ("The two smaller impressions below . . .").]

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PREFACE

1. I MUST pray the readers of the following Lectures to remember that the duty at present laid on me at Oxford is of an exceptionally complex character. Directly, it is to awaken the interest of my pupils in a study which they have hitherto found unattractive, and imagined to be useless; but more imperatively, it is to define the principles by which the study itself should be guided; and to vindicate their security against the doubts with which frequent discussion has lately encumbered a subject which all think themselves competent to discuss. The possibility of such vindication is, of course, implied in the original consent of the Universities to the establishment of Art Professorships. Nothing can be made an element of education of which it is impossible to determine whether it is ill done or well; and the clear assertion that there is a canon law in formative Art[1] is, at this time, a more important function of each University than the instruction of its younger members in any branch of practical skill. It matters comparatively little whether few or many of our students learn to draw; but it matters much that all who learn should be taught with accuracy. And the number who may be justifiably advised to give any part of the time they spend at college to the study of painting or sculpture ought to depend, and finally *must* depend, on their being certified that painting and sculpture, no less than language, or than reasoning, have grammar and method,—that they permit a recognizable distinction between scholarship and ignorance, and enforce a constant distinction between Right and Wrong.

[1] [Compare Vol. XVI. p. 296.]

2. This opening course of Lectures on Sculpture is therefore restricted to the statement, not only of first principles, but of those which were illustrated by the practice of one school, and by that practice in its simplest branch, the analysis of which could be certified by easily accessible examples, and aided by the indisputable evidence of photography.*

The exclusion of the terminal Lecture[1] of the course from the series now published, is in order to mark more definitely this limitation of my subject; but in other respects the Lectures have been amplified in arranging them for the press, and the portions of them trusted at the time to extempore delivery (not through indolence, but because explanations of detail are always most intelligible when most familiar) have been in substance to the best of my power set down, and in what I said too imperfectly, completed.

* Photography cannot exhibit the character of large and finished sculpture; but its audacity of shadow is in perfect harmony with the more roughly picturesque treatment necessary in coins. For the rendering of all such frank relief, and for the better explanation of forms disturbed by the lustre of metal or polished stone, the method employed in the plates of this volume will be found, I believe, satisfactory. Casts are first taken from the coins, in white plaster; these are photographed, and the photograph printed by the autotype process.[2] Plate XIII. is exceptional, being a pure mezzotint engraving of the old school, excellently carried through by my assistant, Mr. Allen, who was taught, as a personal favour to myself, by my friend, and Turner's fellow-worker, Thomas Lupton. Plate VI. was intended to be a photograph from the superb vase in the British Museum, No. 564 in Mr. Newton's Catalogue; but its variety of colour defied photography, and after the sheets had gone to press I was compelled to reduce Lenormant's plate of it, which is unsatisfactory, but answers my immediate purpose.

The enlarged photographs for use in the Lecture Room were made for me with most successful skill by Sergeant Spackman, of South Kensington; and the help throughout rendered to me by Mr. Burgess is acknowledged in the course of the Lectures; though with thanks which must remain inadequate lest they should become tedious; for Mr. Burgess drew the subjects of Plates III., XI., and XVI.; and drew and engraved every woodcut in the book.[3]

[1] [The terminal lecture was that on "The School of Florence," now for the first time printed; for an explanation of this matter, see above, Bibliographical Note, p. 185.]

[2] [In this edition by the photogravure process. For details see Introduction, above, p. lx.]

[3] [In this edition (as in the case of *Lectures on Art*) there are some new woodcuts by Mr. H. Uhlrich at pp. 252, 253.]

3. In one essential particular I have felt it necessary to write what I would not have spoken. I had intended to make no reference, in my University Lectures, to existing schools of Art, except in cases where it might be necessary to point out some undervalued excellence. The objects specified in the eleventh paragraph of my inaugural Lecture* might, I hoped, have been accomplished without reference to any works deserving of blame; but the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in the present year showed me a necessity of departing from my original intention. The task of impartial criticism † is now, unhappily, no longer to rescue modest skill from neglect; but to withstand the errors of insolent genius, and abate the influence of plausible mediocrity.

The Exhibition of 1871 was very notable in this important particular, that it embraced some representation of the modern schools of nearly every country in Europe:[1] and I am well assured that, looking back upon it after the excitement of that singular interest has passed away, every thoughtful judge of Art will confirm my assertion that it contained not a single picture of accomplished merit; while it contained many that were disgraceful to Art, and some that were disgraceful to humanity.

* *Lectures on Art*, 1870 [above, p. 27].

† A pamphlet by the Earl of Southesk, *Britain's Art Paradise* (Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh), contains an entirely admirable criticism of the most faultful pictures of the 1871 Exhibition.[2] It is to be regretted that Lord Southesk speaks only to condemn; but indeed, in my own three days' review of the rooms, I found nothing deserving of notice otherwise, except Mr. Hook's always pleasant sketches from fisher-life, and Mr. Pettie's graceful and powerful, though too slightly painted, study from *Henry VI.*[3]

---

[1] [Among the foreign exhibitors were Gérome, Vollon, Lecomte-Dunouy, Laugée, Mesdag, Israels, Koberwein, and D'Epinay (Rome).]

[2] [*Britain's Art Paradise: or, Notes on some Pictures in the Royal Academy*, MDCCCLXXI. By the Earl of Southesk. Edinburgh, 1871. The writer specially denounced Gérome's "Cléopatre apportée à César" as "an insult to decency as well as to good art and common-sense." Compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 43; *The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, § 32; and *Eagle's Nest*, § 89.]

[3] [Among Hook's pictures in the Exhibition were "Salmon-trappers: Norway," and other Norwegian subjects. Pettie's picture was of a "Scene in the Temple Garden," from *Henry VI.*, first part, Act ii. sc. 4.]

4. It becomes, under such circumstances, my inevitable duty to speak of the existing conditions of Art with plainness enough to guard the youths whose judgments I am entrusted to form, from being misled, either by their own naturally vivid interest in what represents, however unworthily, the scenes and persons of their own day, or by the cunningly devised, and, without doubt, powerful allurements of Art which has long since confessed itself to have no other object than to allure. I have, therefore, added to the second of these Lectures such illustration of the motives and course of modern industry as naturally arose out of its subject; and shall continue in future to make similar applications; rarely indeed, permitting myself, in the Lectures actually read before the University, to introduce subjects of instant, and therefore too exciting, interest; but completing the addresses which I prepare for publication in these, and in any other, particulars, which may render them more widely serviceable.

5. The present course of Lectures will be followed, if I am able to fulfil the design of them, by one of a like elementary character on Architecture; and that by a third series on Christian Sculpture:[1] but, in the meantime, my effort is to direct the attention of the resident students to Natural History, and to the higher branches of ideal Landscape: and it will be, I trust, accepted as sufficient reason for the delay which has occurred in preparing the following sheets for the press, that I have not only been interrupted by a dangerous illness,[2] but engaged, in what remained to me of the summer, in an endeavour to deduce, from the overwhelming complexity of modern classification in the

[1] [This scheme was, however, not precisely carried out (see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 6). The lectures on Greek Sculpture (*Aratra*), were succeeded by (1) a course on Landscape; (2) a lecture on "Michael Angelo and Tintoret"; courses on (3) the Relation of Natural Science to Art (*Eagle's Nest*); (4) the Florentine Schools of Engraving (*Ariadne*); (5) the Ornithology of Art (*Love's Meinie*); (6) the Tuscan Art immediately antecedent to A.D. 1254 (*Val d'Arno*, which was a discourse in part on the elements of architecture (see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 67), and in part on Christian sculpture); and so forth (see the list at p. lxiii.).]

[2] [At Matlock in August 1871 (see *Præterita*, ii. § 207; *Ariadne*, §§ 212, 213).]

Natural Sciences, some forms capable of easier reference by Art students, to whom the anatomy of brutal and floral nature is often no less important than that of the human body.[1]

The preparation of examples for manual practice, and the arrangement of standards for reference, both in Painting and Sculpture, had to be carried on, meanwhile, as I was able. For what has already been done, the reader is referred to the *Catalogue of the Educational Series* published at the end of the Spring Term:[2] of what remains to be done I will make no anticipatory statement, being content to have ascribed to me rather the fault of narrowness in design, than of extravagance in expectation.

DENMARK HILL,
25th November, 1871.

[1] [Ruskin was at this time beginning to collect material for *The Eagle's Nest*, and was also studying the classification of birds and fishes (see his reference to ichthyology in *Lectures on Landscape*, § 1).]
[2] [See Vol. XXI.]

ARATRA PENTELICI

LECTURE I

OF THE DIVISION OF ARTS

November, 1870

1. If, as is commonly believed, the subject of study which it is my special function to bring before you had no relation to the great interests of mankind, I should have less courage in asking for your attention to-day, than when I first addressed you; though, even then, I did not do so without painful diffidence. For at this moment, even supposing that in other places it were possible for men to pursue their ordinary avocations undisturbed by indignation or pity,—here, at least, in the midst of the deliberative and religious influences of England, only one subject, I am well assured, can seriously occupy your thoughts—the necessity, namely, of determining how it has come to pass that, in these recent days, iniquity the most reckless and monstrous can be committed unanimously, by men more generous than ever yet in the world's history were deceived into deeds of cruelty; and that prolonged agony of body and spirit, such as we should shrink from inflicting wilfully on a single criminal, has become the appointed and accepted portion of unnumbered multitudes of innocent persons, inhabiting the districts of the world which, of all others, as it seemed, were best instructed in the laws of civilization, and most richly invested with the honour, and indulged in the felicity, of peace.[1]

[1] [For other allusions to the Franco-German war, and to the subsequent outrages by the Paris Commune, see below, pp. 308 *n.*, 354 *n.*, 401; and compare Vol. XVII. p. 135; Vol. XVIII. p. 35 *n.*]

Believe me, however, the subject of Art — instead of being foreign to these deep questions of social duty and peril,—is so vitally connected with them, that it would be impossible for me now to pursue the line of thought in which I began these lectures, because so ghastly an emphasis would be given to every sentence by the force of passing events. It is well, then, that in the plan I have laid down for your study, we shall now be led into the examination of technical details, or abstract conditions of sentiment; so that the hours you spend with me may be times of repose from heavier thoughts. But it chances strangely that, in this course of minutely detailed study, I have first to set before you the most essential piece of human workmanship, the plough, at the very moment when — (you may see the announcement in the journals either of yesterday or the day before [1])—the swords of your soldiers have been sent for *to be sharpened*, and not at all to be beaten into ploughshares.[2] I permit myself, therefore, to remind you of the watchword of all my earnest writings—"Soldiers of the Ploughshare, instead of Soldiers of the Sword,"[3]—and I know it my duty to assert to you that the work we enter upon to-day is no trivial one, but full of solemn hope; the hope, namely, that among you there may be found men wise enough to lead the national passions towards the arts of peace, instead of the arts of war.

I say, the work "we enter upon," because the first four lectures I gave in the spring were wholly prefatory;[4] and the following three only defined for you methods of practice. To-day we begin the systematic analysis and progressive study of our subject.

2. In general, the three great, or fine, Arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, are thought of as distinct

[1] [At this time, the Franco-German war being in progress, Russia had taken occasion to denounce the Black Sea clause of the Treaty of Paris. There was considerable indignation in this country, and proposals for mobilisation were made (*Times*, November 22 and 23, 1870).]

[2] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 116 (above, p. 107).]

[3] [*A Joy for Ever*, § 15 (Vol. XVI. p. 25).]

[4] [The first four in *Lectures on Art* (above, pp. 17–117).]

from the lower and more mechanical formative arts, such as carpentry or pottery. But we cannot, either verbally, or with any practical advantage, admit such classification. How are we to distinguish painting on canvas from painting on china?—or painting on china from painting on glass?—or painting on glass from infusion of colour into any vitreous substance, such as enamel?—or the infusion of colour into glass and enamel from the infusion of colour into wool or silk, and weaving of pictures in tapestry, or patterns in dress? You will find that although, in ultimately accurate use of the word, painting must be held to mean only the laying of a pigment on a surface with a soft instrument; yet, in broad comparison of the functions of Art, we must conceive of one and the same great artistic faculty, as governing *every mode of disposing colours in a permanent relation on, or in, a solid substance;* whether it be by tinting canvas, or dyeing stuffs; inlaying metals with fused flint, or coating walls with coloured stone.

8. Similarly, the word "Sculpture,"—though in ultimate accuracy it is to be limited to the development of form in hard substances by cutting away portions of their mass —in broad definition, must be held to signify *the reduction of any shapeless mass of solid matter into an intended shape,* whatever the consistence of the substance, or nature of the instrument employed; whether we carve a granite mountain, or a piece of box-wood, and whether we use, for our forming instrument, axe, or hammer, or chisel, or our own hands, or water to soften, or fire to fuse;—whenever and however we bring a shapeless thing into shape, we do so under the laws of the one great art of Sculpture.

4. Having thus broadly defined painting and sculpture, we shall see that there is, in the third place, a class of work separated from both, in a specific manner, and including a great group of arts which neither, of necessity, *tint,* nor for the sake of form merely, *shape* the substances they deal with; but construct or arrange them with a view to the resistance of some external force. We construct, for

instance, a table with a flat top, and some support of prop, or leg, proportioned in strength to such weights as the table is intended to carry. We construct a ship out of planks, or plates of iron, with reference to certain forces of impact to be sustained, and of inertia to be overcome; or we construct a wall or roof with distinct reference to forces of pressure and oscillation, to be sustained or guarded against; and, therefore, in every case, with especial consideration of the strength of our materials, and the nature of that strength, elastic, tenacious, brittle, and the like.

Now although this group of arts nearly always involves the putting of two or more separate pieces together, we must not define it by that accident. The blade of an oar is not less formed with reference to external force than if it were made of many pieces; and the frame of a boat, whether hollowed out of a tree-trunk, or constructed of planks nailed together, is essentially the same piece of art, to be judged by its buoyancy and capacity of progression. Still, from the most wonderful piece of all architecture, the human skeleton, to this simple one,* the ploughshare, on which it depends for its subsistence, *the putting of two or more pieces together* is curiously necessary to the perfectness of every fine instrument; and the peculiar mechanical work of Dædalus,[1]—inlaying,—becomes all the more delightful to us in external aspect, because, as in the jawbone of a Saurian, or the wood of a bow, it is essential to the finest capacities of tension and resistance.

5. And observe how unbroken the ascent from this, the simplest architecture, to the loftiest. The placing of the timbers in a ship's stem, and the laying of the stones in a bridge buttress, are similar in art to the construction of the ploughshare, differing in no essential point, either in

* I had a real ploughshare on my lecture-table; but it would interrupt the drift of the statements in the text too long if I attempted here to illustrate by figures the relation of the coulter to the share, and of the hard to the soft pieces of metal in the share itself.

[1] [For other references to Dædalus, see below, pp. 351–354.]

that they deal with other materials, or because, of the three things produced, one has to divide earth by advancing through it, another to divide water by advancing through it, and the third to divide water which advances against it. And again, the buttress of a bridge differs only from that of a cathedral in having less weight to sustain, and more to resist. We can find no term in the gradation, from the ploughshare to the cathedral buttress, at which we can set a logical distinction.

6. Thus then we have simply three divisions of Art——one, that of giving colours to substance; another, that of giving form to it without question of resistance to force; and the third, that of giving form or position which will make it capable of such resistance. All the fine arts are embraced under these three divisions. Do not think that it is only a logical or scientific affectation to mass them together in this manner; it is, on the contrary, of the first practical importance to understand that the painter's faculty, or masterhood over colour, being as subtle as a musician's over sound, must be looked to for the government of every operation in which colour is employed; and that, in the same manner, the appliance of any art whatsoever to minor objects cannot be right, unless under the direction of a true master of that art. Under the present system, you keep your Academician occupied only in producing tinted pieces of canvas to be shown in frames, and smooth pieces of marble to be placed in niches; while you expect your builder or constructor to design coloured patterns in stone and brick, and your china-ware merchant to keep a separate body of workwomen who can paint china, but nothing else. By this division of labour, you ruin all the arts at once. The work of the Academician becomes mean and effeminate, because he is not used to treat colour on a grand scale and in rough materials; and your manufactures become base, because no well-educated person sets hand to them. And therefore it is necessary to understand, not merely as a logical statement, but as a practical

necessity, that wherever beautiful colour is to be arranged, you need a Master of Painting; and wherever noble form is to be given, a Master of Sculpture; and wherever complex mechanical force is to be resisted, a Master of Architecture.

7. But over this triple division there must rule another yet more important. Any of these three arts may be either imitative of natural objects or limited to useful appliance. You may either paint a picture that represents a scene, or your street door, to keep it from rotting; you may mould a statue, or a plate; build the resemblance of a cluster of lotus stalks, or only a square pier. Generally speaking, Painting and Sculpture will be imitative, and Architecture merely useful; but there is a great deal of Sculpture—as this crystal ball,* for instance, which is not imitative, and a great deal of architecture which, to some extent, is so, as the so-called foils of Gothic apertures; and for many other reasons you will find it necessary to keep distinction clear in your minds between the arts—of whatever kind—which are imitative, and produce a resemblance or image of something which is not present; and those which are limited to the production of some useful reality, as the blade of a knife, or the wall of a house. You will perceive also, as we advance, that sculpture and painting are indeed in this respect only one art; and that we shall have constantly to speak and think of them as simply *graphic*, whether with chisel or colour, their principal function being to make us, in the words of Aristotle, "*θεωρητικοὶ τοῦ περὶ τὰ σώματα κάλλους*" (*Polit.* 8, 3),[1] "having capacity and habit of contemplation of the beauty that is in material things;" while architecture, and its correlative arts, are to be practised under quite other conditions of sentiment.[2]

* A sphere of rock crystal, cut in Japan, enough imaginable by the reader, without a figure.

[1] [Book v. in the now usual arrangement.]

[2] [See, however, on the essential connexion between sculpture and architecture, *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 174; and *Two Paths*, § 115 (Vol. XVI. p. 357).]

8. Now it is obvious that so far as the fine arts consist either in imitation or mechanical construction, the right judgment of them must depend on our knowledge of the things they imitate, and forces they resist: and my function of teaching here would (for instance) so far resolve itself, either into demonstration that this painting of a peach * does resemble a peach, or explanation of the way in which this ploughshare (for instance) is shaped so as to throw the earth aside with least force of thrust. And in both of these methods of study, though of course your own diligence must be your chief master, to a certain extent your Professor of Art can always guide you securely, and can show you, either that the image does truly resemble what it attempts to resemble, or that the structure is rightly prepared for the service it has to perform. But there is yet another virtue of fine art which is, perhaps, exactly that about which you will expect your Professor to teach you most, and which, on the contrary, is exactly that about which you must teach yourselves all that it is essential to learn.

9. I have here in my hand one of the simplest possible examples of the union of the graphic and constructive powers,—one of my breakfast plates. Since all the finely architectural arts, we said,[1] began in the shaping of the cup and the platter, we will begin, ourselves, with the platter.

Why has it been made round? For two structural reasons: first, that the greatest holding surface may be gathered into the smallest space; and secondly, that in being pushed past other things on the table, it may come into least contact with them.

Next, why has it a rim? For two other structural

* One of William Hunt's peaches;[2] not, I am afraid, imaginable altogether, but still less representable by figure.

[1] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 117 (above, p. 108.)]
[2] [See Educational Series, No. 213 (Vol. XXI. pp. 94, 137).]

reasons: first, that it is convenient to put salt or mustard upon; but secondly, and chiefly, that the plate may be easily laid hold of. The rim is the simplest form of continuous handle.

Farther, to keep it from soiling the cloth, it will be wise to put this ridge beneath, round the bottom; for as the rim is the simplest possible form of continuous handle, so this is the simplest form of continuous leg. And we get the section given beneath the figure for the essential one of a rightly made platter.

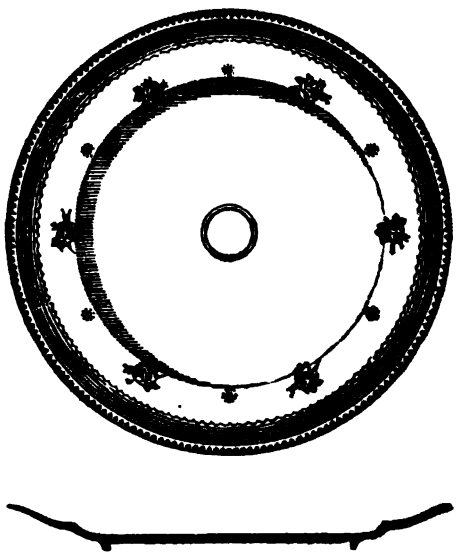

Fig. 7

10. Thus far our art has been strictly utilitarian, having respect to conditions of collision, of carriage, and of support. But now, on the surface of our piece of pottery, here are various bands and spots of colour which are presumably set there to make it pleasanter to the eye. Six of the spots, seen closely, you discover are intended to represent flowers. These then have as distinctly a graphic purpose as the other properties of the plate have an architectural one, and the first critical question we have to ask about them is, whether they are like roses or not. I will anticipate what I have to say in subsequent Lectures so far as to assure you that, if they are to be like roses at all, the liker they can be, the better. Do not suppose, as many people will tell you, that because this is a common manufactured article, your roses on it are the better for being ill-painted, or half-painted. If they had been painted by the same hand that did this peach, the plate would have been all the better for it; but, as it

chanced, there was no hand such as William Hunt's to paint them, and their graphic power is not distinguished. In any case, however, that graphic power must have been subordinate to their effect as pink spots, while the band of green-blue round the plate's edge, and the spots of gold, pretend to no graphic power at all, but are meaningless spaces of colour or metal. Still less have they any mechanical office: they add nowise to the serviceableness of the plate; and their agreeableness, if they possess any, depends, therefore, neither on any imitative, nor any structural, character; but on some inherent pleasantness in themselves, either of mere colours to the eye, (as of taste to the tongue,) or in the placing of those colours in relations which obey some mental principle of order, or physical principle of harmony.

11. These abstract relations and inherent pleasantnesses, whether in space, number, or time, and whether of colours or sounds, form what we may properly term the musical or harmonic element in every art; and the study of them is an entirely separate science. It is the branch of art-philosophy to which the word "æsthetics" should be strictly limited,[1] being the inquiry into the nature of things that in themselves are pleasant to the human senses or instincts, though they represent nothing, and serve for nothing, their only service *being* their pleasantness. Thus[2] it is the province of æsthetics to tell you, (if you did not know it before,) that the taste and colour of a peach are pleasant, and to ascertain, if it be ascertainable, (and you have any curiosity to know,) why they are so.

12. The information would, I presume, to most of you, be gratuitous. If it were not, and you chanced to be in a

[1] [On Ruskin's use of this term, see *Love's Meinie*, § 131; and compare *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, in which course of lectures he employs "æsthetic" with a different shade of meaning.]

[2] [In the first draft:—

> "Thus, it is not the province of æsthetics, rightly so called, to prove to you, or to enable you to discover, that this picture of a peach is like a peach. That is to be ascertained by an intellectual process of comparison. But it is the province . . . "

Here, again (*cf.* § 8), Ruskin showed William Hunt's drawing of a peach.]

sick state of body in which you disliked peaches, it would be, for the time, to you false information, and, so far as it was true of other people, to you useless. Nearly the whole study of æsthetics is in like manner either gratuitous or useless. Either you like the right things without being recommended to do so, or, if you dislike them, your mind cannot be changed by lectures on the laws of taste. You recollect the story of Thackeray, provoked, as he was helping himself to strawberries, by a young coxcomb's telling him that "he never took fruit or sweets." "That," replied, or is said to have replied, Thackeray,[1] "is because you are a sot, and a glutton." And the whole science of æsthetics is, in the depth of it, expressed by one passage of Goethe's in the end of the second part of *Faust*;—the notable one that follows the song of the Lemures, when the angels enter to dispute with the fiends for the soul of Faust. They enter singing—"Pardon to sinners and life to the dust." Mephistopheles hears them first, and exclaims to his troop, "Discord I hear, and filthy jingling"—"Mis-töne höre ich: garstiges Geklimper."[2] This, you see, is the extreme of bad taste in music. Presently the angelic host begin strewing roses, which discomfits the diabolic crowd altogether. Mephistopheles in vain calls to them—"What do you duck and shrink for—is that proper hellish behaviour? Stand fast, and let them strew"—"Was duckt und zuckt ihr; ist das Höllenbrauch? So haltet stand, und lasst sie streuen." There you have, also, the extreme of bad taste in sight and smell. And in the whole passage is a brief embodiment for you of the ultimate fact that all æsthetics depend on the health of soul and body, and the proper exercise of both, not only through years, but generations. Only by harmony of both collateral and successive

[1] [Mrs. Richmond Ritchie says that "of course my father never used the words directly addressed to anybody," but that she remembers "hearing him say something of the sort indirectly." For other references to Thackeray, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 77 (Vol. XVIII. p. 130 *n.*).]

[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 62, where this passage is again quoted; and for other references to the second part of *Faust*, see *Munera Pulveris*, § 149 (Vol. XVII. p. 272 *n.*).]

lives can the great doctrine of the Muses be received which enables men "χαίρειν ὀρθῶς,"—"to have pleasure rightly;"[1] and there is no other definition of the beautiful, nor of any subject of delight to the æsthetic faculty, than that it is what one noble spirit has created, seen and felt by another of similar or equal nobility. So much as there is in you of ox, or of swine, perceives no beauty, and creates none: what is human in you, in exact proportion to the perfectness of its humanity, can create it, and receive.

18. Returning now to the very elementary form in which the appeal to our æsthetic virtue is made in our breakfast-plate, you notice that there are two distinct kinds of pleasantness attempted. One by hues of colour; the other by proportions of space. I have called these the musical elements of the arts relating to sight; and there are indeed two complete sciences, one of the combinations of colour, and the other of the combinations of line and form, which might each of them separately engage us in as intricate study as that of the science of music. But of the two, the science of colour is, in the Greek sense, the more musical, being one of the divisions of the Apolline power; and it is so practically educational, that if we are not using the faculty for colour to discipline nations, they will infallibly use it themselves as a means of corruption. Both music and colour are naturally influences of peace; but in the war trumpet, and the war shield, in the battle song and battle standard, they have concentrated by beautiful imagination the cruel passions of men; and there is nothing in all the Divina Commedia of history more grotesque, yet more frightful, than the fact that, from the almost fabulous period when the insanity and impiety of war wrote themselves in the symbols of the shields of the Seven against Thebes, colours have been the sign and stimulus of the most furious and fatal passions that have rent the nations: blue against green, in the decline of the

[1] [Aristotle, *Politics*, viii. 5, 4: ἡ μᾶλλον οἰητέον πρὸς ἀρετήν τι τείνειν τὴν μουσικήν, ὡς δυναμένην, καθάπερ ἡ γυμναστική, τὸ σῶμα ποιόν τι ποιεῖν, ἐθίζουσαν δύνασθαι χαίρειν ὀρθῶς.]

Roman Empire; black against white, in that of Florence; red against white, in the wars of the Royal houses in England;[1] and at this moment, red against white, in the contest of anarchy and loyalty, in all the world.

14. On the other hand, the directly ethical influence of colour in the sky, the trees, flowers, and coloured creatures round us, and in our own various arts massed under the one name of painting, is so essential and constant that we cease to recognize it, because we are never long enough altogether deprived of it to feel our need; and the mental diseases induced by the influence of corrupt colour are as little suspected, or traced to their true source, as the bodily weaknesses resulting from atmospheric miasmata.

15. The second musical science which belongs peculiarly to sculpture, (and to painting, so far as it represents form,) consists in the disposition of beautiful masses. That is to say, beautiful surfaces limited by beautiful lines. Beautiful *surfaces*, observe; and remember what is noted in my fifth Lecture of the difference between a space and a mass.[2] If you have at any time examined carefully, or practised from, the drawings of shells placed in your copying series,[3] you cannot but have felt the difference in the grace between the aspects of the same line, when enclosing a rounded or unrounded space. The exact science of sculpture is that of the relations between outline and the solid form it limits; and it does not matter whether that relation be indicated by drawing or carving, so long as the expression of solid form is the mental purpose; it is the science always of the beauty of relation in three dimensions. To take the simplest possible line of continuous limit—the circle: the flat disc enclosed by it may indeed be made an element of

[1] [For the symbols on the shields of the Seven Argive champions in their war against Thebes, see Æschylus, *Septem Contra Thebas*, 375 *seq.*; for the blue and green factions of the circus at Rome, see Gibbon, ch. xl.; for the feuds of the Bianchi (Ghibelline) and Neri (Guelph), Villani, lib. viii. ch. xliv. (referred to in the *Inferno*, xxiv. 143); for the Wars of the Roses, *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 142 (Vol. XVIII. p. 501).]

[2] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 146 (above, p. 138).]

[3] [See Educational Series, Nos. 191 *seq.* (Vol. XXI. p. 92).]

decoration, though a very meagre one; but its relative mass, the ball, being gradated in three dimensions, is always delightful. Here * is at once the simplest, and, in mere patient mechanism, the most skilful, piece of sculpture I can possibly show you,—a piece of the purest rock-crystal, chiselled, (I believe, by mere toil of hand,) into a perfect sphere. Imitating nothing, constructing nothing; sculpture for sculpture's sake of purest natural substance into simplest primary form.

16. Again. Out of the nacre of any mussel or oyster shell you might cut, at your pleasure, any quantity of small flat circular discs of the prettiest colour and lustre. To some extent, such tinsel or foil of shell *is* used pleasantly for decoration. But the mussel or oyster becoming itself an unwilling modeller, agglutinates its juice into three dimensions, and the fact of the surface being now geometrically gradated, together with the savage instinct of attributing value to what is difficult to obtain, make the little boss so precious in men's sight, that wise eagerness of search for the kingdom of heaven can be likened to their eagerness of search for *it*;[1] and the gates of Paradise can be no otherwise rendered so fair to their poor intelligence, as by telling them that every gate was of "one pearl."[2]

17. But take note here. We have just seen that the sum of the perceptive faculty is expressed in these words of Aristotle's, "to take pleasure rightly" or straightly—χαίρειν ὀρθῶς. Now, it is not possible to do the direct opposite of that,—to take pleasure iniquitously or obliquely—χαίρειν ἀδίκως or σκολιῶς,—more than you do in enjoying a thing because your neighbour cannot get it. You may enjoy a thing legitimately because it is rare, and cannot be seen often (as you do a fine aurora, or a sunset, or an unusually lovely flower); that is Nature's way of stimulating

* The crystal ball above mentioned [p. 204].

[1] [See Matthew xiii. 46.]
[2] [Revelation xxi. 21.]

your attention. But if you enjoy it because your neighbour cannot have it,—and, remember, all value attached to pearls more than glass beads, is merely and purely for that cause,—then you rejoice through the worst of idolatries, covetousness;[1] and neither arithmetic, nor writing, nor any other so-called essential of education, is now so vitally necessary to the population of Europe, as such acquaintance with the principles of intrinsic value, as may result in the iconoclasm of jewellery; and in the clear understanding that we are not, in that instinct, civilized, but yet remain wholly savage, so far as we care for display of this selfish kind.

You think, perhaps, I am quitting my subject, and proceeding, as it is too often with appearance of justice alleged against me,[2] into irrelevant matter. Pardon me; the end, not only of these Lectures, but of my whole Professorship, would be accomplished,—and far more than that,—if only the English nation could be made to understand that the beauty which is indeed to be a joy for ever, must be a joy for *all;*[3] and that though the idolatry may not have been wholly divine which sculptured gods, the idolatry is wholly diabolic, which, for vulgar display, sculptures *diamonds.*[4]

18. To go back to the point under discussion. A pearl, or a glass bead, may owe its pleasantness in some degree to its lustre as well as to its roundness. But a mere and simple ball of unpolished stone is enough for sculpturesque value. You may have noticed that the quatrefoil used in the Ducal Palace of Venice owes its complete loveliness in distant effect to the finishing of its cusps.[5] The extremity of the cusp is a mere ball of Istrian marble; and consider

[1] [In Ruskin's copy he notes against this word: "Needs correction: 'envious' covetousness"; for, as he admits elsewhere, there is an innocent and even laudable covetousness—as, for instance, that of Venice for "pillars of marble and granite and the relics of good people" (*St. Mark's Rest*, § 3); and of himself he says that he is "naturally as covetous a person as lives in this world" (*Time and Tide*, § 160, Vol. XVII. p. 448). On covetousness see further *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 62.]

[2] [Compare the Introduction; above, pp. xxiii., xxiv.]

[3] [See Vol. XVI. p. 11 *n.*]

[4] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 198).]

[5] [On this point, see *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 132.]

how subtle the faculty of sight must be, since it recognizes at any distance, and is gratified by, the mystery of the termination of cusp obtained by the gradated light on the ball.

In that Venetian tracery this simplest element of sculptured form is used sparingly, as the most precious that can be employed to finish the façade. But alike in our own, and the French, central Gothic, the ball-flower is lavished on every line—and in your St. Mary's spire, and the Salisbury spire,[1] and the towers of Notre Dame of Paris, the rich pleasantness of decoration,—indeed, their so-called "decorative style,"—consists only in being daintily beset with stone balls. It is true the balls are modified into dim likeness of flowers; but do you trace the resemblance to the rose in their distant, which is their intended, effect?

19. But, farther, let the ball have motion; then the form it generates will be that of a cylinder. You have, perhaps, thought that pure early English architecture depended for its charm on visibility of construction. It depends for its charm altogether on the abstract harmony of groups of cylinders,* arbitrarily bent into mouldings, and arbitrarily associated as shafts, having no *real* relation to construction whatsoever, and a theoretical relation so subtle that none of us had seen it till Professor Willis worked it out for us.[2]

20. And now, proceeding to analysis of higher sculpture,

* All grandest effects in mouldings may be, and for the most part have been, obtained by rolls and cavettos of circular (segmental) section. More refined sections, as that of the fluting of a Doric shaft, are only of use near the eye and in beautiful stone; and the pursuit of them was one of the many errors of later Gothic. The statement in the text that the mouldings, even of best time, "have no real relation to construction," is scarcely strong enough: they in fact contend with, and deny the construction, their principal purpose seeming to be the concealment of the joints of the voussoirs.

[1] [For another reference to the spires of St. Mary's at Oxford and of Salisbury, see Vol. IX. p. 332, and to that of Salisbury, Vol. XIX. p. 255 *n.*]

[2] [In his *Remarks on the Architecture of the Middle Ages*, 1835. For other references to the book and its author, see Vol. VIII. pp. xxi., xl., 87; Vol. IX. pp. xlvii., 14, 133, 180, 228, 250, 348; and Vol. XII. p. 196.]

you may have observed the importance I have attached to the porch of San Zenone, at Verona, by making it, among your standards,[1] the first of the group which is to illustrate the system of sculpture and architecture founded on faith in a future life. That porch, fortunately represented in the photograph, from which Plate I. has been engraved,[2] under a clear and pleasant light, furnishes you with examples of sculpture of every kind, from the flattest incised bas-relief to solid statues, both in marble and bronze. And the two points I have been pressing upon you are conclusively exhibited here, namely,—(1) that sculpture is essentially the production of a pleasant bossiness or roundness of surface;[3] (2) that the pleasantness of that bossy condition to the eye is irrespective of imitation on one side, and of structure on the other.

21. (1.) Sculpture is essentially the production of a pleasant bossiness or roundness of surface.

If you look from some distance at these two engravings of Greek coins,[4] (place the book open, so that you can see the opposite plate three or four yards off,) you will find the relief on each of them simplifies itself into a pearl-like portion of a sphere, with exquisitely gradated light on its surface. When you look at them nearer, you will see that each smaller portion into which they are divided—cheek, or brow, or leaf, or tress of hair—resolves itself also into a rounded or undulated surface, pleasant by gradation of

[1] [Reference Series, No. 69 (Vol. XXI. p. 32. For the group "to illustrate the system . . . founded on a future life," see *ibid.*, p. 28 *n.*]

[2] [See, however, Bibliographical Note, above, p. 186.]

[3] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 236, where this statement is referred to and illustrated.]

[4] [Plate II. The upper coin is one of the "Demareteia" of Syracuse (a decadrachm), so called because they were coined from the proceeds of a present given to Demarete (wife of Celon) by the Carthaginians, on the occasion of the peace concluded by her intervention in B.C. 480. The head is that of Victory. The reverse of the coin is the lower figure on Plate XXIII.: the coin may be seen in the exhibition of electrotypes at the British Museum (II. C. 33). The lower coin here (British Museum, III. C. 29) is a later work (about B.C. 388); the head is of Arethusa; on one of the surrounding dolphins is the artist's name, Cimon. Ruskin included a study of this coin in the Exhibition to illustrate his lecture on "Flamboyant Architecture"; see No. 15 in the Catalogue (Vol. XIX. p. 271), where he explains that "the hair represents typically the currents of the fountain mingling with the sea." See also Vol. XIX. p. 26.]

Porch of San Zenone, Verona.

The Arethusa of Syracuse

light. Every several surface is delightful in itself, as a shell, or a tuft of rounded moss, or the bossy masses of distant forest would be. That these intricately modulated masses present some resemblance to a girl's face, such as the Syracusans imagined that of the water-goddess Arethusa, is entirely a secondary matter; the primary condition is that the masses shall be beautifully rounded, and disposed with due discretion and order.

22. (2.) It is difficult for you, at first, to feel this order and beauty of surface, apart from the imitation. But you can see there is a pretty disposition of, and relation between, the projections of a fir-cone, though the studded spiral imitates nothing. Order exactly the same in kind, only much more complex; and an abstract beauty of surface rendered definite by increase and decline of light—(for every curve of surface has its own luminous law, and the light and shade on a parabolic solid differs, specifically, from that on an elliptical or spherical one)—it is the essential business of the sculptor to obtain; as it is the essential business of a painter to get good colour,[1] whether he imitates anything or not. At a distance from the picture, or carving, where the things represented become absolutely unintelligible, we must yet be able to say, at a glance, "That is good painting, or good carving."

And you will be surprised to find, when you try the experiment, how much the eye must instinctively judge in this manner. Take the front of San Zenone, for instance, Plate I. You will find it impossible, without a lens, to distinguish in the bronze gates, and in great part of the wall, anything that their bosses represent. You cannot tell whether the sculpture is of men, animals, or trees; only you feel it to be composed of pleasant projecting masses; you acknowledge that both gates and wall are, somehow, delightfully roughened; and only afterwards, by slow degrees, can you make out what this roughness means; nay,

[1] [Compare *Academy Notes*, Vol. XIV. p. 290.]

though here (Plate III.) I magnify* one of the bronze plates of the gate to a scale, which gives you the same advantage as if you saw it quite close, in the reality,—you may still be obliged to me for the information that *this* boss represents the Madonna asleep in her little bed; and this smaller boss, the Infant Christ in His; and this at the top, a cloud with an angel coming out of it; and these jagged bosses, two of the Three Kings, with their crowns on, looking up to the star, (which is intelligible enough, I admit); but what this straggling, three-legged boss beneath signifies, I suppose neither you nor I can tell, unless it be the shepherd's dog, who has come suddenly upon the Kings with their crowns on, and is greatly startled at them.

23. Farther, and much more definitely, the pleasantness of the surface decoration is independent of structure; that is to say, of any architectural requirement of stability. The greater part of the sculpture here is exclusively ornamentation of a flat wall, or of door-panelling; only a small portion of the church front is thus treated, and the sculpture has no more to do with the form of the building than a piece of lace veil would have, suspended beside its gates on a festal day: the proportions of shaft and arch might be altered in a hundred different ways without diminishing their stability; and the pillars would stand more safely on the ground than on the backs of these carved animals.

24. I wish you especially to notice these points, because the false theory that ornamentation should be merely decorated structure is so pretty and plausible, that it is likely to take away your attention from the far more important abstract conditions of design. Structure should never be

* Some of the most precious work done for me by my assistant, Mr. Burgess, during the course of these Lectures, consisted in making enlarged drawings from portions of photographs. Plate III. is engraved[1] from a drawing of his[2] enlarged from the original photograph of which Plate I. is a reduction.

[1] [Formerly represented by photogravure; in this edition by wood engraving.]
[2] [Reference Series, No. 70 (Vol. XXI. p. 32).]

H. S. Uhlrich sc.

The Warning to the Kings

San Zenone, Verona

contradicted, and in the best buildings it is pleasantly exhibited and enforced: in this very porch the joints of every stone are visible, and you will find me in the Fifth Lecture[1] insisting on this clearness of its anatomy as a merit; yet so independent is the mechanical structure of the true design, that when I begin my Lectures on Architecture, the first building I shall give you as a standard will be one in which the structure is wholly concealed.[2] It will be the Baptistery of Florence, which is, in reality, as much a buttressed chapel with a vaulted roof, as the Chapter House of York;—but round it, in order to conceal that buttressed structure, (not to decorate, observe, but to *conceal*,) a flat external wall is raised; simplifying the whole to a mere hexagonal box, like a wooden piece of Tunbridge ware, on the surface of which the eye and intellect are to be interested by the relations of dimension and curve between pieces of encrusting marble of different colours, which have no more to do with the real make of the building than the diaper of a Harlequin's jacket has to do with his bones.

25. The sense of abstract proportion, on which the enjoyment of such a piece of art entirely depends, is one of the æsthetic faculties which nothing can develop but time and education. It belongs only to highly trained nations; and, among them, to their most strictly refined classes, though the germs of it are found, as part of their innate power, in every people capable of art. It has for

[1] [See below, § 160, p. 314.]

[2] [Ruskin never delivered any course of lectures exclusively on architecture. Two courses, however (one delivered in 1873 and published as *Val d'Arno*, and the other in 1874 on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*), dealt largely with architectural matters, and Ruskin refers to the former (*Ariadne Florentina*, § 69) as being on architecture. Both these sets of lectures, the latter now published for the first time, will be found in Vol. XXIII. of this edition. There are, among Ruskin's MSS., some sheets of notes for a lecture headed "The Baptistery of Florence." And see *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 67, 68, where he says "my whole history of Christian architecture begins with this Baptistery of Florence," and describes it as "one large piece of *engraving*" (compare *Val d'Arno*, §§ 148, 160); and for other references to it as "the central building of European Christianity," see *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 5, 120, and *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*.]

the most part vanished at present from the English mind, in consequence of our eager desire for excitement, and for the kind of splendour that exhibits wealth, careless of dignity; so that, I suppose, there are very few now even of our best trained Londoners who know the difference between the design of Whitehall[1] and that of any modern club-house in Pall Mall. The order and harmony which, in his enthusiastic account of the Theatre of Epidaurus,[2] Pausanias insists on before beauty, can only be recognized by stern order and harmony in our daily lives; and the perception of them is as little to be compelled, or taught suddenly, as the laws of still finer choice in the conception of dramatic incident which regulate poetic sculpture.

26. And now, at last, I think, we can sketch out the subject before us in a clear light. We have a structural art, divine and human, of which the investigation comes under the general term Anatomy; whether the junctions or joints be in mountains, or in branches of trees, or in buildings, or in bones of animals. We have next a musical art, falling into two distinct divisions—one using colours, the other masses, for its elements of composition; lastly, we have an imitative art, concerned with the representation of the outward appearances of things. And, for many reasons, I think it best to begin with imitative Sculpture; that being defined as *the art which, by the musical disposition of masses, imitates anything of which the imitation is justly pleasant to us; and does so in accordance with structural laws having due reference to the materials employed.*

So that you see our task will involve the immediate inquiry what the things are of which the imitation is justly pleasant to us: what, in few words,—if we are to be occupied in the making of graven images,—we ought to like

[1] [For other references to the Banqueting Hall (by Inigo Jones), see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 90, 245).]

[2] [Pausanias, ii. 27, 5: "In the Epidaurian sanctuary there is a theatre which in my opinion is most especially worth seeing. It is true that in size the theatre at Megalopolis in Arcadia surpasses it, and that in splendour the Roman theatres far transcend all the theatres in the world; but for symmetry and beauty what architect could vie with Polyclitus? For it was Polyclitus who made this theatre.']

to make images *of*.[1] Secondly, after having determined its subject, what degree of imitation or likeness we ought to desire in our graven image; and, lastly, under what limitations demanded by structure and material, such likeness may be obtained.

These inquiries I shall endeavour to pursue with you to some practical conclusion, in my next four Lectures; and in the sixth, I will briefly sketch the actual facts that have taken place in the development of sculpture by the two greatest schools of it that hitherto have existed in the world.[2]

27. The tenor of our next Lecture, then, must be an inquiry into the real nature of Idolatry; that is to say, the invention and service of Idols: and, in the interval, may I commend to your own thoughts this question, not wholly irrelevant, yet which I cannot pursue; namely, whether the God to whom we have so habitually prayed for deliverance "from battle, murder, and sudden death," *is* indeed, seeing that the present state of Christendom is the result of a thousand years' praying to that effect, "as the gods of the heathen who were but idols;"[3] or whether—(and observe, one or other of these things *must* be true)—whether our prayers to Him have been, by this much, worse than Idolatry;—that heathen prayer was true prayer to false gods; and our prayers have been false prayers to the True One?

[1] [(1) Lectures ii. and iii.; (2) Lecture iv.; (3) Lecture v.]

[2] [The School of Athens and the School of Florence. In fact, however, Ruskin held over his discussion of the latter school: see above, p. 194; and below, § 184 *n.*, p. 334.]

[3] [For another quotation from the Litany, see Vol. XVIII. p. 127; the other quotation is from Psalms xcvi. 5 (Prayer-book version).]

LECTURE II

IDOLATRY

November, 1870

28. BEGINNING with the simple conception of sculpture as the art of fiction in solid substance, we are now to consider what its subject should be. What—having the gift of imagery—should we by preference endeavour to image? A question which is, indeed, subordinate to the deeper one —why we should wish to image anything at all.

29. Some years ago, having been always desirous that the education of women should begin in learning how to cook,[1] I got leave, one day, for a little girl of eleven years old to exchange, much to her satisfaction, her schoolroom for the kitchen. But as ill-fortune would have it, there was some pastry toward, and she was left unadvisedly in command of some delicately rolled paste; whereof she made no pies, but an unlimited quantity of cats and mice.

Now you may read the works of the gravest critics of art from end to end; but you will find, at last, they can give you no other true account of the spirit of sculpture than that it is an irresistible human instinct for the making of cats and mice, and other imitable living creatures, in such permanent form that one may play with the images at leisure.

Play with them, or love them, or fear them, or worship them. The cat may become the goddess Pasht,[2] and the mouse, in the hand of a sculptured king, enforce his

[1] [On this subject compare *Sesame and Lilies*, Preface, § 10, and *Ethics of the Dust*, § 78 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 39, 298); *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 8, 94.]

[2] [For the goddess Pasht, see *Ethics of the Dust*, Vol. XVIII. p. 363.]

enduring words "ὃς ἐμέ τις ὀρέων αὐσεβὴς ἔστω";[1] but the great mimetic instinct underlies all such purpose; and is zooplastic, — life-shaping, — alike in the reverent and the impious.

80. Is, I say, and has been, hitherto; none of us dare say that it will be. I shall have to show you hereafter that the greater part of the technic energy of men, as yet, has indicated a kind of childhood; and that the race becomes, if not more wise, at least more manly,* with every gained century. I can fancy that all this sculpturing and painting of ours may be looked back upon, in some distant time, as a kind of doll-making, and that the words of Sir Isaac Newton[2] may be smiled at no more: only it will not be for stars that we desert our stone dolls, but for men. When the day comes, as come it must, in which we no more deface and defile God's image in living clay, I am not sure that we shall any of us care so much for the images made of Him, in burnt clay.

81. But, hitherto, the energy of growth in any people may be almost directly measured by their passion for imitative art; namely, for sculpture, or for the drama, which is living and speaking sculpture, or, as in Greece, for both; and in national as in actual childhood, it is not merely the *making*, but the *making-believe;* not merely the acting for the sake of the scene, but acting for the sake of acting, that is delightful. And, of the two mimetic arts, the drama, being more passionate, and involving conditions of greater excitement and luxury, is usually in its excellence the sign of culminating strength in the people; while fine sculpture, requiring always submission to severe law, is an

* Glance forward at once to § 75, read it, and return to this.

[1] [See Herodotus, ii. 141, in the account of King Sethos (who defeated Sanacharib): "And at the present time this king stands in the temple of Hephæstus in stone, holding upon his hand a mouse, and by letters inscribed he says these words, 'Let him who looks upon me be reverent.'"]

[2] ["Sir Isaac does not appear to have had much taste for the fine arts. He used to say of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that 'he was a lover of *stone dolls*'" (Brewster's *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*, 1855, vol. ii. p. 411).]

unfailing proof of their being in early and active progress. *There is no instance of fine sculpture being produced by a nation either torpid, weak, or in decadence.* Their drama may gain in grace and wit; but their sculpture, in days of decline, is *always* base.

82. If my little lady in the kitchen had been put in command of colours, as well as of dough, and if the paste would have taken the colours, we may be sure her mice would have been painted brown, and her cats tortoiseshell; and this, partly indeed for the added delight and prettiness of colour itself, but more for the sake of absolute realization to her eyes and mind. Now all the early sculpture of the most accomplished nations has been thus coloured, rudely or finely; and therefore you see at once how necessary it is that we should keep the term "graphic" for imitative art generally; since no separation can at first be made between carving and painting, with reference to the mental powers exerted in, or addressed by, them. In the earliest known art of the world, a reindeer hunt may be scratched in outline on the flat side of a clean-picked bone, and a reindeer's head carved out of the end of it; both these are flint-knife work, and, strictly speaking, sculpture: but the scratched outline is the beginning of drawing, and the carved head of sculpture proper. When the spaces enclosed by the scratched outline are filled with colour, the colouring soon becomes a principal means of effect; so that, in the engraving of an Egyptian-colour bas-relief (S. 101),[1] Rosellini has been content to miss the outlining incisions altogether, and represent it as a painting only. Its proper definition is, "painting accented by sculpture;" on the other hand, in solid coloured statues,—Dresden china figures, for example,—we have pretty sculpture accented by painting; the mental purpose in both kinds of art being to obtain the utmost degree of realization possible, and the ocular impression being the same, whether the delineation is obtained by engraving or painting. For, as I pointed

[1] [Afterwards Reference Series, No. 176: see Vol. XXI. p. 44.]

out to you in my Fifth Lecture,[1] everything is seen by the eye as patches of colour, and of colour only;—a fact which the Greeks knew well; so that when it becomes a question in the dialogue of Minos,[2] "τίνι ὄντι τῇ ὄψει ὁρᾶται τὰ ὁρώμενα," the answer is "αἰσθήσει ταύτῃ τῇ διὰ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν δηλούσῃ ἡμῖν τὰ χρώματα."—"What kind of power is the sight with which we see things? It is that sense which, through the eyes, can reveal *colours* to us."

88. And now observe that, while the graphic arts begin in the mere mimetic effort, they proceed, as they obtain more perfect realization, to act under the influence of a stronger and higher instinct. They begin by scratching the reindeer, the most interesting object of sight. But presently, as the human creature rises in scale of intellect, it proceeds to scratch, not the most interesting object of sight only, but the most interesting object of imagination; not the reindeer, but the Maker and Giver of the reindeer. And the second great condition for the advance of the art of sculpture is that the race should possess, in addition to the mimetic instinct, the realistic or idolizing instinct; the desire to see as substantial the powers that are unseen, and bring near those that are far off, and to possess and cherish those that are strange. To make in some way tangible and visible the nature of the gods—to illustrate and explain it by symbols; to bring the immortals out of the recesses of the clouds, and make them Penates; to bring back the dead from darkness, and make them Lares.

84. Our conception of this tremendous and universal human passion has been altogether narrowed by the current idea that Pagan religious art consisted only, or chiefly, in giving personality to the gods. The personality was never doubted; it was visibility, interpretation, and possession that the hearts of men sought. Possession, first of all—the getting hold of some hewn log of wild olive-wood that would

[1] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 130 (above, p. 121).]

[2] [314 A in Stallbaum's edition of Plato, to whom the dialogue "Minos" is incorrectly attributed.]

fall on its knees if it was pulled from its pedestal—and, afterwards, slowly clearing manifestation; the exactly right expression is used in Lucian's dream,[1]—*Φειδίας ἔδειξε τὸν Δία*; "Showed * Zeus;" manifested him; nay, in a certain sense, brought forth, or created, as you have it, in Anacreon's ode to the Rose, of the birth of Athena herself,—

πολεμόκλονόν τ' Ἀθήνην
κορυφῆς ἐδείκνυε Ζεύς.[2]

But I will translate the passage from Lucian to you at length—it is in every way profitable.

85. "There came to me, in the healing † night, a divine dream, so clear that it missed nothing of the truth itself; yes, and still after all this time, the shapes of what I saw remain in my sight, and the sound of what I heard dwells in my ears"—(note the lovely sense of *ἔναυλος*—the sound being as of a stream passing always by in the same channel)—"so distinct was everything to me. Two women laid hold of my hands and pulled me, each towards herself, so violently, that I had like to have been pulled asunder; and they cried out against one another,—the one, that she resolved to have me to herself, being indeed her own; and the other, that it was vain for her to claim what belonged to others;—and the one who first claimed me for her own was like a hard worker, and had strength as a man's; and her hair was dusty, and her hand full of horny places, and her dress fastened tight about her, and the folds of it loaded

* There is a primary and vulgar sense of "exhibited" in Lucian's mind; but the higher meaning is involved in it.

† In the Greek, "ambrosial." Recollect always that ambrosia, as food of gods, is the continual restorer of strength; that all food is ambrosial when it nourishes, and that the night is called "ambrosial" because it restores strength to the soul through its peace, as, in the 23rd Psalm, the stillness of waters.

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[1] [*The Dream*, 8 (not to be confused with "The Cock and the Cobbler," which is also sometimes called "The Dream"). For another reference to it, see below, § 180 *n.* (p. 329).

[2] [*Anacreontea*, 53. The second line reads *κορυφῆς ἔδειξεν ὁ Ζεύς.*]

with white marble-dust, so that she looked just as my uncle used to look when he was filing stones: but the other was pleasant in features, and delicate in form, and orderly in her dress; and so, in the end, they left it to me to decide, after hearing what they had to say, with which of them I would go; and first the hard-featured and masculine one spoke:—

86. "'Dear child, I am the Art of Image-sculpture, which yesterday you began to learn; and I am as one of your own people, and of your house, for your grandfather' (and she named my mother's father) 'was a stone-cutter; and both your uncles had good name through me: and if you will keep yourself well clear of the sillinesses and fluent follies that come from this creature,' (and she pointed to the other woman,) 'and will follow me, and live with me, first of all, you shall be brought up as a man should be, and have strong shoulders; and, besides that, you shall be kept well quit of all restless desires, and you shall never be obliged to go away into any foreign places, leaving your own country and the people of your house; *neither shall all men praise you for your talk.** And you must not despise this rude serviceableness of my body, neither this meanness of my dusty dress; for, pushing on in their strength from such things as these, that great Phidias revealed Zeus, and Polyclitus wrought out Hera, and Myron was praised, and Praxiteles marvelled at: therefore are these men worshipped with the gods.'"

87. There is a beautiful ambiguity in the use of the preposition with the genitive in this last sentence. "Pushing

* I have italicised this final promise of blessedness, given by the noble Spirit of Workmanship. Compare Carlyle's fifth Latter-day Pamphlet, throughout; but especially pp. 12–14, in the first edition.[1]

[1] [In which edition (1850) each Pamphlet is separately paged. The reference is to the one entitled "Stump-Orator"; the passage in question (p. 155 in the popular edition of 1872) is that which ends with the conclusion that "the Art of Speech is probably definable as the short summary of all the Black Arts put together."]

on from these things" means indeed, justly, that the sculptors rose from a mean state to a noble one; but not as *leaving* the mean state,—not as, from a hard life, attaining to a soft one,—but as being helped and strengthened by the rough life to do what was greatest. Again, "worshipped with the gods" does not mean that they are thought of as in any sense equal to, or like to, the gods, but as being on the side of the gods against what is base and ungodly; and that the kind of worth which is in them is therefore indeed worshipful, as having its source with the gods. Finally, observe that every one of the expressions used of the four sculptors is definitely the best that Lucian could have chosen. Phidias carved like one who had seen Zeus, and had only to *reveal* him; Polyclitus, in labour of intellect, completed his sculpture by just law, and *wrought* out Hera; Myron was of all most *praised*, because he did best what pleased the vulgar; and Praxiteles the most *wondered at*, or admired, because he bestowed utmost exquisiteness of beauty.[1]

88. I am sorry not to go on with the dream: the more refined lady, as you may remember, is liberal or gentlemanly Education, and prevails at last; so that Lucian becomes an author instead of a sculptor, I think to his own regret, though to our present benefit. One more passage of his[2] I must refer you to, as illustrative of the point before us; the description of the temple of the Syrian Hieropolis, where he explains the absence of the images of the sun and moon. "In the temple itself," he says, "on the left hand as one goes in, there is set first the throne of the sun; but no form of him is thereon, for of these two powers alone, the sun and the moon, they show no carved images. And I also learned why this is their law, for they say that it is permissible, indeed, to make of the other gods, graven images, since the forms of them are

[1] [Φειδίας ἔδειξε τὸν Δία καὶ Πολύκλειτος τὴν Ἥραν εἰργάσατο καὶ Μύρων ἐτηρεῖθη καὶ Πραξιτέλης ἐθαυμάσθη.]

[2] [From his tract "On the Syrian Goddess."]

not visible to all men. But Helios and Selenaia are everywhere clear-bright, and all men behold them; what need is there therefore for sculptured work of these, who appear in the air?"

89. This, then, is the second instinct necessary to sculpture; the desire for the manifestation, description, and companionship of unknown powers; and for possession of a bodily substance—the "bronze Strasbourg,"[1] which you can embrace, and hang immortelles on the head of—instead of an abstract idea. But if you get nothing more in the depth of the national mind than these two feelings, the mimetic and idolizing instincts, there may be still no progress possible for the arts except in delicacy of manipulation and accumulative caprice of design. You must have not only the idolizing instinct, but an ἦθος[2] which chooses the right thing to idolize! Else, you will get states of art like those in China or India, non-progressive, and in great part diseased and frightful, being wrought under the influence of foolish terror, or foolish admiration. So that a third condition, completing and confirming both the others,

[1] [From the Paris correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, October 7, 1870: "The following decree has been issued by the Government of National Defence:—

"'THE STATUE OF STRASBURG, CAST IN BRONZE.

"'The Government of National Defence, considering that the noble city of Strasburg, by its heroic resistance to the enemy during a murderous siege of fifty days, has drawn more closely together the indissoluble bonds which unite Alsace to France; considering that, since the commencement of the siege of Strasburg, the national piety of the Parisian population has not ceased to lavish around the image of the capital of Alsace tokens of the most touching patriotism, and of the most ardent gratitude for the great example which Strasburg and the besieged towns of the East have given to France; writing to perpetuate at the same time the memory of the glorious devotion of Strasburg and the towns of the East to the indivisibility of the Republic, and of the generous sentiments of the people of Paris—

"'Decrees: Article 1. The statue of the city of Strasburg, at present situated in the Place de la Concorde, will be cast in bronze, and retained in the same place, with an inscription commemorating the noble deeds of resistance in the Departments of the East.

"'Article 2. The Minister of Public Instruction is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"'Made in Paris, at the Hôtel de Ville, 2nd October, 1870.'"

For a reference to "the tokens lavished" around the statue of Strasbourg, see below, § 44, p. 229.]

[2] [Compare Vol. XIX. pp. 171, 186.]

must exist in order to the development of the creative power.

40. This third condition is that the heart of the nation shall be set on the discovery of just or equal law, and shall be from day to day developing that law more perfectly. The Greek school of sculpture is formed during, and in consequence of, the national effort to discover the nature of justice; the Tuscan, during, and in consequence of, the national effort to discover the nature of justification. I assert to you at present briefly, what will, I hope, be the subject of prolonged illustration hereafter.[1]

41. Now when a nation with mimetic instinct and imaginative longing is also thus occupied earnestly in the discovery of Ethic law, that effort gradually brings precision and truth into all its manual acts; and the physical progress of sculpture, as in the Greek, so in the Tuscan, school, consists in gradually *limiting* what was before indefinite, in *verifying* what was inaccurate, and in *humanizing* what was monstrous. I might perhaps content you by showing these external phenomena, and by dwelling simply on the increasing desire of naturalness, which compels, in every successive decade of years, literally, in the sculptured images, the mimicked bones to come together, bone to his bone; and the flesh to come up upon them, until from a flattened and pinched handful of clay, respecting which you may gravely question whether it was intended for a human form at all;—by slow degrees, and added touch to touch, in increasing consciousness of the bodily truth,—at last the Aphrodite of Melos[2] stands before you, a perfect woman. But all that search for physical accuracy is merely the external operation, in the arts, of the seeking for truth in the inner soul; it is impossible without that higher effort, and the demonstration of it would be worse than useless to you, unless I made you aware at the same time of its spiritual cause.

[1] [See generally the course of lectures entitled *Val d'Arno*.]

[2] [For another reference to this statue, see *Time and Tide*, § 160 (Vol. XVII. p. 448).]

42. Observe farther; the increasing truth in representation is correlative with increasing beauty in the thing to be represented. The pursuit of justice which regulates the imitative effort, regulates also the development of the race into dignity of person, as of mind; and their culminating art-skill attains the grasp of entire truth at the moment when the truth becomes most lovely. And then, ideal sculpture may go on safely into portraiture. But I shall not touch on the subject of portrait sculpture to-day; it introduces many questions of detail, and must be a matter for subsequent consideration.

43. These, then, are the three great passions which are concerned in true sculpture. I cannot find better, or, at least, more easily remembered, names for them than "the Instincts of Mimicry, Idolatry, and Discipline;" meaning, by the last, the desire of equity and wholesome restraint, in all acts and works of life. Now of these, there is no question but that the love of Mimicry is natural and right, and the love of Discipline is natural and right. But it looks a grave question whether the yearning for Idolatry (the desire of companionship with images) is right. Whether, indeed, if such an instinct be essential to good sculpture, the art founded on it can possibly be "fine" art.

44. I must now beg for your close attention, because I have to point out distinctions in modes of conception which will appear trivial to you, unless accurately understood; but of an importance in the history of art which cannot be overrated.

When the populace of Paris adorned the statue of Strasbourg with immortelles, none, even the simplest of the pious decorators, would suppose that the city of Strasbourg itself, or any spirit or ghost of the city, was actually there, sitting in the Place de la Concorde. The figure was delightful to them as a visible nucleus for their fond thoughts about Strasbourg; but never for a moment supposed to *be* Strasbourg.

Similarly, they might have taken delight in a statue

purporting to represent a river instead of a city,—the Rhine, or Garonne, suppose,—and have been touched with strong emotion in looking at it, if the real river were dear to them, and yet never think for an instant that the statue *was* the river.

And yet again, similarly, but much more distinctly, they might take delight in the beautiful image of a god, because it gathered and perpetuated their thoughts about that god; and yet never suppose, nor be capable of being deceived by any arguments into supposing, that the statue *was* the god.

On the other hand, if a meteoric stone fell from the sky in the sight of a savage, and he picked it up hot, he would most probably lay it aside in some, to him, sacred place, and believe the *stone itself* to be a kind of god, and offer prayer and sacrifice to it.

In like manner, any other strange or terrifying object, such, for instance, as a powerfully noxious animal or plant, he would be apt to regard in the same way; and very possibly also construct for himself frightful idols of some kind, calculated to produce upon him a vague impression of their being alive; whose imaginary anger he might deprecate or avert with sacrifice, although incapable of conceiving in them any one attribute of exalted intellectual or moral nature.

45. If you will now refer to §§ 52–59 of my Introductory Lectures,[1] you will find this distinction between a resolute conception, recognized for such, and an involuntary apprehension of spiritual existence, already insisted on at some length. And you will see more and more clearly as we proceed, that the deliberate and intellectually commanded conception is not idolatrous in any evil sense whatever, but is one of the grandest and wholesomest functions of the human soul; and that the essence of evil idolatry begins only in the idea or belief of a real presence of any kind, in a thing in which there is no such presence.

[1] [Above, pp. 60 *seq.*]

46. I need not say that the harm of the idolatry must depend on the certainty of the negative. If there be a real presence in a pillar of cloud, in an unconsuming flame, or in a still small voice, it is no sin to bow down before these.[1]

But, as matter of historical fact, the idea of such presence has generally been both ignoble and false, and confined to nations of inferior race, who are often condemned to remain for ages in conditions of vile terror, destitute of thought. Nearly all Indian architecture and Chinese design arise out of such a state: so also, though in a less gross degree, Ninevite and Phœnician art, early Irish, and Scandinavian; the latter, however, with vital elements of high intellect mingled in it from the first.

But the greatest races are never grossly subject to such terror, even in their childhood, and the course of their minds is broadly divisible into three distinct stages.

47. (I.) In their infancy they begin to imitate the real animals about them, as my little girl made the cats and mice, but with an undercurrent of partial superstition—a sense that there must be more in the creatures than they can see; also they catch up vividly any of the fancies of the baser nations round them, and repeat these more or less apishly, yet rapidly naturalizing and beautifying them. They then connect all kinds of shapes together, compounding meanings out of the old chimeras, and inventing new ones with the speed of a running wildfire; but always getting more of man into their images, and admitting less of monster or brute; their own characters, meanwhile, expanding and purging themselves, and shaking off the feverish fancy, as springing flowers shake the earth off their stalks.

48. (II.) In the second stage, being now themselves perfect men and women, they reach the conception of true and great gods as existent in the universe; and absolutely

[1] [Exodus xxxiii. 9, iii. 2; 1 Kings xix. 2.]

cease to think of them as in any wise present in statues or images; but they have now learned to make these statues beautifully human, and to surround them with attributes that may concentrate their thoughts of the gods. This is, in Greece, accurately the Pindaric time, just a little preceding the Phidian; the Phidian is already dimmed with a faint shadow of infidelity; still, the Olympic Zeus[1] may be taken as a sufficiently central type of a statue which was no more supposed to *be* Zeus, than the gold or elephants' tusks it was made of; but in which the most splendid powers of human art were exhausted in representing a believed and honoured God to the happy and holy imagination of a sincerely religious people.[2]

49. (III.) The third stage of national existence follows, in which, the imagination having now done its utmost, and being partly restrained by the sanctities of tradition, which permit no farther change in the conceptions previously created, begins to be superseded by logical deduction and scientific investigation. At the same moment, the elder artists having done all that is possible in realizing the national conceptions of the gods, the younger ones, forbidden to change the scheme of existing representations, and incapable of doing anything better in that kind, betake themselves to refine and decorate the old ideas with more attractive skill. Their aims are thus more and more limited to manual dexterity, and their fancy paralyzed. Also in the course of centuries, the methods of every art continually improving, and being made subjects of popular inquiry, praise is now to be got, for eminence in these, from the whole mob of the nation; whereas intellectual design can never be discerned but by the few. So that in this third æra we find every kind of imitative and vulgar dexterity

[1] [For another reference to the celebrated chryselephantine statue of Zeus by Phidias at Olympia, see below, p. 299.]

[2] [A collection of passages in this sense from ancient literature may be read in W. C. Perry's *Greek and Roman Sculpture*, ch. xviii. ("Pheidias in Olympia"). Such work, says Quintilian, "added new power to the established faith, so nearly did its grandeur approach to the majesty of the Gods themselves."]

more and more cultivated; while design and imagination are every day less cared for, and less possible.

50. Meanwhile, as I have just said, the leading minds in literature and science become continually more logical and investigative; and once that they are established in the habit of testing facts accurately, a very few years are enough to convince all the strongest thinkers that the old imaginative religion is untenable, and cannot any longer be honestly taught in its fixed traditional form, except by ignorant persons. And at this point the fate of the people absolutely depends on the degree of moral strength into which their hearts have been already trained. If it be a strong, industrious, chaste, and honest race, the taking its old gods, or at least the old forms of them, away from it, will indeed make it deeply sorrowful and amazed; but will in no whit shake its will, nor alter its practice. Exceptional persons, naturally disposed to become drunkards, harlots, and cheats, but who had been previously restrained from indulging these dispositions by their fear of God, will, of course, break out into open vice, when that fear is removed. But the heads of the families of the people, instructed in the pure habits and perfect delights of an honest life, and to whom the thought of a Father in heaven had been a comfort, not a restraint, will assuredly not seek relief from the discomfort of their orphanage by becoming uncharitable and vile. Also the high leaders of their thought gather their whole strength together in the gloom; and at the first entrance to this Valley of the Shadow of Death, look their new enemy full in the eyeless face of him, and subdue him, and his terror, under their feet. "Metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum, . . . strepitumque Acherontis avari."[1] This is the condition of national soul expressed by the art, and the words, of Holbein, Dürer, Shakespeare, Pope, and Goethe.[2]

[1] [Virgil: *Georgics*, ii. 491, 492.]

[2] [For Holbein and Dürer in this connexion, see *Lectures on Art*, § 149 (above, p. 140), Vol. V. p. 131 and Vol. XIV. p. 341; for Shakespeare, Vol. VII. p. 295; for Pope, *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 46.]

51. But if the people, at the moment when the trial of darkness approaches, be not confirmed in moral character, but are only maintaining a superficial virtue by the aid of a spectral religion; the moment the staff of their faith is broken, the character of the race falls like a climbing plant cut from its hold: then all the earthliest vices attack it as it lies in the dust; every form of sensual and insane sin is developed; and half a century is sometimes enough to close in hopeless shame the career of the nation in literature, art, and war.

52. Notably, within the last hundred years, all religion has perished from the practically active national mind of France and England. No statesman in the senate of either country would dare to use a sentence out of their acceptedly divine Revelation, as having now a literal authority over them for their guidance, or even a suggestive wisdom for their contemplation.[1] England, especially, has cast her Bible full in the face of her former God;[2] and proclaimed, with open challenge to Him, her resolved worship of His declared enemy, Mammon. All the arts, therefore, founded on religion and sculpture chiefly, are here in England effete and corrupt, to a degree which arts never were hitherto in the history of mankind; and it is possible to show you the condition of sculpture living, and sculpture dead, in accurate opposition, by simply comparing the nascent Pisan school in Italy with the existing school in England.

53. You were perhaps surprised at my placing in your educational series, as a type of original Italian sculpture, the pulpit by Niccola Pisano in the Duomo of Siena.[3] I would rather, had it been possible, have given the pulpit by Giovanni Pisano in the Duomo of Pisa; but that pulpit is dispersed in fragments through the upper galleries of the

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 119 (Vol. XII. p. 142), and for other such references, Vol. XVII. p. 75 *n.*]

[2] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 40 (Notes and Correspondence).]

[3] [In the ultimate arrangement, Educational Series, No. 151 (Vol. XXI. p. 88).]

Duomo, and the cloister of the Campo Santo; and the casts of its fragments now put together at Kensington are too coarse to be of use to you.[1] You may partly judge, however, of the method of their execution by the eagle's head, which I have sketched from the marble in the Campo Santo (Edu., No. 118), and the lioness with her cubs (Edu., No. 108,[2] more carefully studied at Siena); and I will get you other illustrations in due time. Meanwhile, I want you to compare the main purpose of the Cathedral of Pisa, and its associated Bell Tower, Baptistery, and Holy Field, with the main purpose of the principal building lately raised for the people of London. In these days, we indeed desire no cathedrals; but we have constructed an enormous and costly edifice, which, in claiming educational influence over the whole London populace, and middle class, is verily the Metropolitan cathedral of this century,—the Crystal Palace.

54. It was proclaimed, at its erection, an example of a newly discovered style of architecture, greater than any hitherto known,—our best popular writers, in their enthusiasm, describing it as an edifice of Fairyland.[3] You are nevertheless to observe that this novel production of fairy enchantment is destitute of every kind of sculpture, except the bosses produced by the heads of nails and rivets; while the Duomo of Pisa, in the wreathen work of its doors, in the foliage of its capitals, inlaid colour designs of its façade, embossed panels of its Baptistery font, and figure sculpture of its two pulpits,[4] contained the germ of a school of sculpture which was to maintain, through a subsequent period

[1] [The pulpit in the Duomo of Pisa, once the masterpiece of Giovanni Pisano, was damaged in the fire of 1596, and has been poorly restored. Some of its original panels are now in the Museo Civico. The reproduction of the pulpit from casts taken in 1864 and 1865 is in the Architectural Court at the Victoria and Albert (South Kensington) Museum.]

[2] [In the ultimate arrangement, Nos. 163 and 153 (Vol. XXI. pp. 88, 89). The lioness is shown on Plate D (below, p. 363).]

[3] [For this reference to Dickens, see *Ethics of the Dust*, § 32 (Vol. XVIII. p. 243 *n.*).]

[4] [*i.e.*, the pulpit by Giovanni Pisano, mentioned above, and that by Niccolo Pisano in the Baptistery (of which there is a Plate in *Val d'Arno*).]

of four hundred years, the greatest power yet reached by the arts of the world, in description of Form, and expression of Thought.

55. Now it is easy to show you the essential cause of the vast discrepancy in the character of these two buildings.

In the vault of the apse of the Duomo of Pisa was a colossal image of Christ, in coloured mosaic,[1] bearing to the temple, as nearly as possible, the relation which the statue of Athena bore to the Parthenon; and in the same manner, concentrating the imagination of the Pisan on the attributes of the God in whom he believed.

In precisely the same position with respect to the nave of the building, but of larger size, as proportioned to the three or four times greater scale of the whole, a colossal piece of sculpture was placed by English designers, at the extremity of the Crystal Palace, in preparation for their solemnities in honour of the birthday of Christ, in December 1867 or 1868.

That piece of sculpture was the face of the clown in a pantomime, some twelve feet high from brow to chin, which face, being moved by the mechanism which is our pride, every half-minute opened its mouth from ear to ear, showed its teeth, and revolved its eyes, the force of these periodical seasons of expression being increased and explained

[1] [The interior of the Duomo at Pisa had made a strong impression on Ruskin when he saw it in 1845. He attended service there on the occasion of the festival of St. Raniero, and thus describes it in a letter to his father (May 22):—

> "You recollect the cathedral; you know it is very dark, and that there are forty massy columns of granite up the nave, but perhaps you forget that at the end of it over the altar there is an enormous mosaic of Christ, at least sixty feet high, designed by Buffalmacco on a gold ground; perhaps also you forget that the windows, though small, are filled with painted glass of the most splendid kind. Under the mosaic at the high altar there were lighted two great equilateral solid pyramids of candles: ten candles each side, consisting, therefore, of fifty-five candles each. Between them a diamond of thirty-six candles, and above a confused mass of about thirty more. It threw the mosaic almost into candlelight, but at the west end twenty-one narrow windows above the bronze doors were lighted by the afternoon sun right through, burning in all their colours, a fiery jewellery. . . . I saw nothing at Rome comparable to it."

The design of the mosaic of Christ, here attributed by Ruskin to Cristofani Buonamico (1262–1351), nicknamed Buffalmacco, is by others assigned to Cimabue.]

by the illuminated inscription underneath, "Here we are again."[1]

56. When it is assumed, and with too good reason, that the mind of the English populace is to be addressed, in the principal Sacred Festival of its year, by sculpture such as this, I need scarcely point out to you that the hope is absolutely futile of advancing their intelligence by collecting within this building (itself devoid absolutely of every kind of art, and so vilely constructed that those who traverse it are continually in danger of falling over the cross-bars that bind it together,) examples of sculpture filched indiscriminately from the past work, bad and good, of Turks, Greeks, Romans, Moors, and Christians, miscoloured, misplaced, and misinterpreted;* here thrust into unseemly corners, and there morticed together into mere confusion of heterogeneous obstacle; pronouncing itself hourly more intolerable in weariness, until any kind of relief is sought from it in steam wheelbarrows or cheap toyshops; and most of all in beer and meat, the corks and the bones being dropped through the chinks in the damp deal flooring of the English Fairy Palace.[2]

57. But you will probably think me unjust in assuming that a building prepared only for the amusement of the people can typically represent the architecture or sculpture of modern England. You may urge that I ought rather to describe the qualities of the refined sculpture which is executed in large quantities for private persons belonging

* "Falsely represented," would be the better expression. In the cast of the tomb of Queen Eleanor, for a single instance, the Gothic foliage, of which one essential virtue is its change over every shield, is represented by a repetition of casts from one mould, of which the design itself is entirely conjectural.[3]

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[1] [Compare the lecture on "Modern Art," § 25 (Vol. XIX. p. 217). The true date, as there appears, was Christmas, 1866.]

[2] [Here, again, compare "Modern Art" (*ibid.*, p. 218).]

[3] [A cast of a portion of the tomb of Queen Eleanor of Castile is in the Ruskin Drawing School, and a drawing by Ruskin of the shield is in the Rudimentary Series, No. 11 (Vol. XXI. p. 174). The tomb is described and illustrated at p. 66 of the *Popular Guide to Westminster Abbey* (published by the *Pall Mall Gazette*).]

to the upper classes, and for sepulchral and memorial purposes. But I could not now criticise that sculpture with any power of conviction to you, because I have not yet stated to you the principles of good sculpture in general. I will, however, in some points, tell you the facts by anticipation.

58. We have much excellent portrait sculpture; but portrait sculpture, which is nothing more, is always third-rate work, even when produced by men of genius;—nor does it in the least require men of genius to produce it. To paint a portrait, indeed, implies the very highest gifts of painting; but any man, of ordinary patience and artistic feeling, can carve a satisfactory bust.

59. Of our powers in historical sculpture, I am, without question, just, in taking for sufficient evidence the monuments we have erected to our two greatest heroes by sea and land; namely, the Nelson Column, and the statue of the Duke of Wellington opposite Apsley House.[1] Nor will you, I hope, think me severe,—certainly, whatever you may think me, I am using only the most temperate language, in saying of both these monuments, that they are absolutely devoid of high sculptural merit. But consider how much is involved in the fact thus dispassionately stated, respecting the two monuments in the principal places of our capital, to our two greatest heroes.

60. Remember that we have before our eyes, as subjects of perpetual study and thought, the art of all the world for three thousand years past; especially, we have the best sculpture of Greece, for example of bodily perfection; the best of Rome, for example of character in portraiture; the best of Florence, for example of romantic passion; we have unlimited access to books and other sources of instruction; we have the most perfect scientific illustrations of anatomy, both human and comparative; and we have bribes for the

[1] [For other references to the Nelson Column, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. pp. 112, 258, 261), and *St. Mark's Rest*, § 2; for the Wellington Statue, Vol. IX. p. 308.]

reward of success, large in the proportion of at least twenty to one, as compared with those offered to the artists of any other period. And with all these advantages, and the stimulus also of fame carried instantly by the press to the remotest corners of Europe, the best efforts we can make, on the grandest of occasions, result in work which it is impossible in any one particular to praise.

Now consider for yourselves what an intensity of the negation of the faculty of sculpture this implies in the national mind! What measure can be assigned to the gulf of incapacity, which can deliberately swallow up in the gorge of it the teaching and example of three thousand years, and produce, as the result of that instruction, what it is courteous to call "nothing"?

61. That is the conclusion at which we arrive on the evidence presented by our historical sculpture. To complete the measure of ourselves, we must endeavour to estimate the rank of the two opposite schools of sculpture employed by us in the nominal service of religion, and in the actual service of vice.

I am aware of no statue of Christ, nor of any apostle of Christ, nor of any scene related in the New Testament, produced by us within the last three hundred years, which has possessed even superficial merit enough to attract public attention.

Whereas the steadily immoral effect of the formative art which we learn, more or less apishly, from the French schools, and employ, but too gladly, in manufacturing articles for the amusement of the luxurious classes, must be ranked as one of the chief instruments used by joyful fiends and angry fates for the ruin of our civilization.

If, after I have set before you the nature and principles of true sculpture, in Athens, Pisa, and Florence, you consider these facts,—(which you will then at once recognize as such),—you will find that they absolutely justify my assertion[1] that the state of sculpture in modern England,

[1] [See above, § 52.]

as compared with that of the great Ancients, is literally one of corrupt and dishonourable death, as opposed to bright and fameful life.

62. And now, will you bear with me while I tell you finally why this is so?

The cause with which you are personally concerned is your own frivolity; though essentially this is not your fault, but that of the system of your early training. But the fact remains the same, that here, in Oxford, you, a chosen body of English youth, in nowise care for the history of your country, for its present dangers, or its present duties. You still, like children of seven or eight years old, are interested only in bats, balls, and oars:[1] nay, including with you the students of Germany and France, it is certain that the general body of modern European youth have their minds occupied more seriously by the sculpture and painting of the bowls of their tobacco-pipes, than by all the divinest workmanship and passionate imagination of Greece, Rome, and Mediæval Christendom.

63. But the elementary causes, both of this frivolity in you, and of worse than frivolity in older persons, are the two forms of deadly Idolatry which are now all but universal in England.

The first of these is the worship of the Eidolon, or Phantasm of Wealth; worship of which you will find the nature partly examined in the thirty-seventh paragraph of my *Munera Pulveris*;[2] but which is briefly to be defined as the servile apprehension of an active power in Money, and the submission to it as the God of our life.

64. The second elementary cause of the loss of our nobly imaginative faculty, is the worship of the Letter, instead of the Spirit, in what we chiefly accept as the ordinance and teaching of Deity; and the apprehension of a healing sacredness in the act of reading the Book whose primal commands we refuse to obey.

[1] [For other references by Ruskin to the athletic craze, see Vol. VII. p. 341 n.]
[2] [Vol. XVII. p. 168.]

No feather idol of Polynesia was ever a sign of a more shameful idolatry than the modern notion in the minds of certainly the majority of English religious persons, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were of old, and the earth, standing out of the water and in the water,[1]—the Word of God which came to the prophets, and comes still for ever to all who will hear it (and to many who will forbear); and which, called Faithful and True, is to lead forth, in the judgment, the armies of heaven,—that this "Word of God" may yet be bound at our pleasure in morocco,[2] and carried about in a young lady's pocket, with tasselled ribands to mark the passages she most approves of.

65. Gentlemen, there has hitherto been seen no instance, and England is little likely to give the unexampled spectacle, of a country successful in the noble arts, yet in which the youths were frivolous, the maidens falsely religious; the men, slaves of money, and the matrons, of vanity. Not from all the marble of the hills of Luini will such a people ever shape one statue that may stand nobly against the sky; not from all the treasures bequeathed to them by the great dead, will they gather, for their own descendants, any inheritance but shame.

[1] [2 Peter iii. 5; and for the following Bible references, see Ezekiel ii. 5, 7; Revelation xix. 11.]

[2] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 17 (Vol. XVIII. p. 67).]

LECTURE III

IMAGINATION

November, 1870

66. THE principal object of the preceding Lecture, (and I choose rather to incur your blame for tediousness in repeating, than for obscurity in defining it,) was to enforce the distinction between the ignoble and false phase of Idolatry, which consists in the attribution of a spiritual power to a material thing; and the noble and truth-seeking phase of it, to which I shall in these Lectures * give the general term of Imagination;—that is to say, the invention of material symbols which may lead us to contemplate the character and nature of gods, spirits, or abstract virtues and powers, without in the least implying the actual presence of such Beings among us, or even their possession, in reality, of the forms we attribute to them.

67. For instance, in the ordinarily received Greek type of Athena, on vases of the Phidian time, (sufficiently represented in the opposite woodcut,[1]) no Greek would have supposed the vase on which this was painted to be itself

* I shall be obliged in future Lectures, as hitherto in my other writings,[2] to use the terms Idolatry and Imagination in a more comprehensive sense; but here I use them for convenience' sake, limitedly, to avoid the continual occurrence of the terms noble and ignoble, or false and true, with reference to modes of conception.

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[1] [Plate IV. From a red-figure amphora in the British Museum (E. 268): the design is referred to in *Lectures on Art*, § 153 (above, p. 145). Ruskin had copies of this woodcut printed separately for purchase in connexion with *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 78, where he compares the arrangement of the hair with that of the Etruscan-Leucothea—one of his four "Lesson Photographs."]

[2] [See, for instance, in the case of "Idolatry," *Lectures on Art*, § 59 (above, p. 66), and *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. Appendix 10 (Vol. X. p. 451); and for Ruskin's wide sense of "Imagination," see the author's note in his index to *Fors Clavigera* and *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. *passim*.]

A Burgess sc.

The Greek Type of Athena

A. Burgess sc.

Triptolemus in his Car

Athena, nor to contain Athena inside of it, as the Arabian fisherman's casket contained the genie;[1] neither did he think that this rude black painting, done at speed as the potter's fancy urged his hand, represented anything like the form or aspect of the goddess herself. Nor would he have thought so, even had the image been ever so beautifully wrought. The goddess might, indeed, visibly appear under the form of an armed virgin, as she might under that of a hawk or a swallow, when it pleased her to give such manifestation of her presence; but it did not, therefore, follow that she was constantly invested with any of these forms, or that the best which human skill could, even by her own aid, picture of her, was, indeed, a likeness of her. The real use, at all events, of this rude image, was only to signify to the eye and heart the facts of the existence, in some manner, of a Spirit of wisdom, perfect in gentleness, irresistible in anger; having also physical dominion over the air which is the life and breath of all creatures, and clothed, to human eyes, with ægis of fiery cloud, and raiment of falling dew.

68. In the yet more abstract conception of the Spirit of Agriculture,[2] in which the wings of the chariot represent the winds of Spring, and its crested dragons are originally a mere type of the seed with its twisted root piercing the ground, and sharp-edged leaves rising above it, we are in still less danger of mistaking the symbol for the presumed form of an actual Person. But I must, with persistence, beg of you to observe that in all the noble actions of imagination in this kind, the distinction from idolatry consists, not in the denial of the being, or presence, of the Spirit, but only in the due recognition of our human incapacity to conceive the one, or compel the other.

69. Farther—and for this statement I claim your attention still more earnestly. As no nation has ever attained

[1] [Compare Vol. XVI. p. 224.]

[2] [Plate V.; engraved from Lenormant and De Witte, vol. iii. Plate 62. Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 11 (Vol. XIX. p. 304).]

real greatness during periods in which it was subject to any condition of Idolatry, so no nation has ever attained or persevered in greatness, except in reaching and maintaining a passionate Imagination of a spiritual estate higher than that of men; and of spiritual creatures nobler than men, having a quite real and personal existence, however imperfectly apprehended by us.

And all the arts of the present age deserving to be included under the name of sculpture have been degraded by us, and all principles of just policy have vanished from us,—and that totally,—for this double reason; that we are, on one side, given up to idolatries of the most servile kind, as I showed you in the close of the last Lecture,[1]—while, on the other hand, we have absolutely ceased from the exercise of faithful imagination; and the only remnants of the desire of truth which remain in us have been corrupted into a prurient itch to discover the origin of life in the nature of the dust, and prove that the source of the order of the universe is the accidental concurrence of its atoms.

70. Under these two calamities of our time, the art of sculpture has perished more totally than any other, because the object of that art is exclusively the representation of form as the exponent of life. It is essentially concerned only with the human form, which is the exponent of the highest life we know; and with all subordinate forms only as they exhibit conditions of vital power which have some certain relation to humanity. It deals with the "particula undique desecta"[2] of the animal nature, and itself contemplates, and brings forward for its disciples' contemplation, all the energies of creation which transform the πηλός, or, lower still, the βόρβορος of the *trivia*,[3] by Athena's help, into

[1] [§§ 63–64, p. 240.]

[2] [Horace: *Odes*, i. 16, 14, in an account of the legend of Prometheus—"forced, they say, to add to his prime clay *some part cut off from every animal.*"]

[3] [The mud and dung of the cross-ways: see Lucian's "Prometheus es in verbis," ch. i.]

forms of power;—(τὸ μὲν ὅλον ἀρχιτέκτων αὐτὸς ἦν· συνειργάζετο δέ τι καὶ ἡ Ἀθήνα ἐμπνέουσα τὸν πηλὸν καὶ ἔμψυχα ποιοῦσα εἶναι τὰ πλάσματα;)*—but it has nothing whatever to do with the representation of forms not living, however beautiful (as of clouds or waves); nor may it condescend to use its perfect skill, except in expressing the noblest conditions of life.

These laws of sculpture, being wholly contrary to the practice of our day, I cannot expect you to accept on my assertion, nor do I wish you to do so. By placing definitely good and bad sculpture before you, I do not doubt but that I shall gradually prove to you the nature of all excelling and enduring qualities; but to-day I will only confirm my assertions by laying before you the statement of the Greeks themselves on the subject; given in their own noblest time, and assuredly authoritative, in every point which it embraces, for all time to come.

71. If any of you have looked at the explanation I have given of the myth of Athena in my *Queen of the Air*, you cannot but have been surprised that I took scarcely any note of the story of her birth.[1] I did not, because that story is connected intimately with the Apolline myths; and is told of Athena, not essentially as the goddess of the air, but as the goddess of Art-Wisdom.

You have probably often smiled at the legend itself, or avoided thinking of it, as revolting. It is, indeed, one of the most painful and childish of sacred myths; yet remember, ludicrous and ugly as it seems to us, this story satisfied the fancy of the Athenian people in their highest state; and if it did not satisfy, yet it was accepted by, all later mythologists: you may also remember I told you[2] to be prepared

* "And in sum, he himself (Prometheus) was the master-maker, and Athena worked together with him, breathing into the clay, and caused the moulded things to have soul (psyche) in them."—LUCIAN, *Prometheus*.[3]

[1] [See the passing allusion in § 41 (Vol. XIX. p. 342).]
[2] [See, again, "Prometheus es in verbis," ch. iii.]
[3] [See above, *Lectures on Art*, §§ 19, 152 (above, pp. 33, 144).]

always to find that, given a certain degree of national intellect, the ruder the symbol, the deeper would be its purpose. And this legend of the birth of Athena is the central myth of all that the Greeks have left us respecting the power of their arts; and in it they have expressed, as it seemed good to them, the most important things they had to tell us on these matters. We may read them wrongly; but we must read them here, if anywhere.

72. There are so many threads to be gathered up in the legend, that I cannot hope to put it before you in total clearness, but I will take main points. Athena is born in the island of Rhodes; and that island is raised out of the sea by Apollo, after he had been left without inheritance among the gods. Zeus* would have cast the lot again, but Apollo orders the golden-girdled Lachesis to stretch out her hands; and not now by chance or lot, but by noble enchantment, the island rises out of the sea.

Physically, this represents the action of heat and light on chaos, especially on the deep sea. It is the "Fiat lux" of Genesis,[1] the first process in the conquest of Fate by Harmony. The island is dedicated to the nymph Rhodos, by whom Apollo has the seven sons who teach σοφώτατα νοήματα;[2] because the rose is the most beautiful organism existing in matter not vital, expressive of the direct action of light on the earth,[3] giving lovely form and colour at once, (compare the use of it by Dante, as the form of the sainted crowd in highest heaven);[4] and remember that, therefore, the rose is, in the Greek mind, essentially a Doric flower, expressing the worship of Light, as the Iris

* His relations with the two great Titans, Themis and Mnemosyne, belong to another group of myths. The father of Athena is the lower and nearer physical Zeus, from whom Metis, the mother of Athena, long withdraws and disguises herself.

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[1] [For "Fiat lux" (Genesis i. 3), see *Eagle's Nest*, § 99.]
[2] [Pindar: *Olymp.* vii. 72.]
[3] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 62).]
[4] [*Paradiso*, xxx., xxxi.: see Vol. V. p. 272, where also the passage is referred to.]

or Ion is an Ionic one, expressing the worship of the Winds and Dew.[1]

73. To understand the agency of Hephæstus at the birth of Athena, we must again return to the founding of the arts on agriculture by the hand. Before you can cultivate land, you must clear it; and the characteristic weapon of Hephæstus,—which is as much his attribute as the trident is of Poseidon, and the rhabdos of Hermes, is not, as you would have expected, the hammer, but the clearing-axe—the double-edged πέλεκυς, the same that Calypso gives Ulysses with which to cut down the trees for his home voyage;[2] so that both the naval and agricultural strength of the Athenians are expressed by this weapon, with which they had to hew out their fortune. And you must keep in mind this agriculturally laborious character of Hephæstus,[3] even when he is most distinctly the god of serviceable fire; thus Horace's perfect epithet for him, "avidus," expresses at once the devouring eagerness of fire, and the zeal of progressive labour, for Horace gives it to him when he is fighting against the giants.[4] And this rude symbol of his cleaving the forehead of Zeus with the axe, and giving birth to Athena, signifies indeed, physically, the thrilling power of heat in the heavens, rending the clouds, and giving birth to the blue air; but far more deeply it signifies the subduing of adverse Fate by true labour; until, out of the chasm, cleft by resolute and industrious fortitude, springs the Spirit of Wisdom.

74. Here (Fig. 8)[5] is an early drawing of the myth, to which I shall have to refer afterwards[6] in illustration of the childishness of the Greek mind at the time when its art-symbols were first fixed; but it is of peculiar value,

[1] [Compare "Notes on the Educational Series," Vol. XXI. p. 113.]
[2] [*Odyssey*, v. 234.]
[3] [Compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, Vol. XIX. p. 65.]
[4] [*Odes*, iii. 4, 58.]
[5] [From the exterior of a black-figure Kylix, signed by Phrynos, in the British Museum (B. 424). The woodcut was made from the drawing in Lenormant and De Witte, vol. i. Plate 56.]
[6] [Compare p. 405, below.]

because the physical character of Vulcan, as fire, is indicated by his wearing the ἐνδρομίδες of Hermes, while the antagonism of Zeus, as the adverse chaos, either of cloud or of fate, is shown by his striking at Hephæstus with his thunderbolt. But Plate VI. gives you (as far as the light on the rounded vase will allow it to be deciphered)[1] a characteristic representation of the scene, as conceived in later art.

75. I told you in a former Lecture of this course* that

Fig. 8

the entire Greek intellect was in a childish phase as compared to that of modern times. Observe, however, childishness does not necessarily imply universal inferiority: there may be a vigorous, acute, pure, and solemn childhood, and there may be a weak, foul, and ridiculous condition of advanced life; but the one is still essentially the childish, and the other the adult phase of existence.

76. You will find, then, that the Greeks were the first people that were born into complete humanity. All nations before them had been, and all around them still were, partly savage, bestial, clay-encumbered, inhuman; still semi-goat,

* *Ante*, § 30 [p. 221].

[1] [The plate is from a drawing in Lenormant and De Witte (vol. i. Plate 65 A): see above, Preface, p. 194 *n*. The design is that on "the Callias Vase" in the British Museum (B. 147: see E. T. Cook's *Handbook*, p. 320).]

VI

H. S. Uhlrich, Sc.

The Nativity of Athena

or semi-ant, or semi-stone, or semi-cloud. But the power of a new spirit came upon the Greeks, and the stones were filled with breath, and the clouds clothed with flesh; and then came the great spiritual battle between the Centaurs and Lapithæ; and the living creatures became "Children of Men." Taught, yet by the Centaur—sown, as they knew, in the fang—from the dappled skin of the brute, from the leprous scale of the serpent, their flesh came again as the flesh of a little child, and they were clean.

Fix your mind on this as the very central character of the Greek race—the being born pure and human out of the brutal misery of the past, and looking abroad, for the first time, with their children's eyes, wonderingly open, on the strange and divine world.

77. Make some effort to remember, so far as may be possible to you, either what you felt in yourselves when you were young, or what you have observed in other children, of the action of thought and fancy. Children are continually represented as living in an ideal world of their own. So far as I have myself observed, the distinctive character of a child is to live always in the tangible present, having little pleasure in memory, and being utterly impatient and tormented by anticipation: weak alike in reflection and forethought, but having an intense possession of the actual present, down to the shortest moments and least objects of it; possessing it, indeed, so intensely that the sweet childish days are as long as twenty days will be; and setting all the faculties of heart and imagination on little things, so as to be able to make anything out of them he chooses. Confined to a little garden, he does not imagine himself somewhere else, but makes a great garden out of that;[1] possessed of an acorn-cup, he will not despise it and throw it away, and covet a golden one in its stead: it is the adult who does so. The child keeps his acorn-cup as a treasure, and makes a golden one out

[1] [Compare Ruskin's account of his own childhood and the Herne Hill garden: *Præterita*, i. § 39.]

of it in his mind; so that the wondering grown-up person standing beside him is always tempted to ask concerning his treasures, not, "What would you have more than these?" but "What possibly can you see *in* these?" for, to the bystander, there is a ludicrous and incomprehensible inconsistency between the child's words and the reality. The little thing tells him gravely, holding up the acorn-cup, that "this is a queen's crown," or "a fairy's boat," and, with beautiful effrontery, expects him to believe the same. But observe—the acorn-cup must be *there*, and in his own hand. "Give it me; then I will make more of it for myself." That is the child's one word, always.

78. It is also the one word of the Greek—"Give it me." Give me *any* thing definite here in my sight, then I will make more of it.

I cannot easily express to you how strange it seems to me that I am obliged, here in Oxford, to take the position of an apologist for Greek art;[1] that I find, in spite of all the devotion of the admirable scholars who have so long maintained in our public schools the authority of Greek literature, our younger students take no interest in the manual work of the people upon whose thoughts the tone of their early intellectual life has exclusively depended. But I am not surprised that the interest, if awakened, should not at first take the form of admiration. The inconsistency between an Homeric description of a piece of furniture or armour, and the actual rudeness of any piece of art approximating, within even three or four centuries, to the Homeric period, is so great, that we at first cannot recognize the art as elucidatory of, or in any way related to, the poetic language.[2]

79. You will find, however, exactly the same kind of discrepancy between early sculpture, and the languages of deed and thought, in the second birth, and childhood, of

[1] [Ruskin, as we have seen, was a pioneer in advocating the association of Archæology with the other studies of the University: see Vol. XVI. p. lxviii.]

[2] [Compare "Verona and its Rivers," § 12 (Vol. XIX. p. 436).]

the world, under Christianity. The same fair thoughts and bright imaginations arise again; and, similarly, the fancy is content with the rudest symbols by which they can be formalized to the eyes. You cannot understand that the rigid figure [Plate IV.] with chequers or spots on its breast, and sharp lines of drapery to its feet, could represent, to the Greek, the healing majesty of heaven: but can you any better understand how a symbol so haggard as this (Fig. 9),[1] could represent to the noblest hearts of the Christian ages the power and ministration of angels? Yet it not only did so, but retained in the rude undulatory and linear ornamentation of its dress, record of the thoughts intended to be conveyed by the spotted ægis and falling chiton of Athena, eighteen hundred years before. Greek and Venetian alike, in their noble childhood, knew with the same terror the coiling wind and congealed hail in heaven—saw with the same thankfulness the dew shed softly on the earth, and on its flowers; and both recognized, ruling these, and symbolized by them, the great helpful spirit of Wisdom, which leads the children of men to all knowledge, all courage, and all art.

Fig. 9

80. Read the inscription written on the sarcophagus (Plate VII.), at the extremity of which this angel is sculptured. It stands in an open recess in the rude brick wall of the west front of the church of St. John and Paul at

[1] [From the sarcophagus described in the next section.]

Venice, being the tomb of the two doges, father and son, Jacopo and Lorenzo Tiepolo.[1] This is the inscription:—

"Quos natura pares studiis, virtutibus, arte
Edidit, illustres genitor natusque, sepulti
Hâc sub rupe Duces. Venetum charissima proles
Theupula collatis dedit hos celebranda triumphis.
Omnia presentis donavit predia templi
Dux Jacobus: valido fixit moderamine leges
Urbis, et ingratam redimens certamine Jadram
Dalmatiosque dedit patrie. post, Marte subactas
Graiorum pelago maculavit sanguine classes.
Suscipit oblatos princeps Laurentius Istros,
Et domuit rigidos, ingenti strage cadentes,
Bononie populos. Hinc subdita Cervia cessit.
Fundavere vias pacis; fortique relictâ
Re, superos sacris petierunt mentibus ambo.

Dominus Jachobus hobiit * M. CCLI. Dominus Laurentius hobiit M. CCLXXVIII."

You see, therefore, this tomb is an invaluable example of thirteenth-century sculpture in Venice. In Figures 10 and 11, you have an example of the (coin) sculpture of the date accurately corresponding in Greece to the thirteenth century in Venice, when the meaning of symbols was everything, and the workmanship comparatively nothing. The first head [Fig. 10] is an Athena, of Athenian work in the seventh or sixth century—(the coin itself may have been struck later, but the archaic type was retained).[2] The two smaller impressions are the front and obverse [Fig. 11] of a coin of the same age from Corinth, the head of Athena

Fig. 10

* The Latin verses are of later date; the contemporary plain prose retains the Venetian gutturals and aspirates.

[1] [For a description of this monument, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 85).]

[2] [The head of Athena is from a coin of Athens, date about B.C. 480–400; it may be seen in the exhibition of electrotypes at the British Museum (II. B. 20). For another reference to it, see below, § 194 (p. 341). "The archaic style and

Tomb of the Doges Jacopo and Lorenzo Tiepolo

on one side, and Pegasus, with the archaic Koppa, on the other. The smaller head is bare, the hair being looped up at the back and closely bound with an olive branch. You are to note this general outline of the head, already given in a more finished type in Plate II., as a most important elementary form in the finest sculpture, not of Greece only, but of all Christendom. In the upper head the hair is restrained still more closely by a round helmet, for the most part smooth, but embossed with a single flower tendril, having one bud, one flower, and, above it, two olive leaves. You have thus the most absolutely restricted symbol possible to human thought of the power of Athena over the flowers and trees of the earth. An olive leaf by itself could not have stood for the sign of a tree, but the two can, when set in position of growth.

Fig. 11

I would not give you the reverse of the coin on the same plate, because you would have looked at it only, laughed at it, and not examined the rest; but here it is, wonderfully engraved for you (Fig. 12): of it we shall have more to say afterwards.

Fig. 12

81. And now as you look at these rude vestiges of the religion of Greece, and at the vestiges still ruder, on the Ducal tomb, of the religion of Christendom, take warning against two opposite errors.

execution of the Athenian money is to be accounted for by the fact that any alteration in the appearance of coins having so wide a circulation as those of Athens might have damaged their credit. This fixed hieratic character of the coinage of one of the greatest Hellenic cities remains, however, an isolated fact in Greek numismatics" (Barclay V. Head: *Guide to the Principal Coins of the Ancients*, p. 27). The coins of Corinth retained as a distinguishing mark the Koppa with which the name of the city was spelt in the earliest times (Q instead of K).]

There is a school of teachers who will tell you that nothing but Greek art is deserving of study, and that all our work at this day should be an imitation of it.

Whenever you feel tempted to believe them, think of these portraits of Athena and her owl, and be assured that Greek art is not in all respects perfect, nor exclusively deserving of imitation.

There is another school of teachers who will tell you that Greek art is good for nothing; that the soul of the Greek was outcast, and that Christianity entirely superseded its faith, and excelled its works.

Whenever you feel tempted to believe *them*, think of this angel on the tomb of Jacopo Tiepolo; and remember that Christianity, after it had been twelve hundred years existent as an imaginative power on the earth, could do no better work than this, though with all the former power of Greece to help it; nor was able to engrave its triumph in having stained its fleets in the seas of Greece with the blood of her people, but between barbarous imitations of the pillars which that people had invented.

82. Receiving these two warnings, receive also this lesson. In both examples, childish though it be, this Heathen and Christian art is alike sincere, and alike vividly imaginative: the actual work is that of infancy; the thoughts, in their visionary simplicity, are also the thoughts of infancy, but in their solemn virtue they are the thoughts of men.

We, on the contrary, are now, in all that we do, absolutely without sincerity;—absolutely, therefore, without imagination, and without virtue. Our hands are dexterous with the vile and deadly dexterity of machines; our minds filled with incoherent fragments of faith, which we cling to in cowardice, without believing, and make pictures of in vanity, without loving. False and base alike, whether we admire or imitate, we cannot learn from the Heathen's art, but only pilfer it; we cannot revive the Christian's art, but only galvanize it; we are, in the sum of us, not

human artists at all, but mechanisms of conceited clay, masked in the furs and feathers of living creatures, and convulsed with voltaic spasms, in mockery of animation.

88. You think, perhaps, that I am using terms unjustifiable in violence. They would, indeed, be unjustifiable, if, spoken from this chair, they were violent at all. They are, unhappily, temperate and accurate,—except in shortcoming of blame. For we are not only impotent to restore, but strong to defile, the work of past ages. Of the impotence, take but this one, utterly humiliatory, and, in the full meaning of it, ghastly, example. We have lately been busy embanking, in the capital of the country, the river which, of all its waters, the imagination of our ancestors had made most sacred, and the bounty of nature most useful. Of all architectural features of the metropolis, that embankment will be in future, the most conspicuous; and in its position and purpose it was the most capable of noble adornment.[1]

For that adornment, nevertheless, the utmost which our modern poetical imagination has been able to invent, is a row of gas-lamps. It has, indeed, farther suggested itself to our minds as appropriate to gas-lamps set beside a river, that the gas should come out of fishes' tails; but we have not ingenuity enough to cast so much as a smelt or a sprat for ourselves; so we borrow the shape of a Neapolitan marble, which has been the refuse of the plate and candlestick shops in every capital in Europe for the last fifty years. We cast *that* badly, and give lustre to the ill-cast fish with lacquer in imitation of bronze. On the base of their pedestals, towards the road, we put, for advertisement's sake, the initials of the casting firm; and, for farther originality and Christianity's sake, the caduceus of Mercury: and to adorn the front of the pedestals, towards the river, being now wholly at our wits' end, we can think of nothing better than to borrow the door-knocker which—again for

[1] [The Victoria Embankment, commenced in 1864, had been finished in the year of these lectures (1870).]

the last fifty years—has disturbed and decorated two or three millions of London street-doors; and magnifying the marvellous device of it, a lion's head with a ring in its mouth, (still borrowed from the Greek,) we complete the embankment with a row of heads and rings, on a scale which enables them to produce, at the distance at which only they can be seen, the exact effect of a row of sentry-boxes.

84. Farther. In the very centre of the City, and at the point where the Embankment commands a view of Westminster Abbey on one side, and of St. Paul's on the other, —that is to say, at precisely the most important and stately moment of its whole course,—it has to pass under one of the arches of Waterloo Bridge, which, in the sweep of its curve, is as vast—it alone—as the Rialto at Venice, and scarcely less seemly in proportions. But over the Rialto, though of late and debased Venetian work, there still reigns some power of human imagination: on the two flanks of it are carved the Virgin and the Angel of the Annunciation; on the keystone, the descending Dove.[1] It is not, indeed, the fault of living designers that the Waterloo arch is nothing more than a gloomy and hollow heap of wedged blocks of blind granite. But just beyond the damp shadow of it, the new Embankment is reached by a flight of stairs, which are, in point of fact, the principal approach to it, afoot, from central London; the descent from the very midst of the metropolis of England to the banks of the chief river of England; and for this approach, living designers *are* answerable.

85. The principal decoration of the descent is again a gas-lamp, but a shattered one, with a brass crown on the top of it, or, rather, half-crown, and that turned the wrong way, the back of it to the river and causeway, its flame supplied by a visible pipe far wandering along the wall; the whole apparatus being supported by a rough cross-beam.

[1] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 400).]

Fastened to the centre of the arch above is a large placard, stating that the Royal Humane Society's drags are in constant readiness, and that their office is at 4, Trafalgar Square. On each side of the arch are temporary, but dismally old and battered boardings, across two angles capable of unseemly use by the British public. Above one of these is another placard, stating that this is the Victoria Embankment. The steps themselves—some forty of them—descend under a tunnel, which the shattered gas-lamp lights by night, and nothing by day. They are covered with filthy dust, shaken off from infinitude of filthy feet; mixed up with shreds of paper, orange-peel, foul straw, rags, and cigar-ends, and ashes; the whole agglutinated, more or less, by dry saliva into slippery blotches and patches; or, when not so fastened, blown dismally by the sooty wind hither and thither, or into the faces of those who ascend and descend./ The place is worth your visit, for you are not likely to find elsewhere a spot which, either in costly and ponderous brutality of building, or in the squalid and indecent accompaniment of it, is so far separated from the peace and grace of nature, and so accurately indicative of the methods of our national resistance to the Grace, Mercy, and Peace of Heaven.[1]

86. I am obliged always to use the English word "Grace" in two senses, but remember that the Greek χάρις[2] includes them both (the bestowing, that is to say, of Beauty and Mercy); and especially it includes these in the passage of Pindar's first ode, which gives us the key to the right interpretation of the power of sculpture in Greece. You remember that I told you, in my Sixth Introductory Lecture (§ 151),[3] that the mythic accounts of Greek sculpture begin in the legends of the family of Tantalus; and

[1] [The description is still (1905) generally applicable, though there is a new lamp, the Royal Humane Society's placard is removed, and the cross boardings have been replaced by notices.]

[2] [See above, p. 90 *n.*]

[3] [Above, p. 142.]

especially in the most grotesque legend of them all, the inlaying of the ivory shoulder of Pelops.[1] At that story Pindar pauses,—not, indeed, without admiration, nor alleging any impossibility in the circumstances themselves, but doubting the careless hunger of Demeter,—and gives his own reading of the event, instead of the ancient one. He justifies this to himself, and to his hearers, by the plea that myths have, in some sort, or degree, (*πού τι*,) led the mind of mortals beyond the truth; and then he goes on:—

"Grace, which creates everything that is kindly and soothing for mortals, adding honour, has often made things, at first untrustworthy, become trustworthy through Love."[2]

87. I cannot, except in these lengthened terms, give you the complete force of the passage; especially of the *ἄπιστον ἐμήσατο πιστὸν*—"made it trustworthy by passionate desire that it should be so"—which exactly describes the temper of religious persons at the present day, who are kindly and sincere, in clinging to the forms of faith which either have long been precious to themselves, or which they feel to have been without question instrumental in advancing the dignity of mankind. And it is part of the constitution of humanity—a part which, above others, you are in danger of unwisely contemning under the existing conditions of our knowledge, that the things thus sought for belief with eager passion, do, indeed, become trustworthy to us; that, to each of us, they verily become what we would have them; the force of the *μῆνις* and *μνήμη* with which we seek after them, does, indeed, make them powerful to us for actual good or evil; and it is thus granted to us to create not only with our hands things that exalt or degrade our sight, but with our hearts also, things that exalt or degrade our souls; giving true substance to all that we hoped for; evidence to things that we have not seen, but have desired to see;[3] and calling, in the sense of creating, things that are not, as though they were.

[1] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 23 (Vol. XIX. p. 316 *n.*).]
[2] [*Olympia*, i. 49, 50.]
[3] [See Hebrews xi. 1.]

88. You remember that in distinguishing Imagination from Idolatry, I referred * you to the forms of passionate affection with which a noble people commonly regards the rivers and springs of its native land. Some conception of personality, or of spiritual power in the stream, is almost necessarily involved in such emotion; and prolonged χάρις, in the form of gratitude, the return of Love for benefits continually bestowed, at last alike in all the highest and the simplest minds, when they are honourable and pure, makes this untrue thing trustworthy; ἄπιστον ἐμήσατο πιστὸν, until it becomes to them the safe basis of some of the happiest impulses of their moral nature. Next to the marbles of Verona, given you as a primal type of the sculpture of Christianity, moved to its best energy in adorning the entrance of its temples, I have not unwillingly placed,[1] as your introduction to the best sculpture of the religion of Greece, the forms under which it represented the personality of the fountain Arethusa. But without restriction to those days of absolute devotion, let me simply point out to you how this untrue thing, made true by Love, has intimate and heavenly authority even over the minds of men of the most practical sense, the most shrewd wit, and the most severe precision of moral temper. The fair vision of Sabrina in *Comus*, the endearing and tender promise, "Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,"[2] and the joyful and proud affection of the great Lombard's address to the lakes of his enchanted land,—

"Te, Lari maxume, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino,"[3]

may surely be remembered by you with regretful piety,

* *Ante*, § 44 [p. 229].

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[1] [That is, in the plates in this book, the head of Arethusa from a Syracusan coin (Plate II.) following the porch of San Zeno (Plate I.).]

[2] [Horace: *Odes*, iii. 13, 13.]

[3] [Virgil: *Georgics*, ii. 160; compare Vol. XV. p. 400 *n.*]

when you stand by the blank stones which at once restrain and disgrace your native river, as the final worship rendered to it by modern philosophy. But a little incident which I saw last summer on its bridge at Wallingford, may put the contrast of ancient and modern feeling before you still more forcibly.

89. Those of you who have read with attention (none of us can read with too much attention), Molière's most perfect work, *The Misanthrope*, must remember Célimène's description of her lovers, and her excellent reason for being unable to regard with any favour, "notre grand flandrin de vicomte,—depuis que je l'ai vu, trois quarts d'heure durant, cracher dans un puits pour faire des ronds."[1] That sentence is worth noting, both in contrast to the reverence paid by the ancients to wells and springs, and as one of the most interesting traces of the extension of the loathsome habit among the upper classes of Europe and America, which now renders all external grace, dignity, and decency impossible in the thoroughfares of their principal cities. In connection with that sentence of Molière's you may advisably also remember this fact, which I chanced to notice on the bridge of Wallingford.[2] I was walking from end to end of it, and back again, one Sunday afternoon of last May, trying to conjecture what had made this especial bend and ford of the Thames so important in all the Anglo-Saxon wars. It was one of the few sunny afternoons of the bitter spring, and I was very thankful for its light, and happy in watching beneath it the flow and the glittering of the classical river, when I noticed a well-dressed boy, apparently just out of some orderly Sunday school, leaning far over the parapet; watching, as I conjectured, some bird or insect on the bridge-buttress. I went up to him to see what he was looking at; but just as I got close to him, he started over to the opposite parapet, and put himself there into the

[1] [Act v. sc. iv. Some words are omitted where Ruskin puts a dash.]
[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 240, where this passage is referred to.]

same position, his object being, as I then perceived, to spit from both sides upon the heads of a pleasure party who were passing in a boat below.

90. The incident may seem to you too trivial to be noticed in this place. To me, gentlemen, it was by no means trivial. It meant, in the depth of it, such absence of all true χάρις, reverence, and intellect, as it is very dreadful to trace in the mind of any human creature, much more in that of a child educated with apparently every advantage of circumstance in a beautiful English country town, within ten miles of our University. Most of all is it terrific when we regard it as the exponent (and this, in truth, it is) of the temper which, as distinguished from former methods, either of discipline or recreation, the present tenor of our general teaching fosters in the mind of youth;—teaching which asserts liberty to be a right, and obedience a degradation; and which, regardless alike of the fairness of nature and the grace of behaviour, leaves the insolent spirit and degraded senses to find their only occupation in malice, and their only satisfaction in shame.

91. You will, I hope, proceed with me, not scornfully any more, to trace, in the early art of a noble heathen nation, the feeling of what was at least a better childishness than this of ours; and the efforts to express, though with hands yet failing, and minds oppressed by ignorant phantasy, the first truth by which they knew that they lived; the birth of wisdom and of all her powers of help to man, as the reward of his resolute labour.

92. "Ἀφαίστου τέχναισι." Note that word of Pindar in the Seventh Olympic.[1] This axe-blow of Vulcan's was to the Greek mind truly what Clytemnestra falsely asserts hers to have been, "τῆς δε δεξιᾶς χερὸς, ἔργον δικαίας τέκτονος";[2] physically, it meant the opening of the blue through the rent clouds of heaven, by the action of local terrestrial heat (of Hephæstus as opposed to Apollo, who shines on the surface

[1] [Line 65.]
[2] [Æschylus: *Agamemnon*, 1406.]

of the upper clouds, but cannot pierce them); and, spiritually, it meant the first birth of prudent thought out of rude labour, the clearing-axe[1] in the hand of the woodman being the practical elementary sign of his difference from the wild animals of the wood. Then he goes on,[2] "From the high head of her Father, Athenaia rushing forth, cried with her great and exceeding cry; and the Heaven trembled at her, and the Earth Mother." The cry of Athena, I have before pointed out,[3] physically distinguishes her, as the spirit of the air, from silent elemental powers; but in this grand passage of Pindar it is again the mythic cry of which he thinks; that is to say, the giving articulate words, by intelligence, to the silence of Fate. "Wisdom crieth aloud, she uttereth her voice in the streets,"[4] and Heaven and Earth tremble at her reproof.

93. Uttereth her voice in the "streets." For all men, that is to say; but to what work did the Greeks think that her voice was to call them? What was to be the impulse communicated by her prevailing presence; what the sign of the people's obedience to her?

This was to be the sign—"But she, the goddess herself, gave to them to prevail over the dwellers upon earth, *with best-labouring hands in every art. And by their paths there were the likenesses of living and of creeping things:* and the glory was deep. For to the cunning workman, greater knowledge comes, undeceitful."

94. An infinitely pregnant passage, this, of which to-day you are to note mainly these three things: First, that Athena is the goddess ~~of Doing~~, not at all of sentimental inaction. She is begotten, as it were, of the woodman's axe; her purpose is never in a word only, but in a word and a blow. She guides the hands that labour best, in every art.

[1] [See above, § 73; p. 247.]
[2] [Pindar: *Olympia*, vii. 66 *seq.*]
[3] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 41 (Vol. XIX. p. 342).]
[4] [Proverbs i. 20; Job xxvi. 11; compare p. 70, above.]

95. Secondly. The victory given by Wisdom, the worker, to the hands that labour best, is that the streets and ways, κέλευθοι, shall be filled by likenesses of living and creeping things.

Things living, and creeping! Are the Reptile things not alive then? You think Pindar wrote that carelessly? or that, if he had only known a little modern anatomy, instead of "reptile" things, he would have said "monocondylous"[1] things? Be patient, and let us attend to the main points first.

Sculpture, it thus appears, is the only work of wisdom that the Greeks care to speak of; they think it involves and crowns every other. Image-making art; *this* is Athena's, as queenliest of the arts. Literature, the order and the strength of word, of course belongs to Apollo and the Muses; under Athena are the Substances and the Forms of things.

96. Thirdly. By this forming of Images there is to be gained a "deep"—that is to say, a weighty, and prevailing, glory; not a floating nor fugitive one. For to the cunning workman, greater knowledge comes, "undeceitful."

"Δαέντι·" I am forced to use two English words to translate that single Greek one. The "cunning" workman, thoughtful in experience, touch, and vision of the thing to be done; no machine, witless, and of necessary motion; yet not cunning only, but having perfect habitual skill of hand also; the confirmed reward of truthful doing. Recollect, in connection with this passage of Pindar, Homer's three verses about getting the lines of ship-timber true (*Il.* xv. 410):

> "Αλλ' ὥστε στάθμη δόρυ νηΐϊον ἐξιθύνει
> τέκτονος ἐν παλάμῃσι δαήμονος, ὅς ῥά τε πάσης
> εὖ εἰδῇ σοφίης ὑποθημοσύνῃσιν Ἀθήνης,"

and the beautiful epithet of Persephone,—"δάειρα,"[2] as the

[1] [That is, having one occipital condyle (κόνδυλος, a joint), reptiles and birds being classed collectively as "monocondyla."]

[2] [See Lycophron, 710, and Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius, 3, 847.]

Tryer and Knower of good work; and remembering these, trust Pindar for the truth of his saying, that to the cunning workman—(and let me solemnly enforce the words by adding—that to him *only*,) knowledge comes undeceitful.

97. You may have noticed, perhaps, and with a smile, as one of the paradoxes you often hear me blamed for too fondly stating,[1] what I told you in the close of my Third Introductory Lecture,* that "so far from art's being immoral, little else except art is moral." I have now farther to tell you, that little else, except art, is wise; that all knowledge, unaccompanied by a habit of useful action, is too likely to become deceitful, and that every habit of useful action must resolve itself into some elementary practice of manual labour. And I would, in all sober and direct earnestness, advise you, whatever may be the aim, predilection, or necessity of your lives, to resolve upon this one thing at least, that you will enable yourselves daily to do actually with your hands, something that is useful to mankind.[2] To do anything well with your hands, useful or not; to be, even in trifling, παλάμησι δαήμων, is already much. When we come to examine the art of the Middle Ages, I shall be able to show you that the strongest of all influences of right then brought to bear upon character was the necessity for exquisite manual dexterity in the management of the spear and bridle;[3] and in your own experience most of you will be able to recognize the wholesome effect, alike on body and mind, of striving, within proper limits of time, to become either good batsmen or good oarsmen. But the bat and the racer's oar are children's toys. Resolve that you will be men in usefulness, as well as in strength; and you will find that then also, but not till then, you can become men in understanding; and that every fine

* *Lectures on Art*, § 95 [above, p. 93].

[1] [Compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 23.]
[2] [Compare Vol. VII. p. 341 *n.*; and the Introduction, above, p. xxxix.]
[3] [Compare p. 363, below; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 9 and 26.]

vision and subtle theorem will present itself to you thenceforward undeceitfully, ὑποθημοσύνησιν Ἀθήνης.

98. But there is more to be gathered yet from the words of Pindar. He is thinking, in his brief intense way, at once of Athena's work on the soul, and of her literal power on the dust of the Earth. His "κέλευθοι" is a wide word, meaning all the paths of sea and land. Consider, therefore, what Athena's own work *actually is*—in the literal fact of it. The blue, clear air *is* the sculpturing power upon the earth and sea. Where the surface of the earth is reached by that, and its matter and substance inspired with and filled by that, organic form becomes possible. You must indeed have the sun, also, and moisture; the kingdom of Apollo risen out of the sea: but the sculpturing of living things, shape by shape, is Athena's, so that under the brooding spirit of the air, what was without form, and void, brings forth the moving creature that hath life.[1]

99. That is her work then—the giving of Form; then the separately Apolline work is the giving of Light; or, more strictly, Sight: giving that faculty to the retina to which we owe not merely the idea of light, but the existence of it; for light is to be defined only as the sensation produced in the eye of an animal, under given conditions; those same conditions being, to a stone, only warmth or chemical influence, but not light. And that power of seeing, and the other various personalities and authorities of the animal body, in pleasure and pain, have never, hitherto, been, I do not say, explained, but in anywise touched or approached by scientific discovery. Some of the conditions of mere external animal form and of muscular vitality have been shown; but for the most part that is true, even of external form, which I wrote six years ago. "You may always stand by Form against Force. To a painter, the essential character of anything is the form of it, and the philosophers cannot touch that. They come and tell you,

[1] [Genesis i. 2, 20.]

for instance, that there is as much heat, or motion, or calorific energy (or whatever else they like to call it), in a tea-kettle, as in a Gier-eagle. Very good: that is so, and it is very interesting. It requires just as much heat as will boil the kettle, to take the Gier-eagle up to his nest, and as much more to bring him down again on a hare or a partridge. But we painters, acknowledging the equality and similarity of the kettle and the bird in all scientific respects, attach, for our part, our principal interest to the difference in their forms. For us, the primarily cognizable facts, in the two things, are, that the kettle has a spout, and the eagle a beak; the one a lid on its back, the other a pair of wings; not to speak of the distinction also of volition, which the philosophers may properly call merely a form or mode of force—but then, to an artist, the form or mode is the gist of the business." *

100. As you will find that it is, not to the artist only, but to all of us. The laws under which matter is collected and constructed are the same throughout the universe: the substance so collected, whether for the making of the eagle, or the worm, may be analyzed into gaseous identity; a diffusive vital force, apparently so closely related to mechanically measurable heat as to admit the conception of its being itself mechanically measurable, and unchanging in total quantity, ebbs and flows alike through the limbs of men and the fibres of insects. But, above all this, and ruling every grotesque or degraded accident of this, are two laws of beauty in form, and of nobility in character, which stand in the chaos of creation between the Living and the Dead, to separate the things that have in them a sacred and helpful, from those that have in them an accursed and destroying, nature; and the power of Athena, first physically put forth in the sculpturing of these ζῷα

* *Ethics of the Dust*, Lecture XI.[1]

[1] [§ 107, Vol. XVIII. p. 342; and compare *Queen of the Air*, § 59 (Vol. XIX. p. 356), and *Val d'Arno*, § 141.]

and ἕρπετα, these living and reptile things, is put forth, finally, in enabling the hearts of men to discern the one from the other; to know the unquenchable fires of the Spirit from the unquenchable fires of Death;[1] and to choose, not unaided, between submission to the Love that cannot end, or to the Worm that cannot die.

101. The unconsciousness of their antagonism is the most notable characteristic of the modern scientific mind; and I believe no credulity or fallacy admitted by the weakness (or it may sometimes rather have been the strength) of early imagination, indicates so strange a depression beneath the due scale of human intellect, as the failure of the sense of beauty in form, and loss of faith in heroism of conduct, which have become the curses of recent science,* art, and policy.

102. That depression of intellect has been alike exhibited in the mean consternation confessedly felt on one side, and the mean triumph apparently felt on the other, during the course of the dispute now pending as to the origin of man. Dispute for the present not to be decided, and of which the decision is, to persons in the modern temper of mind, wholly without significance: and I earnestly desire that you, my pupils, may have firmness enough to disengage your energies from investigation so premature and so fruitless, and sense enough to perceive that it does not matter how you have been made, so long as you are satisfied with being what you are. If you are dissatisfied with yourselves, it ought not to console, but humiliate you, to imagine that you were once seraphs; and if you are pleased with yourselves, it is not any ground of reasonable

* The best modern illustrated scientific works show perfect faculty of representing monkeys, lizards, and insects; absolute incapability of representing either a man, a horse, or a lion.[2]

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[1] [Isaiah lxvi. 24; Mark ix. 44.]

[2] [Compare *Art of England*, § 131; and see Reference Series, No. 164 (Vol. XXI. p. 42).]

shame to you if, by no fault of your own, you have passed through the elementary condition of apes.[1]

108. Remember, therefore, that it is of the very highest importance that you should know what you *are*, and determine to be the best that you may be; but it is of no importance whatever, except as it may contribute to that end, to know what you have been. Whether your Creator shaped you with fingers, or tools, as a sculptor would a lump of clay, or gradually raised you to manhood through a series of inferior forms, is only of moment to you in this respect—that in the one case you cannot expect your children to be nobler creatures than you are yourselves—in the other, every act and thought of your present life may be hastening the advent of a race which will look back to you, their fathers (and you ought at least to have attained the dignity of desiring that it may be so,) with incredulous disdain.

104. But that you *are* yourselves capable of that disdain and dismay; that you are ashamed of having been apes, if you ever were so; that you acknowledge, instinctively, a relation of better and worse, and a law respecting what is noble and base, which makes it no question to you that the man is worthier than the baboon,—*this* is a fact of infinite significance. This law of preference in your hearts is the true essence of your being, and the consciousness of that law is a more positive existence than any dependent on the coherence or forms of matter.

105. Now, but a few words more of mythology, and I have done. Remember that Athena holds the weaver's shuttle, not merely as an instrument of *texture*, but as an instrument of *picture;* the ideas of clothing, and of the warmth of life, being thus inseparably connected with those of graphic beauty, and the brightness of life. I have told you that no art could be recovered among us without

[1] [Darwin's *Descent of Man* had been published in the year in which these lectures were printed; for other references to Darwinism in the Oxford lectures, see *Eagle's Nest*, §§ 153–155, 185, 207, and *Val d'Arno*, §§ 24, 74.]

perfectness in dress, nor without the elementary graphic art of women, in divers colours of needlework. There has been no nation of any art-energy, but has strenuously occupied and interested itself in this household picturing, from the web of Penelope to the tapestry of Queen Matilda,[1] and the meshes of Arras and Gobelins.

106. We should then naturally ask what kind of embroidery Athena put on her own robe; "πέπλον ἐανὸν, ποικίλον, ὃν ρ' αὐτὴ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν."[2]

The subject of that ποικιλία of hers, as you know, was the war of the giants and gods.[3] Now the real name of these giants, remember, is that used by Hesiod,[4] "πηλόγονοι," "mud-begotten," and the meaning of the contest between these and Zeus, πηλογόνων ἐλατὴρ, is, again, the inspiration of life into the clay, by the goddess of breath; and the actual confusion going on visibly before you, daily, of the earth, heaping itself into cumbrous war with the powers above it.

107. Thus, briefly, the entire material of Art, under Athena's hand, is the contest of life with clay; and all my task in explaining to you the early thought of both the Athenian and Tuscan schools will only be the tracing of this battle of the giants into its full heroic form, when, not in tapestry only, but in sculpture, and on the portal of the Temple of Delphi itself, you have the "κλόνος ἐν τείχεσι λαΐνοισι γιγάντων,"[5] and their defeat hailed by the passionate cry of delight from the Athenian maids, beholding Pallas in her full power, "λεύσσω Παλλάδ' ἐμὰν θεόν," my own goddess.[6] All our work, I repeat, will be nothing but the inquiry into the development of this one subject, and the

[1] [For another reference to the "Bayeux tapestry" attributed to Queen Matilda, see Vol. X. p. 76.]

[2] [*Iliad*, v. 735: "a fine robe, wrought in various colours, which she herself had made and wrought by hand."]

[3] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 15 (Vol. XIX. p. 306); and compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 26.]

[4] [Not Hesiod, but Callimachus: *Hymn to Jupiter*, line 3.]

[5] [Euripides: *Ion*, 206: "on the stone walls the conflict with giants."]

[6] [*Ibid.*, 211.]

pressing fully home the question of Plato about that embroidery[1]—"And think you that there is verily war with each other among the Gods? and dreadful enmities and battles, such as the poets have told, and such as our painters set forth in graven scripture, to adorn all our sacred rites and holy places; yes, and in the great Panathenæa themselves, the Peplus, full of such wild picturing, is carried up into the Acropolis—shall we say that these things are true, oh Euthuphron, right-minded friend?"

108. Yes, we say, and know, that these things are true; and true for ever: battles of the gods, not among themselves, but against the earth-giants. Battle prevailing age by age, in nobler life and lovelier imagery; creation, which no theory of mechanism, no definition of force, can explain, the adoption and completing of individual form by individual animation, breathed out of the lips of the Father of Spirits. And to recognize the presence in every knitted shape of dust, by which it lives and moves and has its being[2]—to recognize it, revere, and show it forth, is to be our eternal Idolatry.

"Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them."[3]

"Assuredly no," we answered once, in our pride; and through porch and aisle, broke down the carved work thereof, with axes and hammers.

Who would have thought the day so near when we should bow down to worship, not the creatures, but their atoms,—not the forces that form, but those that dissolve them? Trust me, gentlemen, the command which is stringent against adoration of brutality, is stringent no less against adoration of chaos, nor is faith in an image fallen from heaven to be reformed by a faith only in the phenomenon of decadence. We have ceased from the making of monsters to be appeased by sacrifice;—it is well,—if indeed we have also ceased from making them in our thoughts.

[1] [*Euthyphro*, 6.]
[2] [Acts xvii. 28.]
[3] [Deuteronomy v. 9.]

We have learned to distrust the adorning of fair phantasms, to which we once sought for succour;—it is well, if we learn to distrust also the adorning of those to which we seek, for temptation; but the verity of gains like these can only be known by our confession of the divine seal of strength and beauty upon the tempered frame, and honour in the fervent heart, by which, increasing visibly, may yet be manifested to us the holy presence, and the approving love, of the Loving God, who visits the iniquities of the Fathers upon the Children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him, and shows mercy unto thousands in them that love Him, and keep His Commandments.[1]

[1] [Deuteronomy v. 9, 10.]

LECTURE IV

LIKENESS

November, 1870

109. You were probably vexed, and tired, towards the close of my last Lecture, by the time it took us to arrive at the apparently simple conclusion that sculpture must only represent organic form, and the strength of life in its contest with matter. But it is no small thing to have that "λεύσσω Παλλάδα" fixed in your minds, as the one necessary sign by which you are to recognize right sculpture; and, believe me, you will find it the best of all things, if you can take for yourselves the saying from the lips of the Athenian maids, in its entirety, and say also—λεύσσω Παλλάδ' ἐμὰν θεόν. I proceed to-day into the practical appliance of this apparently speculative, but in reality imperative, law.

110. You observe, I have hitherto spoken[1] of the power of Athena, as over painting no less than sculpture. But her rule over both arts is only so far as they are zoographic;—representative, that is to say, of animal life, or of such order and discipline among other elements, as may invigorate and purify it. Now there is a speciality of the art of painting beyond this, namely, the representation of phenomena of colour and shadow, as such, without question of the nature of the things that receive them. I am now accordingly obliged to speak of sculpture and painting as distinct arts, but the laws which bind sculpture, bind no less the painting of the higher schools, which has, for its main purpose, the showing beauty in human or animal

[1] [Above, §§ 71, 107 pp. 246, 269.]

form; and which is therefore placed by the Greeks equally under the rule of Athena, as the Spirit, first, of Life, and then of Wisdom in conduct.

111. First, I say, you are to "see Pallas" in all such work, as the Queen of Life; and the practical law which follows from this, is one of enormous range and importance, namely, that nothing must be represented by sculpture, external to any living form, which does not help to enforce or illustrate the conception of life. Both dress and armour may be made to do this, by great sculptors, and are continually so used by the greatest. One of the essential distinctions between the Athenian and Florentine schools is dependent on their treatment of drapery in this respect; an Athenian always sets it to exhibit the action of the body, by flowing with it, or over it, or from it, so as to illustrate both its form and gesture; a Florentine, on the contrary, always uses his drapery to conceal or disguise the forms of the body, and exhibit mental emotion; but both use it to enhance the life, either of the body or soul; Donatello and Michael Angelo, no less than the sculptors of Gothic chivalry, ennoble armour in the same way; but base sculptors carve drapery and armour for the sake of their folds and picturesqueness only, and forget the body beneath. The rule is so stern—that all delight in mere incidental beauty, which painting often triumphs in, is wholly forbidden to sculpture;—for instance, in *painting* the branch of a tree, you may rightly represent and enjoy the lichens and moss on it, but a sculptor must not touch one of them: they are inessential to the tree's life,—he must give the flow and bending of the branch only, else he does not enough "see Pallas" in it.[1]

[1] [In one of the MS. drafts of these lectures Ruskin treats the subject of drapery more at length:—

"Question of dress. How should it be done? Well, mainly, it should be done as you like it—without question. But first, sculpture can't do all dress—(and what it can do—if it does too well—it is wrongly and basely employed, but painting should do dress perfectly, as John Bellini in the Frari).[1] Then, so far as it can do dress, and must, whatever

[1] [For other references to this picture, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 379).]

Or, to take a higher instance, here is an exquisite little painted poem, by Edward Frère; a cottage interior, one

modern dress it cannot adopt is expressive of some vice in the national manners. As whatever you can't sing is vicious, whatever you can't carve is vicious. Modern gentlemen's evening dress—exponent of social fallacies.

"Universally it seems then, and even in the worst times of art, men like to see simple drapery; and like it so much that both painters and sculptors are content to spend great part of their time in its disposition, and in the actual working of it.

"I believe I could show you some metaphysical reasons for this fact, plausible enough, and others dependent on an elementary beauty of curve and shadow, obtained always by the unresisting submission to the force of gravity, which is possible to a finely woven tissue. Into these niceties, however, I do not wish to enter at present. We will be content with the fact that we like to see quietly falling folds of drapery, and would in almost all cases prefer even colourless curtains to bare walls.

"Now, in their relation to the human form, these folds of drapery have two distinct functions, to express dignity of manner, to express beauty of wider form. In all countries where the finest art is possible, the average temperature of the air must be as high as that of the human body, and dress therefore be worn not for warmth, but for modesty, or protection from sun, or an armour; even the sandal of the foot, for instance, being an armour against flint and thorn. Instinctively a finely trained instinct recognizes this character in dress, and refuses to admit as a proper subject for sculpture any condition of wrapping or bandage which looks like a defence against cold; but admits at once dress which will be a defence against sunshine or wounds, but especially it accepts with satisfaction a dress evidently worn for modesty's sake more than for protection, expressing no variety in its decoration, admitting perfect freedom to every movement, and so fine in its tissues as to indicate the character and rapidity of that movement by its own compliance; finally, light enough to be a sign of warmth of climate and of the pleasantness of every passing breeze.

"You see that there are here causes perfectly rational, simple, and constant for our preferences of the kind of drapery usually called classical, for purposes of sculpture, and we prefer it, not because it is classical, but because it is decent and wise.

"But there is a deeper reason than any of these for our preference of it, which has distinct powers with reference to Greek and Gothic sculpture. I have before pressed on your notice the separation between them in that the subject of Greek art is the body only, and of Gothic art, the body as affected by the mind. Now, therefore, when a Greek sculptor uses drapery, he indeed uses it chiefly as a veil, for the sake of modesty or dignity, but his object in practically dealing with it is nevertheless to show as much of the bodily form as may be naturally (or even sometimes by violent artifice) expressed beneath; a Gothic sculptor, on the contrary, desires to conceal, with his drapery, as much of the body as he can, and to show as much as he can of the mind. The folds of Greek drapery therefore, are, for the most part, used to express bodily form and motion; those of Gothic sculpture to express mental passion. Of course, one shares partly the character of the other.

"It is impossible to show you, until we address ourselves specially to the subject, what power of expression exists in the arrangement of mere folds of drapery of this flowing and united kind, but if, henceforward, you will for a little while ask yourselves when any picture forcibly affects you

of the thousands which within the last two months * have been laid desolate in unhappy France. Every accessory in the painting is of value—the fireside, the tiled floor, the vegetables lying upon it, and the basket hanging from the roof. But not one of these accessories would have been

* See date of delivery of Lecture. The picture was of a peasant girl of eleven or twelve years old, peeling carrots by a cottage fire.[1]

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by its expression of character, how far the effect is produced by this circumstance alone, you will be greatly surprised to find that artists actually differ less in their power over the features of the countenance than over the folds of drapery, as elements of expression; and that while inferior painters can sometimes render in a true and moving way, some of the passions as they are read in the face, none but the greatest can use the lines of dress to full advantage. Here, for instance, is a sketch of a kneeling Madonna by Raphael. The face is serene and sweet, but in no wise transcendent in any kind of expression; nearly the entire charm of the figure is owing to the disposition of the drapery in accordance with tender and quiet gesture.

"To give you a very simple instance: Michael Angelo's well-known statue of David represents him watching the approach of Goliath, and without failure of resolution, slightly hesitating and at pause—his hand on the sling—but his attitude uncertain; his enemy is drawing near, but it is not time for him yet to take aim; and, as you look at him, you do not think of the action of slinging, but of the entire personality of David as a youth under Divine inspiration, the Champion of the armies of God opposed to the Champion of the armies of the Heathen. That is the largest and deepest view you can have of the contest—that is essentially the sculptor's view of it. The taste, discipline, and skill of the sculptor as such will be shown by his leading you through every line of body and drapery to that deepest thought, and by his refusing every accessory which could interfere with it.

"In one of our rising schools lately—I forget where—I saw a somewhat clever study of David, imagined at this same moment by one of our saner young students, exhibited under the title of "David fighting Goliath." The youth's mind being full of his own rifle practice, he could not think of the contest with the giant otherwise than as a momentary question of manipulation of thong and pebble. All that he thought of, and desired the spectator to think of, was 'Will he hit him?' Now that is essentially an unsculpturesque view of the matter; but it would not be of the least use to give the young volunteer a lecture on principles of sculpture, or tell him that he should study Michael Angelo's statue and endeavour to imitate that. In his heart he cannot but at present think —whatever we say to him—that Michael Angelo's statue is stupid, and his own much more interesting—were he to mimic Michael Angelo, he would become false and ridiculous, while in his present sincerity he is only shallow. But educate him in his general life wisely, and as he gains scholarship and modesty he will gain in good taste, and then, according to his powers of imagination, design sculpture, without direction from any one, but by his own instinct, as it ought to be designed."]

[1] [Ruskin showed the picture at the Royal Institution in 1869 (see Vol. XIX. p. 270). It used to hang in his rooms at Corpus, and is now at Brantwood. For Frère, see Vol. XIV. p. 83.]

admissible in sculpture. You must carve nothing but what has life. "Why?" you probably feel instantly inclined to ask me.—You see the principle we have got, instead of being blunt or useless, is such an edged tool that you are startled the moment I apply it. "Must we refuse every pleasant accessory and picturesque detail, and petrify nothing but living creatures?" Even so: I would not assert it on my own authority. It is the Greeks who say it, but whatever they say of sculpture, be assured, is true.

112. That then is the first law—you must see Pallas as the Lady of Life; the second is, you must see her as the Lady of Wisdom, or σοφία—and this is the chief matter of all. I cannot but think that, after the considerations into which we have now entered, you will find more interest than hitherto in comparing the statements of Aristotle, in the *Ethics*, with those of Plato in the *Polity*, which are authoritative as Greek definitions of goodness in art, and which you may safely hold authoritative as constant definitions of it. You remember, doubtless, that the σοφία, or ἀρετὴ τέχνης, for the sake of which Phidias is called σοφὸς as a sculptor, and Polyclitus as an image-maker, *Eth.* 6. 7. (the opposition is both between ideal and portrait sculpture, and between working in stone and bronze), consists in the "νοῦς τῶν τιμιωτάτων τῇ φύσει,"[1] "the mental apprehension of the things that are most honourable in their nature." Therefore, what is indeed most lovely, the true image-maker will most love; and what is most hateful, he will most hate; and in all things discern the best and strongest part of them, and represent that essentially, or, if the opposite of that, then with manifest detestation and horror. That is his art wisdom; the knowledge of good and evil, and the love of good, so that you may discern, even in his representation of the vilest thing, his acknowledgment of what redemption is possible for it, or latent power exists in it; and, contrariwise, his sense of its present misery. But, for the most part, he will idolize, and force

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 9.]

us also to idolize, whatever is living, and virtuous, and victoriously right; opposing to it in some definite mode the image of the conquered ἑρπετόν.

118. This is generally true of both the great arts; but in severity and precision, true of sculpture. To return to our illustration: this poor little girl was more interesting to Edward Frère, he being a painter, because she was poorly dressed, and wore these clumsy shoes, and old red cap, and patched gown. May we sculpture her so? No. We may sculpture her naked, if we like; but not in rags.

But if we may not put her into marble in rags, may we give her a pretty frock with ribands and flounces to it, and put her into marble in that? No. We may put her simplest peasant's dress, so it be perfect and orderly, into marble; anything finer than that would be more dishonourable in the eyes of Athena than rags. If she were a French princess, you might carve her embroidered robe and diadem; if she were Joan of Arc, you might carve her armour—for then these also would be "τῶν τιμωτάτων," not otherwise.

114. Is not this an edge-tool we have got hold of, unawares? and a subtle one too; so delicate and scimitar-like in decision. For note that even Joan of Arc's armour must be only sculptured, *if she has it on;* it is not the honourableness or beauty of it that are enough, but the direct bearing of it by her body. You might be deeply, even pathetically, interested by looking at a good knight's dinted coat of mail, left in his desolate hall. May you sculpture it where it hangs? No; the helmet for his pillow, if you will—no more.

You see we did not do our dull work for nothing in last Lecture. I define what we have gained once more, and then we will enter on our new ground.

115. The proper subject of sculpture, we have determined, is the spiritual power seen in the form of any living thing, and so represented as to give evidence that the sculptor has loved the good of it and hated the evil.

"*So* represented," we say; but how is that to be done? Why should it not be represented, if possible, just as it is seen? What mode or limit of representation may we adopt? We are to carve things that have life;—shall we try so to imitate them that they may indeed seem living,—or only half living, and like stone instead of flesh?

It will simplify this question if I show you three examples of what the Greeks actually did: three typical pieces of their sculpture, in order of perfection.

116. And now, observe that in all our historical work, I will endeavour to do, myself, what I have asked you to do in your drawing exercises; namely, to outline firmly in the beginning, and then fill in the detail more minutely. I will give you first, therefore, in a symmetrical form, absolutely simple and easily remembered, the large chronology of the Greek school; within that unforgettable scheme we will place, as we discover them, the minor relations of arts and times.

I number the nine centuries before Christ thus, upwards, and divide them into three groups of three each.

A. Archaic.	9
	8
	7
B. Best.	6
	5
	4
C. Corrupt.	3
	2
	1

Then the ninth, eighth, and seventh centuries are the period of archaic Greek art, steadily progressive wherever it existed.

The sixth, fifth, and fourth are the period of Central Greek art; the fifth, or central, century producing the finest. That is easily recollected by the battle of Marathon. And the third, second, and first centuries are the period of steady decline.

Learn this A B C thoroughly, and mark, for yourselves, what you, at present, think the vital events in each century. As you know more, you will think other events the vital ones; but the best historical knowledge only approximates to true thought in that matter; only be sure that what is truly vital in the character which governs events, is always expressed by the art of the century; so that if you could interpret that art rightly, the better part of your task in reading history would be done to your hand.

117. It is generally impossible to date with precision art of the archaic period—often difficult to date even that of the central three hundred years. I will not weary you with futile minor divisions of time; here are three coins (Plate VIII.) roughly, but decisively, characteristic of the three ages.[1] The first is an early coin of Tarentum. The city was founded, as you know, by the Spartan Phalanthus late in the eighth century. I believe the head is meant for that of Apollo Archegetes; it may however be Taras, the son of Poseidon;[2] it is no matter to us at present whom it is meant for, but the fact that we cannot know, is itself of the greatest import. We cannot say, with any certainty, unless by discovery of some collateral evidence, whether this head is intended for that of a god, or demigod, or a mortal warrior. Ought not that to disturb some of your thoughts respecting Greek idealism? Farther, if by investigation we discover that the head is meant for that of Phalanthus, we shall know nothing of the character of

[1] [The coin of Ænus may be seen in the British Museum (III. B. 4 in the exhibited series of electrotypes): date B.C. 400–336. The third coin is of Pontus (B.C. 75); the head, that of Mithridates. It may be seen in the British Museum (VII. A. 2).]

[2] [For the legends of Phalanthus and Taras, see the lecture on "The Riders of Tarentum" (below, p. 394).]

Phalanthus from the face; for there is no portraiture at this early time.

118. The second coin is of Ænus in Macedonia; probably of the fifth or early fourth century, and entirely characteristic of the central period. This we know to represent the face of a god—Hermes. The third coin is a king's, not a city's. I will not tell you, at this moment, what king's; but only that it is a late coin of the third period, and that it is as distinct in purpose as the coin of Tarentum is obscure. We know of this coin, that it represents no god nor demigod, but a mere mortal; and we know precisely, from the portrait, what that mortal's face was like.

119. A glance at the three coins, as they are set side by side, will now show you the main differences in the three great Greek styles. The archaic coin is sharp and hard; every line decisive and numbered, set unhesitatingly in its place; nothing is wrong, though everything incomplete, and, to us who have seen finer art, ugly. The central coin is as decisive and clear in arrangement of masses, but its contours are completely rounded and finished. There is no character in its execution so prominent that you can give an epithet to the style. It is not hard, it is not soft, it is not delicate, it is not coarse, it is not grotesque, it is not beautiful; and I am convinced, unless you had been told that this is fine central Greek art, you would have seen nothing at all in it to interest you. Do not let yourselves be anywise forced into admiring it; there is, indeed, nothing more here than an approximately true rendering of a healthy youthful face, without the slightest attempt to give an expression of activity, cunning, nobility, or any other attribute of the Mercurial mind. Extreme simplicity, unpretending vigour of work, which claims no admiration either for minuteness or dexterity, and suggests no idea of effort at all; refusal of extraneous ornament, and perfectly arranged disposition of counted masses in a sequent order, whether in the beads, or the ringlets of hair;

Archaic, Central, and Declining Art of Greece

this is all you have to be pleased with; neither will you ever find, in the best Greek Art, more. You might at first suppose that the chain of beads round the cap was an extraneous ornament; but I have little doubt that it is as definitely the proper fillet for the head of Hermes, as the olive for Zeus, or corn for Triptolemus. The cap or petasus cannot have expanded edges; there is no room for them on the coin; these must be understood, therefore; but the nature of the cloud-petasus is explained by edging it with beads, representing either dew or hail. The shield of Athena often bears white pellets for hail, in like manner.

120. The third coin will, I think, at once strike you by what we moderns should call its "vigour of character." You may observe also that the features are finished with great care and subtlety, but at the cost of simplicity and breadth. But the *essential* difference between it and the central art, is its disorder in design—you see the locks of hair cannot be counted any longer—they are entirely dishevelled and irregular. Now the individual character may, or may not, be a sign of decline; but the licentiousness, the casting loose of the masses in the design, is an infallible one.[1] The effort at portraiture is good for art if the men to be portrayed are good men, not otherwise. In the instance before you, the head is that of Mithridates VI. of Pontus, who had, indeed, the good qualities of being a linguist and a patron of the arts; but, as you will remember, murdered, according to report, his mother, certainly his brother, certainly his wives and sisters, I have not counted how many of his children, and from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand persons besides; these last in a single day's massacre. The effort to represent this kind of person is not by any means a method of study from life ultimately beneficial to art.[2]

[1] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 78, where Ruskin refers to this passage and further illustrates it.]

[2] [Compare *Art of England*, § 72, where Ruskin again refers to portraiture as destructive of Greek design.]

121. This, however, is not the point I have to urge to-day. What I want you to observe is, that though the master of the great time does not attempt portraiture, he *does* attempt animation. And as far as his means will admit, he succeeds in making the face—you might almost think—vulgarly animated; as like a real face, literally, "as it can stare." Yes: and its sculptor meant it to be so; and that was what Phidias meant his Jupiter to be, if he could manage it. Not, indeed, to be taken for Zeus himself; and yet, to be as like a living Zeus as art could make it. Perhaps you think he tried to make it look living only for the sake of the mob, and would not have tried to do so for connoisseurs. Pardon me; for real connoisseurs he would, and did; and herein consists a truth which belongs to all the arts, and which I will at once drive home in your minds, as firmly as I can.

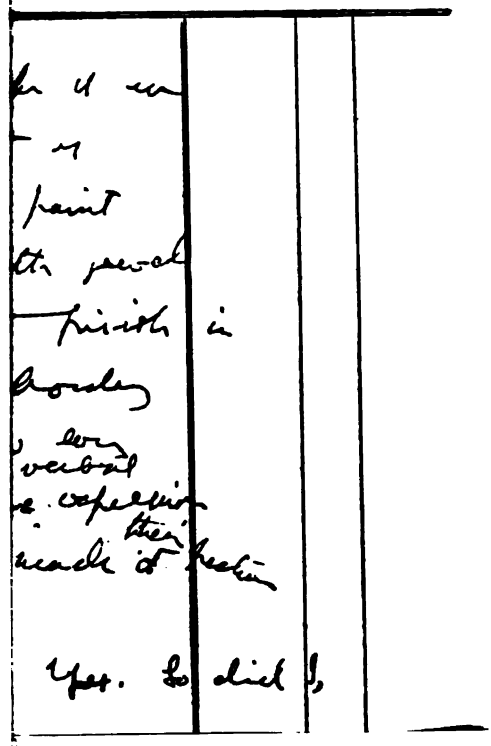
122. All second-rate artists—(and remember, the second-rate ones are a loquacious multitude, while the great come only one or two in a century; and then, silently)—all second-rate artists will tell you that the object of fine art is not resemblance, but some kind of abstraction more refined than reality. Put that out of your heads at once. The object of the great Resemblant Arts is, and always has been, to resemble; and to resemble as closely as possible.[1] It is the function of a good portrait to set the man before you in habit as he lived,[2] and I would we had a few more that did so. It is the function of a good landscape to set the scene before you in its reality; to make you, if it may be, think the clouds are flying, and the streams foaming. It is the function of the best sculptor—the true Dædalus—to make stillness look like breathing, and marble look like flesh.[3]

[1] [Compare *Queen of the Air*, § 162 (Vol. XIX. pp. 410–411).]

[2] [*Hamlet*, iii. 4. 134.]

[3] [In one of the drafts of this lecture there is an additional passage:—

"Be assured first that you may understand Leonardo's sentence just as truly of sculpture as of painting; and that not only *quella pittura*, but *quella scultura è piu laudabile la quale ha piu conformita con la cosa imitata*. It is the first condition of good sculpture that it shall be like life. You



123. And in all great times of art, this purpose is as naïvely expressed as it is steadily held. All the talk about abstraction belongs to periods of decadence. In living times, people see something living that pleases them; and they try to make it live for ever, or to make something as like it as possible, that will last for ever. They paint their statues, and inlay the eyes with jewels, and set real crowns on the heads; they finish, in their pictures, every thread of embroidery, and would fain, if they could, draw every leaf upon the trees. And their only verbal expression of conscious success is that they have made their work "look real."

124. You think all that very wrong. So did I, once; but it was I that was wrong. A long time ago, before ever I had seen Oxford, I painted a picture of the Lake of Como, for my father. It was not at all like the Lake of Como; but I thought it rather the better for that. My father differed with me; and objected particularly to a boat with a red and yellow awning, which I had put into the most conspicuous corner of my drawing. I declared this boat to be "necessary to the composition." My father not the less objected that he had never seen such a boat, either at Como or elsewhere; and suggested that if I would make the lake look a little more like water, I should be under no necessity of explaining its nature by the presence of floating objects. I thought him at the time a very simple person for his pains; but have since learned, and it is the very gist of all practical matters, which, as Professor of Fine Art, I have now to tell you, that the great point in painting a lake is—to get it to look like water.

125. So far, so good. We lay it down for a first principle that our graphic art, whether painting or sculpture,

> may always implicitly trust Virgil to give you the leading epithet of anything, and his *spirantia signa* is worth any number of volumes of common art criticism. Good sculpture looks as if it breathed, and as if it could speak and move, and is so like the reality that we forget the absence of colour."

For "Leonardo's sentence," see *Lectures on Art*, § 129 (above, p. 121). For Virgil's "*spirantia signa*," see *Æneid*, viii. 848 ("excudent alii spirantia mollius æra").]

is to produce something which shall look as like Nature as possible. But now we must go one step farther, and say that it is to produce what shall look like Nature to people who know what Nature is like! You see this is at once a great restriction, as well as a great exaltation of our aim. Our business is not to deceive the simple; but to deceive the wise! Here, for instance, is a modern Italian print, representing, to the best of its power, St. Cecilia, in a brilliantly realistic manner.[1] And the fault of the work is not in its earnest endeavour to show St. Cecilia in habit as she lived, but in that the effort could only be successful with persons unaware of the habit St. Cecilia lived in. And this condition of appeal only to the wise increases the difficulty of imitative resemblance so greatly, that, with only average skill or materials, we must surrender all hope of it, and be content with an imperfect representation, true as far as it reaches, and such as to excite the imagination of a wise beholder to complete it; though falling very far short of what either he or we should otherwise have desired. For instance, here is a suggestion, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the general appearance of a British Judge,—requiring the imagination of a very wise beholder indeed to fill it up, or even at first to discover what it is meant for.[2] Nevertheless, it is better art than the Italian St. Cecilia, because the artist, however little he may have done to represent his knowledge, does, indeed, know altogether what a Judge is like, and appeals only to the criticism of those who know also.

126. There must be, therefore, two degrees of truth to be looked for in the good graphic arts; one, the commonest, which, by any partial or imperfect sign, conveys to you an idea which you must complete for yourself; and the other, the finest, a representation so perfect as to leave you nothing to be farther accomplished by this independent

[1] [This example does not seem to have been placed in the Ruskin Collection at Oxford.]

[2] [A study for a picture: Standard Series, No. 32 (see Vol. XXI. p. 24).]

exertion; but to give you the same feeling of possession and presence which you would experience from the natural object itself. For instance of the first, in this representation of a rainbow,* the artist has no hope that, by the black lines of engraving, he can deceive you into any belief of the rainbow's being there, but he gives indication enough of what he intends, to enable you to supply the rest of the idea yourself, providing always you know beforehand what a rainbow is like. But in this drawing of the falls of Terni,† the painter has strained his skill to the utmost to give an actually deceptive resemblance of the iris, dawning and fading among the foam. So far as he has not actually deceived you, it is not because he would not have done so if he could; but only because his colours and science have fallen short of his desire. They have fallen so little short, that, in a good light, you may all but believe the foam and the sunshine are drifting and changing among the rocks.

127. And after looking a little while, you will begin to regret that they are not so: you will feel that, lovely as the drawing is, you would like far better to see the real place, and the goats skipping among the rocks, and the spray floating above the fall. And this is the true sign of the greatest art—to part voluntarily with its greatness; —to make *itself* poor and unnoticed; but so to exalt and set forth its theme, that you may be fain to see the theme instead of it. So that you have never enough admired a great workman's doing, till you have begun to despise it. The best homage that could be paid to the Athena of Phidias would be to desire rather to see the living goddess;

* In Dürer's "Melencolia."[1]

† Turner's, in the Hakewill series.[2]

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[1] [See Plate E in Vol. VII. (p. 312). Compare what Ruskin says of the symbolic character of this design in *Lectures on Art*, § 53 (above, p. 61).]

[2] [Ruskin had bought this drawing in the previous year: see Vol. XIII. pp. 425, 605.]

and the loveliest Madonnas of Christian art fall short of their due power, if they do not make their beholders sick at heart to see the living Virgin.[1]

128. We have then, for our requirement of the finest art, (sculpture, or anything else,) that it shall be so like the thing it represents as to please those who best know or can conceive the original; and, if possible, please them deceptively — its final triumph being to deceive even the wise; and (the Greeks thought) to please even the Immortals, who were so wise as to be undeceivable. So that you get the Greek, thus far entirely true, idea of perfectness in sculpture, expressed to you by what Phalaris says, at first sight of the bull of Perilaus, "It only wanted motion and bellowing to seem alive; and as soon as I saw it, I cried out, it ought to be sent to the god,"[2]—to Apollo, for only he, the undeceivable, could thoroughly understand such sculpture, and perfectly delight in it.

129. And with this expression of the Greek ideal of sculpture, I wish you to join the early Italian, summed in a single line by Dante—"non vide me' di me, chi vide 'l vero." Read the twelfth canto of the *Purgatory*, and learn that whole passage by heart; and if ever you chance to go to Pistoja, look at La Robbia's coloured porcelain bas-reliefs of the seven works of Mercy on the front of the hospital there;[3] and note especially the faces of the two

[1] [One of the MS. drafts of the lecture has an additional passage here:—

"But it is only by consummate masters, and once or twice in centuries of toil, that this passionate veracity can be reached. For the most part the workman can entertain no hope of causing himself to be forgotten. He must resign himself to be thanked for having raised the dim fancy of the spectator to a feeble exertion, and content that the pleasure received should be often rather in perception of the smallness of the means than greatness of result. Nearly everything we produce must be little more than a sketch in marble, or colour or clay, and the only merit it can claim, that of suggesting rightly, so far as it suggests at all."]

[2] [From "The Oration of the Ambassadors of Phalaris to the Priests of Delphi," in which Lucian makes an ironical defence of the tyrant of Agrigentum. The story of the brazen bull of Perilaus, or Perillus—made to hold criminals whose cries, as they were burnt alive within it, should be like the roaring of a bull, and of the tyrant trying the first experiment with the sculptor himself—is told also by Pliny (*Nat. Hist.*, xxxiv. 19), and referred to by other authors.]

[3] [For an earlier reference to these bas-reliefs (in a letter of 1845), see Vol. IV. pp. 300–301 *n.*]

sick men—one at the point of death, and the other in the first peace and long-drawn breathing of health after fever —and you will know what Dante meant by the preceding line, "Morti li morti, e i vivi parèn vivi."[1]

180. But now, may we not ask farther,—is it impossible for art such as this, prepared for the wise, to please the simple also? Without entering on the awkward questions of degree, how many the wise can be, or how much men should know, in order to be rightly called wise, may we not conceive an art to be possible, which would deceive *everybody*, or everybody worth deceiving? I showed you at my First Lecture, a little ringlet of Japan ivory, as a type of elementary bas-relief touched with colour;[2] and in your Rudimentary Series, you have a drawing, by Mr. Burgess, of one of the little fishes enlarged, with every touch of the chisel facsimiled on the more visible scale; and showing the little black bead inlaid for the eye, which in the original is hardly to be seen without a lens. You may, perhaps, be surprised when I tell you that (putting the question of *subject* aside for the moment, and speaking only of the mode of execution and aim at resemblance) you have there a perfect example of the Greek ideal of method in sculpture. And you will admit that, to the simplest person

[1] [*Purgatorio*, xii. 67, 68, thus rendered by Cary:—

"Dead, the dead;
The living seem'd alive: with clearer view,
His eye beheld not, who beheld the truth."]

[2] [Ruskin seems, in revising the first lecture for the press, to have omitted the reference to the Japan ivory. He mentions it in a letter to Professor Norton (November 10, 1870):—

"The third lecture, on coloured sculpture, will be amusing, I think. I enlarge first one of the fish from those little ivory Japan circlets you bought for me at Paris; then, saying simply that for execution it is an ideal of true Greek ideal of sculpture, I give beside the fish profile the profile of the self-made man from *Punch*—enlarged also to bas-relief size—and then a Greek Apollo beside both, to show them how all real design depends on *νοῦς τῶν τιμιστάτων*."

(*Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*, vol. ii. p. 29; reprinted in a later volume of this edition.) The "third" is the present lecture (see above, p. 185). In the printed lectures the Japan ivory was not given; for the other illustrations, see Plate IX. (below, p. 294). The enlargement of the fish by Burgess is not in the Ruskin Art Collection at Oxford.]

whom we could introduce as a critic, that fish would be a satisfactory, nay, almost a deceptive, fish; while, to any one caring for subtleties of art, I need not point out that every touch of the chisel is applied with consummate knowledge, and that it would be impossible to convey more truth and life with the given quantity of workmanship.

181. Here is, indeed, a drawing by Turner (Edu. 181),[1] in which, with some fifty times the quantity of labour, and far more highly educated faculty of sight, the artist has expressed some qualities of lustre and colour which only very wise persons indeed could perceive in a John Dory; and this piece of paper contains, therefore, much more, and more subtle, art, than the Japan ivory; but are we sure that it is therefore *greater* art? or that the painter was better employed in producing this drawing, which only one person can possess, and only one in a hundred enjoy, than he would have been in producing two or three pieces on a larger scale, which should have been at once accessible to, and enjoyable by, a number of simpler persons? Suppose, for instance, that Turner, instead of faintly touching this outline, on white paper, with his camel's-hair pencil, had struck the main forms of his fish into marble, thus (Fig. 13);[2] and instead of colouring the white paper so delicately that, perhaps, only a few of the most keenly observant artists in England can see it at all, had, with his strong hand, tinted the marble with a few colours, deceptive to the people, and harmonious to the initiated; suppose that he had even conceded so much to the spirit of popular applause as to allow of a bright glass bead being inlaid for the eye, in the Japanese manner; and that the enlarged, deceptive, and popularly pleasing work had been carved on the outside of a great building,—say Fishmongers' Hall, —where everybody commercially connected with Billingsgate could have seen it, and ratified it with a wisdom of the

[1] [See Vol. XXI. p. 91.]

[2] [The bas-relief, from which Fig. 13 is reproduced, was made for Ruskin by Burgess; it may still be seen in the Ruskin Drawing School.]

market;—might not the art have been greater, worthier, and kinder in such use?

182. Perhaps the idea does not at once approve itself to you of having your public buildings covered with ornaments; but—pray remember that the choice of *subject* is an ethical question, not now before us. All I ask you to decide is whether the method is right, and would be pleasant, in giving the distinctiveness to pretty things, which it

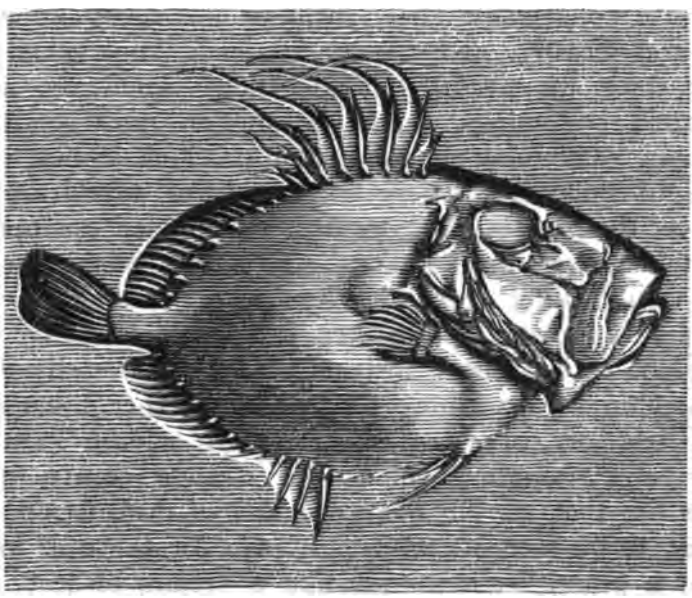

Fig. 13

has here given to what, I suppose it may be assumed, you feel to be an ugly thing. Of course, I must note parenthetically, such realistic work is impossible in a country where the buildings are to be discoloured by coal smoke; but so is all fine sculpture whatsoever; and the whiter, the worse its chance. For that which is prepared for private persons, to be kept under cover, will, of necessity, degenerate into the copyism of past work, or merely sensational and sensual forms of present life, unless there be a governing

school addressing the populace, for their instruction, on the outside of buildings. So that, as I partly warned you in my Third Lecture,[1] you can simply have *no* sculpture in a coal country. Whether you like coals or carvings best, is no business of mine. I merely have to assure you of the fact that they are incompatible.

But, assuming that we are again, some day, to become a civilized and governing race, deputing ironmongery, coal-digging, and lucre-digging, to our slaves in other countries, it is quite conceivable that, with an increasing knowledge of natural history, and desire for such knowledge, what is now done by careful, but inefficient, woodcuts, and in ill-coloured engravings, might be put in quite permanent sculptures, with inlay of variegated precious stones, on the outside of buildings, where such pictures would be little costly to the people; and in a more popular manner still, by Robbia ware and Palissy ware, and inlaid majolica, which would differ from the housewife's present favourite decoration of plates above her kitchen dresser, by being every piece of it various, instructive, and universally visible.

183. You hardly know, I suppose, whether I am speaking in jest or earnest. In the most solemn earnest, I assure you; though such is the strange course of our popular life that all the irrational arts of destruction are at once felt to be earnest; while any plan for those of instruction on a grand scale sounds like a dream, or jest. Still, I do not absolutely propose to decorate our public buildings with sculpture wholly of this character; though beast, and fowl, and creeping things, and fishes, might all find room on such a building as the Solomon's House of a New Atlantis;[2] and some of them might even become symbolic of much to us again. Passing through the Strand, only

[1] [On the impossibility of sculpture under modern conditions, see above, p. 244; and compare *Lectures on Art*, § 116 (above, p. 107).]

[2] [See Bacon, *New Atlantis* (vol. iii. p. 145, Spedding): "Ye shall understand, my dear friends, that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the erection and institution of an Order or Society which we call *Solomon's House*; the noblest foundation (as we think) that ever was upon this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God," etc.]

the other day, for instance, I saw four highly finished and delicately coloured pictures of cock-fighting, which, for imitative quality, were nearly all that could be desired, going far beyond the Greek cock of Himera; and they would have delighted a Greek's soul, if they had meant as much as a Greek cock-fight; but they were only types of the "ἐνδομάχας ἀλέκτωρ,"[1] and of the spirit of home contest, which has been so fatal lately to the Bird of France; and not of the defence of one's own barnyard, in thought of which the Olympians set the cock on the pillars of their chariot course; and gave it goodly alliance in its battle, as you may see here, in what is left of the angle of moulder-ing marble in the chair of the priest of Dionusos. The cast of it, from the centre of the theatre under the Acro-polis, is in the British Museum;[2] and I wanted its spiral for you, and this kneeling Angel of Victory;—it is late Greek art, but nobly systematic flat bas-relief. So I set Mr. Burgess to draw it; but neither he nor I, for a little while, could make out what the Angel of Victory was kneeling for. His attitude is an ancient and grandly con-ventional one among the Egyptians; and I was tracing it back to a kneeling goddess of the greatest dynasty of the Pharaohs—a goddess of Evening, or Death, laying down the sun out of her right hand;—when, one bright day, the shadows came out clear on the Athenian throne, and I saw that my Angel of Victory was only backing a cock at a cock-fight.

134. Still, as I have said, there is no reason why sculp-ture, even for simplest persons, should confine itself to imagery of fish, or fowl, or four-footed things.

We go back to our first principle: we ought to carve nothing but what is honourable. And you are offended,

[1] [Pindar, *Olympia*, xii. 20, the ode for Ergoteles of Himera: "A cock that fighteth but at home." A cock was the badge on the early coins of the Greek colony of Himera: see in the exhibition of electrotypes at the British Museum, I. C. 27.]

[2] [Now (1905) on the right of the doorway into the Ephesus Room. The drawing of it by Burgess hung at one time on the walls of the Drawing School, but was afterwards removed by Ruskin.]

at this moment, with my fish, (as I believe, when the first sculptures appeared on the windows of this museum, offence was taken at the unnecessary introduction of cats,) these dissatisfactions being properly felt by your "*νοῦς τῶν τιμιωτάτων*."[1] For indeed, in all cases, our right judgment must depend on our wish to give honour only to things and creatures that deserve it.

135. And now I must state to you another principle of veracity, both in sculpture, and all following arts, of wider scope than any hitherto examined. We have seen that sculpture is to be a true representation of true internal form. Much more is it to be a representation of true internal emotion. You must carve only what you yourself see as you see it; but, much more, you must carve only what you yourself feel, as you feel it. You may no more endeavour to feel through other men's souls, than to see with other men's eyes. Whereas generally now, in Europe and America, every man's energy is bent upon acquiring some false emotion, not his own, but belonging to the past, or to other persons, because he has been taught that such and such a result of it will be fine. Every attempted sentiment in relation to art is hypocritical; our notions of sublimity, of grace, or pious serenity, are all second-hand: and we are practically incapable of designing so much as a bell-handle or a door-knocker, without borrowing the first notion of it from those who are gone—where we shall not wake them with our knocking. I would we could.

136. In the midst of this desolation we have nothing to count on for real growth but what we can find of honest liking and longing, in ourselves and in others. We must discover, if we would healthily advance, what things are verily *τιμιώτατα* among us; and if we delight to honour the dishonourable, consider how, in future, we may better bestow our likings. Now it appears to me, from all our popular declarations, that we, at present, honour nothing so much as liberty and independence; and no person so much

[1] [See above, § 112, p. 276.]

as the Free man and Self-made man, who will be ruled by no one, and has been taught, or helped, by no one. And the reason I chose a fish for you as the first subject of sculpture, was that in men who are free and self-made, you have the nearest approach, humanly possible, to the state of the fish,[1] and finely organized ἑρπετόν. You get the exact phrase in Habakkuk, if you take the Septuagint text,—"ποιήσεις τοὺς ἀνθρώπους ὡς τοὺς ἰχθύας τῆς θαλάσσης, καὶ ὡς τὰ ἑρπετὰ τὰ οὐκ ἔχοντα ἡγούμενον."[2] "Thou wilt make men as the fishes of the sea, and as the reptile things, *that have no ruler over them.*" And it chanced that as I was preparing this Lecture, one of our most able and popular prints gave me a woodcut of the "self-made man," specified as such, so vigorously drawn, and with so few touches, that Phidias or Turner himself could scarcely have done it better; so that I had only to ask my assistant to enlarge it with accuracy, and it became comparable with my fish at once. Of course it is not given by the caricaturist as an admirable face; only, I am enabled by his skill to set before you, without any suspicion of unfairness on *my* part, the expression to which the life we profess to think most honourable, naturally leads. If we were to take the hat off, you see how nearly the profile corresponds with that of the typical fish.

187. Such, then, being the definition, by your best popular art, of the ideal of feature at which we are gradually arriving by self-manufacture; when I place opposite to it (in Plate IX.)[3] the profile of a man not in anywise self-made, neither by the law of his own will, nor by the love of his own interest—nor capable, for a moment, of any

[1] [For the fish as typical of freedom, see *Two Paths*, § 191 (Vol. XVI. p. 407).]

[2] [Habakkuk i. 14; quoted also (in English) in *Unto this Last*, § 46 (Vol. XVII. p. 63).]

[3] [The head of "the self-made man" is taken from a cartoon by Charles Keene (1823–1891) entitled "A Capital Answer," with the following legend: "'*Self-made' man examining school of which he is a manager:* 'Now, boy, what's the capital of 'Olland?' *Boy:* 'An H, sir.'" The cartoon appeared in *Punch* of September 3, 1870. The Greek head is the Apollo not of Syracuse, but of Croton: the coin may be seen in the British Museum (IV. C. 25).]

kind of "Independence," or of the idea of independence; but wholly dependent upon, and subjected to, external influence of just law, wise teaching, and trusted love and truth, in his fellow-spirits;—setting before you, I say, this profile of a God-made, instead of a self-made, man, I know that you will feel, on the instant, that you are brought into contact with the vital elements of human art; and that this, the sculpture of the good, is indeed the only permissible sculpture.

188. A God-made *man*, I say. The face, indeed, stands as a symbol of more than man in its sculptor's mind. For as I gave you, to lead your first effort in the form of leaves, the sceptre of Apollo,[1] so this, which I give you as the first type of rightness in the form of flesh, is the countenance of the holder of that sceptre, the Sun-God of Syracuse. But there is nothing in the face (nor did the Greek suppose there was) more perfect than might be seen in the daily beauty of the creatures the Sun-God shone upon, and whom his strength and honour animated. This is not an ideal, but a quite literally true, face of a Greek youth; nay, I will undertake to show you that it is not supremely beautiful, and even to surpass it altogether with the literal portrait of an Italian one. It is in verity no more than the form habitually taken by the features of a well-educated young Athenian or Sicilian citizen; and the one requirement for the sculptors of to-day is not, as it has been thought, to invent the same ideal, but merely to see the same reality.

Now, you know I told you in my Fourth Lecture* that the beginning of art was in getting our country clean and our people beautiful, and you supposed that to be a statement irrelevant to my subject; just as, at this moment, you perhaps think I am quitting the great subject of this

* *Lectures on Art*, § 116 [above, p. 107].

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[1] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 107 (p. 101).]

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The Apollo of Syracuse, and the Self-made Man

Apollo Chrysocomes of Clazomenæ

present Lecture—the method of likeness-making,—and letting myself branch into the discussion of what things we are to make likeness of. But you shall see hereafter[1] that the method of imitating a beautiful thing must be different from the method of imitating an ugly one; and that, with the change in subject from what is dishonourable to what is honourable, there will be involved a parallel change in the management of tools, of lines, and of colours. So that before I can determine for you *how* you are to imitate, you must tell me what kind of face you wish to imitate. The best draughtsman in the world could not draw this Apollo in ten scratches, though he can draw the self-made man. Still less this nobler Apollo of Ionian Greece (Plate X.),[2] in which the incisions are softened into a harmony like that of Correggio's painting. So that you see the method itself,—the choice between black incision or fine sculpture, and perhaps, presently, the choice between colour or no colour, will depend on what you have to represent. Colour may be expedient for a glistening dolphin or a spotted fawn;—perhaps inexpedient for white Poseidon, and gleaming Dian. So that, before defining the laws of sculpture, I am compelled to ask you, *what you mean to carve;* and that, little as you think it, is asking you how you mean to live, and what the laws of your State are to be, for *they* determine those of your statue. You can only have this kind of face to study from, in the sort of state that produced it. And you will find that sort of state described in the beginning of the fourth book of the laws of Plato; as founded, for one thing, on the conviction that of all the evils that can happen to a state, quantity of

[1] [Below, § 140; p. 297.]

[2] [This is a coin of Clazomenæ (III. A. 25 in the exhibition of electrotypes at the British Museum). For another reference to it, see below, § 179 (p. 326). Ruskin in his title on the plate gives to this Apollo Pindar's epithet, "the golden-haired" (*Olympia*, vi. 71; vii. 58). On the reverse of the coin is a swan, the symbol of Apollo. In the territory of Clazomenæ there was a temple of the god. "The delta of the Hermus abounds in wild swans, and the name of Clazomenæ may have been due to their shrill cries" (B. V. Head: *Guide to the Principal Coins of the Ancients*, 1889, p. 38).]

money is the greatest! *μεῖζον κακὸν, ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν, πόλει οὐδὲν ἂν γίγνοιτο εἰς γενναίων καὶ δικαίων ἤθων κτῆσιν*,[1] "for, to speak shortly, no greater evil, matching each against each, can possibly happen to a city, as adverse to its forming just or generous character," than its being full of silver and gold.

189. Of course the Greek notion may be wrong, and ours right, only—*ὡς ἔπος εἰπεῖν*—you can have Greek sculpture only on that Greek theory: shortly expressed by the words put into the mouth of Poverty herself, in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, "*Τοῦ Πλούτου παρέχω βελτίονας ἄνδρας καὶ τὴν γνώμην καὶ τὴν ἰδέαν*,"[2] "I deliver to you better men than the God of Money can, both in imagination and feature." So, on the other hand, this ichthyoid, reptilian, or monocondyloid[3] ideal of the self-made man can only be reached, universally, by a nation which holds that poverty, either of purse or spirit,—but especially the spiritual character of being *πτωχοὶ τῷ πνεύματι*,[4]—is the lowest of degradations; and which believes that the desire of wealth is the first of manly and moral sentiments. As I have been able to get the popular ideal represented by its own living art, so I can give you this popular faith in its own living words; but in words meant seriously, and not at all as caricature, from one of our leading journals, professedly æsthetic also in its very name, the *Spectator*, of August 6, 1870.

"Mr. Ruskin's plan," it says, "would make England poor, in order that she might be cultivated, and refined, and artistic. A wilder proposal was never broached by a man of ability; and it might be regarded as a proof that the assiduous study of art emasculates the intellect, *and even the moral sense*. Such a theory almost warrants the contempt with which art is often regarded by essentially intellectual natures, like Proudhon" (*sic*). "Art is noble as the flower of life, and the creations of a Titian are a

[1] [*Laws*, iv. 705 B.]
[2] [*Plutus*, 558, 559.]
[3] [See above, § 95, p. 263.]
[4] [Matthew v. 3.]

great heritage of the race; but if England could secure high art and Venetian glory of colour only by the sacrifice of her manufacturing supremacy, and *by the acceptance of national poverty*, then the pursuit of such artistic achievements would imply that we had ceased to possess natures of manly strength, *or to know the meaning of moral aims*. If we must choose between a Titian and a Lancashire cotton mill, then, in the name of manhood and of morality, give us the cotton mill. Only the dilettanteism of the studio; that dilettanteism which loosens the moral no less than the intellectual fibre, and which is as fatal to rectitude of action as to correctness of reasoning power, would make a different choice."[1]

You see also, by this interesting and most memorable passage, how completely the question is admitted to be one of ethics—the only real point at issue being, whether this face or that is developed on the truer moral principle.

140. I assume, however, for the present, that this Apolline type is the kind of form you wish to reach and to represent. And now observe, instantly, the whole question of manner of imitation is altered for us. The fins of the fish, the plumes of the swan, and the flowing of the Sun-God's hair are all represented by incisions—but the incisions do sufficiently represent the fin and feather,—they *in*sufficiently represent the hair. If I chose, with a little more care and labour, I could absolutely get the surface of the scales and spines of the fish, and the expression of its mouth; but no quantity of labour would obtain the real surface of a tress of Apollo's hair, and the full expression of his mouth. So that we are compelled at once to call the imagination to help us, and say to it, *You* know what the Apollo Chrysocomes must be like; finish all this for yourself. Now, the law under which imagination works, is just that of other good workers. "You must give me clear orders; show me what I have to do, and where I am

[1] [From a review of *Lectures on Art* (see above, p. 7). Ruskin refers to the article again in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 27.]

to begin, and let me alone." And the orders can be given, quite clearly, up to a certain point, in form; but they cannot be given clearly in colour, now that the subject is subtle. All beauty of this high kind depends on harmony; let but the slightest discord come into it, and the finer the thing is, the more fatal will be the flaw. Now, on a flat surface, I can command my colour to be precisely what and where I mean it to be; on a round one I cannot. For all harmony depends, first, on the fixed proportion of the colour of the light to that of the relative shadow; and therefore if I fasten my colour, I must fasten my shade. But on a round surface the shadow changes at every hour of the day; and therefore all colouring which is expressive of form, is impossible; and if the form is fine, (and here there is nothing but what is fine,) you may bid farewell to colour.[1]

141. Farewell to colour; that is to say, if the thing is to be seen distinctly, and you have only wise people to show it to; but if it is to be seen indistinctly, at a distance, colour may become explanatory; and if you have simple people to show it to, colour may be necessary to excite *their* imaginations, though not to excite yours. And the art is great always by meeting its conditions in the straightest way; and if it is to please a multitude of innocent and bluntly-minded persons, must express itself in the terms that will touch them; else it is not good.[2] And I have to trace for you through the history of the past, and possibilities of the future, the expedients used by great sculptors to obtain clearness, impressiveness, or splendour; and the manner of their appeal to the people, under various light and shadow, and with reference to different degrees of public intelligence: such investigation resolving itself again and again, as we proceed, into questions absolutely

[1] [On the relation of colour and form, see *Seven Lamps*, ch. iv. §§ 36, 38 (Vol. VIII. pp. 177, 180); *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 455); and *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 71 *n.*).]

[2] [On the rule that "great art must be popular," compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 30.]

ethical; as, for instance, whether colour is to be bright or dull,—that is to say, for a populace cheerful or heartless; —whether it is to be delicate or strong,—that is to say, for a populace attentive or careless; whether it is to be a background like the sky, for a procession of young men and maidens, because your populace revere life—or the shadow of the vault behind a corpse stained with drops of blackened blood, for a populace taught to worship Death.[1] Every critical determination of rightness depends on the obedience of some ethic law, by the most rational and, therefore, simplest means. And you see how it depends most, of all things, on whether you are working for chosen persons, or for the mob; for the joy of the boudoir, or of the Borgo.[2] And if for the mob, whether the mob of Olympia, or of St. Antoine.[3] Phidias, showing his Jupiter for the first time, hides behind the temple door to listen, resolved afterwards, "*ῥυθμίζειν τὸ ἄγαλμα πρὸς τὸ τοῖς πλείστοις δοκοῦν, οὐ γὰρ ἡγεῖτο μικρὰν εἶναι συμβουλὴν δήμου τοσούτου*,"[4] and truly, as your people is, in judgment, and in multitude, so must your sculpture be, in glory. An elementary principle which has been too long out of mind.

142. I leave you to consider it, since, for some time, we shall not again be able to take up the inquiries to which it leads.[5] But, ultimately, I do not doubt that you will rest satisfied in these following conclusions:

1. Not only sculpture, but all the other fine arts, must be for the people.

[1] [With this passage compare Vol. XVII. p. 287, where Ruskin (in a note of 1871) refers to it.]

[2] [The reference is to Cimabue's picture carried in glad procession through the streets of Florence; whence (says Vasari) "the inhabitants ever afterwards called that place Borgo Allegri": see Vol. III. pp. 644–645 *n.*]

[3] [A reference to the French Revolutions of 1789 and 1848, and (if the words were inserted by Ruskin in revising the lecture as delivered) the Communist rising of 1871, the Place de la Bastille St. Antoine being a centre of activity on all those three occasions.]

[4] [Lucian: *Pro Imaginibus*, 14, resolved "to adapt the statue in accordance with the opinion of the majority, for he deemed that the advice of such a multitude was no small thing." The passage is quoted again below, p. 409.]

[5] [Such inquiries were touched upon in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*.]

2. They must be didactic to the people, and that as their chief end. The structural arts, didactic in their manner; the graphic arts, in their matter also.

3. And chiefly the great representative and imaginative arts—that is to say, the drama and sculpture—are to teach what is noble in past history, and lovely in existing human and organic life.

4. And the test of right manner of execution in these arts, is that they strike, in the most emphatic manner, the rank of popular minds to which they are addressed.

5. And the test of utmost fineness in execution in these arts, is that they make themselves be forgotten in what they represent; and so fulfil the words of their greatest Master,

"THE BEST, IN THIS KIND, ARE BUT SHADOWS."[1]

[1] [*Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1, 213; quoted also in *Eagle's Nest*, § 39, and *Ariadne Florentina*, § 256. In his first notes for this passage Ruskin adds, "Compare what Froude says in his essay on Elizabethan heroes of Shakespeare's models." The reference is to the essay entitled "England's Forgotten Worthies," in the first volume of *Short Studies upon Great Subjects*: "We wonder at the grandeur, the moral majesty of some of Shakespeare's characters, so far beyond what the noblest among ourselves can imitate, and at first thought we attribute it to the genius of the poet, who has outstripped nature in his creations. But . . . the men whom he draws were such men as he saw and knew. . . . Shakespeare's great poetry is no more than the rhythmic echo of the life which it depicts."]

LECTURE V

STRUCTURE

December, 1870

143.[1] On previous occasions of addressing you, I have endeavoured to show you, first, how sculpture is distinguished from other arts; then its proper subjects; then its proper method in the realization of these subjects. To-day, we must, in the fourth place, consider the means at its command for the accomplishment of these ends; the nature of its materials; and the mechanical or other difficulties of their treatment.

And however doubtful we may have remained as to the justice of Greek ideals, or propriety of Greek methods of representing them, we may be certain that the example of

[1] [One of the drafts of this lecture began differently with the following passage:—

"We have seen in the preceding lecture that there is no difficulty in distinguishing between the pleasure which a work of art gives by its imitative power, and that which we take in its actual beauty. But there is extreme difficulty in distinguishing between purely æsthetic pleasure in beauty, and that which depends on some incipient perception of the fitness of construction. When you speak of a beautiful sailing vessel, for instance, it is almost impossible to distinguish between the pleasure taken in the abstract whiteness and curvature of her sails and the subtlety of the lines of her hull, from that which depends on our intelligence of their action with respect to the forces of wind and sea. But you must not allow yourselves, because these sources of pleasure are perpetually united, to think of them as having anything in common with each other. Sensible beauty is one thing, ingenious construction another, and the delight with which a child looks up to the light of a rainbow has nothing whatever in common with that with which an engineer admires the arch of a bridge. This last kind of pleasure, or of interest, however, is one of the highest importance in its own sphere, and must be the subject to-day of our most attentive inquiry.

"Observe, first, that it takes place in two very different degrees, with respect to the treatment by our own skill, of inert matter, and the disposition by nature of organic force. The admiration with which we look

the Greeks will be instructive in all practical matters relating to this great art, peculiarly their own. I think even the evidence I have already laid before you is enough to convince you that it was by rightness and reality, not by idealism or delightfulness only, that their minds were finally guided; and I am sure that, before closing the present course, I shall be able so far to complete that evidence, as to prove to you that the commonly received notions of classic art are, not only unfounded, but even, in many respects, directly contrary to the truth. You are constantly told that Greece idealized whatever she contemplated. She did the exact contrary: she realized and verified it. You are constantly told she sought only the beautiful. She sought, indeed, with all her heart; but she found, because she never doubted that the search was to be consistent with propriety and common sense. And the first thing you will always discern in Greek work is the first which you *ought* to discern in all work; namely, that the object of it has been rational, and has been obtained by simple and unostentatious means.

144. "That the object of the work has been rational"! Consider how much that implies. That it should be by

at the flight of a swallow, or the leap of a leopard, depends materially on our sense of the distribution of mechanical force through a complex and perfect structure. But our admiration here is so confused with wonder, and with the sense of the presence of a mysterious power of which we cannot logically reason, nor clearly know the operation, that the feeling of delight cannot be classed with that which we have to-day to consider as received from works of structural art. For this latter, and greatly inferior sensation of pleasure depends not on any mysterious apprehension of incognizable power, but on a quite clear perception of the strength of inert matter being accurately disposed so as to resist or receive the impulse of an accurately measurable force.

"Our pleasure in observing this consists, in reality, in the acknowledgment of human skill and judgment, executed in a useful way, and in order to its being rightly felt, the following main conditions are necessary: — First. The judgment in the work must not be less than the mechanical skill; it is better on the whole that it should be a little greater. The first thing to be required is therefore that the object of the work should be rational, and that it should be attained by simple and unostentatious means.

"That the object of the work should be rational" . . . (as in § 144).]

all means seen to have been determined upon, and carried through, with sense and discretion; these being gifts of intellect far more precious than any knowledge of mathematics, or of the mechanical resources of art. Therefore, also, that it should be a modest and temperate work, a structure fitted to the actual state of men; proportioned to their actual size, as animals,—to their average strength,—to their true necessities,—and to the degree of easy command they have over the forces and substances of nature.

145. You see how much this law excludes! All that is fondly magnificent, insolently ambitious, or vainly difficult. There is, indeed, such a thing as Magnanimity in design, but never unless it be joined also with modesty, and *Equ*animity. Nothing extravagant, monstrous, strained, or singular, can be structurally beautiful. No towers of Babel envious of the skies; no pyramids in mimicry of the mountains of the earth; no streets that are a weariness to traverse, nor temples that make pigmies of the worshippers.[1]

It is one of the primal merits and decencies of Greek work, that it was, on the whole, singularly small in scale, and wholly within reach of sight, to its finest details. And,

[1] [The MS. draft of the lecture, above quoted, here contains an additional passage:—

"Not but that, in the principal cities of a great people, and for the requirements of their multitudes, great works may not be undertaken with a certain degree of enthusiastic ambition; still there is a limit always beyond which ambition disappoints itself, and the confession of vanity is clearer than the exhibition of strength. There is always a point at which the difficulty to be conquered surpasses the value of any possible result; then is the time to pause. You build a tower to a certain height, with comparative ease, high enough to command whatever view is needful of adjacent country, and to produce an impressive sense of magnitude, when seen from its foot. Above that useful and moderate height, the very lifting of the stones and raising of the scaffolding becomes tedious and costly, the sculpture of detail must be colossal or invisible in the foundation, buttressing and masonry then are innumerable possibilities of failure and danger. You may, with great expense, secure your foundation and put another tower on the top of the first, but it would be even wiser and better to build the second tower upon the ground, and have two moderately higher towers instead of one pre-eminent. It is far better for you, here in Oxford, to have Magdalen tower, St. Mary's and Christ Church spire, than it would be to have only St. Mary's three times as high."]

indeed, the best buildings that I know are thus modest; and some of the best are minute jewel cases for sweet sculpture. The Parthenon would hardly attract notice, if it were set by the Charing Cross Railway Station: the Church of the Miracoli, at Venice, the Chapel of the Rose, at Lucca, and the Chapel of the Thorn, at Pisa,[1] would not, I suppose, all three together, fill the tenth part, cube, of a transept of the Crystal Palace. And they are better so.

146. In the chapter on Power in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, I have stated what seems, at first, the reverse of what I am saying now;[2] namely, that it is better to have one grand building than any number of mean ones. And that is true: but you cannot command grandeur by size till you can command grace in minuteness; and least of all, remember, will you so command it to-day, when magnitude has become the chief exponent of folly and misery, co-ordinate in the fraternal enormities of the Factory and Poorhouse,—the Barracks and Hospital. And the final law in this matter is that, if you require edifices only for the grace and health of mankind, and build them without pretence and without chicanery, they will be sublime on a modest scale, and lovely with little decoration.

147. From these principles of simplicity and temperance, two very severely fixed laws of construction follow; namely, first, that our structure, to be beautiful, must be produced with tools of men; and, secondly, that it must be composed of natural substances. First, I say, produced with tools of men. All fine art requires the application of the whole strength and subtlety of the body, so that such art is not possible to any sickly person, but involves the action and force of a strong man's arm from the shoulder, as well as the delicatest touch of his fingers: and it is the evidence

[1] [For the Church of the Miracoli, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 393); a drawing (by J. W. Bunney) of Sta. Maria della Rosa at Lucca is No. 81 in the Reference Series (see Vol. XXI. p. 33); for a drawing by Ruskin of the Chapel of Sta. Maria della Spina at Pisa, see Plate 4 in *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 136).]

[2] [See in this edition Vol. VIII. p. 104, and the note there added.]

that this full and fine strength has been spent on it which makes the art executively noble; so that no instrument must be used, habitually, which is either too heavy to be delicately restrained, or too small and weak to transmit a vigorous impulse; much less any mechanical aid, such as would render the sensibility of the fingers ineffectual.*

148. Of course, any kind of work in glass, or in metal, on a large scale, involves some painful endurance of heat; and working in clay, some habitual endurance of cold; but the point beyond which the effort must not be carried is marked by loss of power of manipulation. As long as the eyes and fingers have complete command of the material, (as a glass-blower has, for instance, in doing fine ornamental work,)—the law is not violated; but all our great engine and furnace work, in gun-making and the like, is degrading to the intellect; and no nation can long persist in it without losing many of its human faculties. Nay, even the use of machinery other than the common rope and pulley, for the lifting of weights, is degrading to architecture; the invention of expedients for the raising of enormous stones has always been a characteristic of partly savage or corrupted races. A block of marble not larger than a cart with a couple of oxen could carry, and a cross-beam, with a couple of pulleys, raise, is as large as should generally be used in any building. The employment of large masses is sure to lead to vulgar exhibitions of geometrical arrangement,† and to draw away the attention from the sculpture. In general, rocks naturally break into

* Nothing is more wonderful, or more disgraceful, among the forms of ignorance engendered by modern vulgar occupations in pursuit of gain, than the unconsciousness, now total, that fine art is essentially Athletic. I received a letter from Birmingham, some little time since, inviting me to see how much, in glass manufacture, "machinery excelled rude hand-work." The writer had not the remotest conception that he might as well have asked me to come and see a mechanical boat-race rowed by automata, and "how much machinery excelled rude arm-work."

† Such as the Sculptureless arch of Waterloo Bridge, for instance, referred to in the Third Lecture, § 84 [p. 256].

such pieces as the human beings that have to build with them can easily lift; and no larger should be sought for.

149. In this respect, and in many other subtle ways, the law that the work is to be with tools of men is connected with the farther condition of its modesty, that it is to be wrought in substance provided by Nature, and to have a faithful respect to all the essential qualities of such substance.

And here I must ask your attention to the idea, and, more than idea,—the fact, involved in that infinitely misused term, "Providentia," when applied to the Divine power. In its truest sense and scholarly use, it is a human virtue, Προμήθεια; the personal type of it is in Prometheus, and all the first power of τέχνη, is from him, as compared to the weakness of days when men without foresight "ἄφυρον εἰκῇ πάντα."[1] But, so far as we use the word "Providence" as an attribute of the Maker and Giver of all things, it does not mean that in a shipwreck He takes care of the passengers who are to be saved, and takes none of those who are to be drowned; but it *does* mean that every race of creatures is born into the world under circumstances of approximate adaptation to its necessities; and, beyond all others, the ingenious and observant race of man is surrounded with elements naturally good for his food, pleasant to his sight, and suitable for the subjects of his ingenuity; —the stone, metal, and clay of the earth he walks upon lending themselves at once to his hand, for all manner of workmanship.

150. Thus, his truest respect for the law of the entire creation is shown by his making the most of what he can get most easily; and there is no virtue of art, nor application of common sense, more sacredly necessary than this respect to the beauty of natural substance, and the ease of local use; neither are there any other precepts of construction so vital as these—that you show all the strength

[1] [Æschylus, *Prometheus*, 450: "jumbled all things together at random."]

of your material, tempt none of its weaknesses, and do with it only what can be simply and permanently done.[1]

151. Thus, all good building will be with rocks, or pebbles, or burnt clay, but with no artificial compound; all good painting with common oils and pigments on common canvas, paper, plaster, or wood,—admitting sometimes, for precious work, precious things, but all applied in a simple and visible way. The highest imitative art should not, indeed, at first sight, call attention to the means of it; but even that, at length, should do so distinctly, and provoke the observer to take pleasure in seeing how completely the workman is master of the particular material he has used, and how beautiful and desirable a substance it was, for work of that kind. In oil painting, its unctuous quality is to be delighted in; in fresco, its chalky quality; in glass, its transparency; in wood, its grain; in marble, its softness; in porphyry, its hardness; in iron, its toughness. In a flint country, one should feel the delightfulness of having flints to pick up, and fasten together into rugged walls. In a marble country, one should be always more and more astonished at the exquisite colour and structure of marble; in a slate country, one should feel as if every rock cleft itself only for the sake of being built with conveniently.

152. Now, for sculpture, there are, briefly, two materials —Clay, and Stone; for glass is only a clay that gets clear and brittle as it cools, and metal a clay that gets opaque and tough as it cools. Indeed, the true use of gold in this world is only as a very pretty and very ductile clay, which you can spread as flat as you like, spin as fine as you like, and which will neither crack nor tarnish.[2]

All the arts of sculpture in clay may be summed up under the word "Plastic," and all of those in stone, under the word "Glyptic."

153. Sculpture in clay will accordingly include all cast

[1] [Compare *Two Paths*, §§ 160, 161 (Vol. XVI. p. 336).]
[2] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, § 46 (Vol. XVI. pp. 46–47).]

brickwork, pottery, and tile-work *—a somewhat important branch of human skill. Next to the potter's work, you have all the arts in porcelain, glass, enamel, and metal,—everything, that is to say, playful and familiar in design, much of what is most felicitously inventive, and, in bronze or gold, most precious and permanent.

154. Sculpture in stone, whether granite, gem, or marble, while we accurately use the general term "glyptic" for it, may be thought of with, perhaps, the most clear force under the English word "engraving." For, from the mere angular incision which the Greek consecrated in the triglyphs of his greatest order of architecture, grow forth all the arts of bas-relief, and methods of localized groups of sculpture connected with each other and with architecture: as, in another direction, the arts of engraving and wood-cutting themselves.[1]

155. Over all this vast field of human skill the laws which I have enunciated to you rule with inevitable authority, embracing the greatest, and consenting to the humblest, exertion; strong to repress the ambition of nations, if fantastic and vain, but gentle to approve the efforts of children, made in accordance with the visible intention of the Maker of all flesh, and the Giver of all Intelligence. These laws, therefore, I now repeat, and beg of you to observe them as irrefragable.

1. That the work is to be with tools of men.

2. That it is to be in natural materials.

3. That it is to exhibit the virtues of those materials, and aim at no quality inconsistent with them.

4. That its temper is to be quiet and gentle, in harmony

* It is strange, at this day, to think of the relation of the Athenian Ceramicus to the French Tile-fields, Tileries, or Tuileries: and how these last may yet become—have already partly become—"the Potter's field," blood-bought. (*December*, 1870.[2])

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[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 39, on the relation of engraving to other arts.]

[2] [For other references to these events, see above, p. 199 *n.*]

with common needs, and in consent to common intelligence.

We will now observe the bearing of these laws on the elementary conditions of the art at present under discussion.[1]

156. There is, first, work in baked clay, which contracts,

[1] [In one of the MS. drafts of this lecture Ruskin illustrated these principles further from the art of architecture. Ultimately he held the passage over, noting it for use in the "Introduction to lectures on architecture referring to former statement"—*i.e.*, to the statement of general principles in the present lecture. As the lectures on architecture were not written, or not written as intended (see above, p. 217 *n.*), the passage is given here:—

"Extending the same principle to the third art, you will find that good architecture involves the intelligent use of materials ready to our hand, by applying average human strength to them, and due, unforced and unpresuming ingenuity. All endeavours to display an unnecessary cleverness, or overcome gratuitously imposed difficulties, vulgarize and degrade. You are not to try to make stone look like lace, nor brick like iron, you are not to put anything in positions where it looks as if it could not stand, nor even to allow your resources to seem pushed to their utmost for its security. But with the most easily obtained, though carefully chosen, wood and stone, you are to construct the thing required in the simplest, and therefore, truly, the most scientific way, and, as far as possible, to point out by what subsequent decoration you admit this method of construction.

"But you must beware even with respect to architecture, of pressing this theory of visible construction too far. It is desirable, nay, in the best work it is necessary, that the method of building should be visible, but unless the edifice be otherwise worthy to stand, it is of no consequence by what measures we have secured its stability. There is nothing more ingenious in architecture, nothing more pleasant to an eye well educated in perception of structural laws, than the common arrangement of buttress and pinnacle round the apse of a fine Gothic cathedral. But it presupposes the requirement of the interior of a building in which none of these means for its support are to be recognized, and the mind is to rest in the perception that a large space has been secured from the violence of the elements, and surrounded by masonry, graceful in its divisions and grand in its elevation.

"Again, though the fluting of a Doric column, the moulding of an Early English pointed arch, and the divisions of stones in the basement of a building like Whitehall, are all of them more grateful to the eye because they explain the directions of force to be resisted and direct attention to the points where the masonry needs to be adjusted with the greatest care, all the final value of these decorative methods of treatment depends on a proportion of masses which is wholly independent of construction. A Doric pillar would be spoiled if it had twenty flutings instead of twelve, though its vertical action would be even more definitely illustrated, and the adoption of a partly elliptical curve for the flutings themselves is an appeal to an entirely abstract source of æsthetic pleasure.

"So again, in the Early English lancet arch, the distribution of its channelled mouldings may be infinitely varied in the depth and groups of shadows, without in any way modifying the structural conditions, and the eye is pleased or displeased by the concentric sequence of darks and lights without the slightest reference to a stability which there is no cause

as it dries, and is very easily frangible.[1] Then you must put no work into it requiring niceness in dimension, nor any so elaborate that it would be a great loss if it were broken; but as the clay yields at once to the hand, and the sculptor can do anything with it he likes, it is a material for him to sketch with and play with,—to record his fancies in, before they escape him,—and to express roughly, for people who can enjoy such sketches, what he has not time

in any case to question, while on the other hand, in considering with definite purpose the probable security of two arches proposed to be built over a wide river, in nine cases out of ten the eye will determine that to be most graceful which is apparently the least safe.

"Finally, though in the rustic bases of Renaissance buildings there is an appeal to the sense of constructive adaptation by the apparently securing a strong foundation with many courses of level stone before the refined adjustments of pillar and architecture begin, the real value of those divisions of the surface is founded on the abstract sense of proportion, and by no means on any consideration of stability. To lay, or to appear to have laid, the first storey of a delicate building with a few vast blocks of rough stone, would in no wise invalidate the impression of security, but would be painful to the higher instincts which delight above all things in harmony, and demand before all things propriety and common sense.

"Thus, then, is the common law for all the arts rightly exercised; they are to be directed to a worthy object, within reach of average human pains, and they are to use the natural materials nearest at hand of sterling quality, bringing out such results as shall be completely within reach on those conditions."]

[1] [In one of the MS. drafts of notes for this lecture there is the following passage:—

"Clay being ductile and coherent yields itself at once to flowing and fantastic form, and permits the instant attainment of picturesque projecting masses. It is especially adapted for the expression of movement and of fanciful conceptions of group, but not for receiving finish, which it neither merits nor is capable of. In studying terra-cottas, therefore, you are to look only for the sketch—a rough embodiment of the sculptor's thought, and for refinement and grace in action, but not in surface or in feature. In Greek terra-cottas you will often find a diffused and melting softness which is like a sketch of Correggio; in modern terra-cottas for the most part you will find picturesque renderings of character, often executed with ability but of very small art value, being vulgarly imitative.

"Work in porcelain is subject to the same general conditions, but, being more permanent, deserves, and is capable of, higher finish; and admitting also the addition of fixed and beautiful colour, lends itself more completely to imitative purposes than any other material. Many noble works of the Florentine school are executed in it with a singular simplicity of heart and childlike delight in realization.

"Work in hard metals, as in bronze or steel, admits every grotesqueness of form, and almost provokes to vivacity and waywardness of invention. It may realise far, without being vulgar, for its colour preserves it from becoming merely imitative."]

to complete in marble. The clay, being ductile, lends itself to all softness of line; being easily frangible, it would be ridiculous to give it sharp edges, so that a blunt and massive rendering of graceful gesture will be its natural function: but as it can be pinched, or pulled, or thrust in a moment into projection which it would take hours of chiselling to get in stone, it will also properly be used for all fantastic and grotesque form, not involving sharp edges. Therefore, what is true of chalk and charcoal, for painters, is equally true of clay, for sculptors; they are all most precious materials for true masters, but tempt the false ones into fatal license; and to judge rightly of terra-cotta work is a far higher reach of skill in sculpture-criticism than to distinguish the merits of a finished statue.

157. We have, secondly, work in bronze, iron, gold, and other metals; in which the laws of structure are still more definite.

All kinds of twisted and wreathen work on every scale become delightful when wrought in ductile or tenacious metal; but metal which is to be *hammered* into form separates itself into two great divisions—solid, and flat.

A. In solid metal-work, *i.e.*, metal cast thick enough to resist bending, whether it be hollow or not, violent and various projection may be admitted, which would be offensive in marble; but no sharp edges, because it is difficult to produce them with the hammer. But since the permanence of the material justifies exquisiteness of workmanship, whatever delicate ornamentation can be wrought with rounded surfaces may be advisedly introduced; and since the colour of bronze or any other metal is not so pleasantly representative of flesh as that of marble, a wise sculptor will depend less on flesh contour, and more on picturesque accessories, which, though they would be vulgar if attempted in stone, are rightly entertaining in bronze or silver. Verrocchio's statue of Colleone at Venice, Cellini's

Perseus at Florence, and Ghiberti's gates at Florence, are models of bronze treatment.[1]

B. When metal is beaten thin, it becomes what is technically called "plate," (the *flattened* thing,) and may be treated advisably in two ways: one, by beating it out into bosses, the other by cutting it into strips and ramifications. The vast schools of goldsmiths' work and of iron decoration, founded on these two principles, have had the most powerful influences over general taste in all ages and countries. One of the simplest and most interesting elementary examples of the treatment of flat metal by cutting is the common branched iron bar, Fig. 14, used to close small apertures in countries possessing any good primitive style of ironwork, formed by alternate cuts on its sides, and the bending down of the severed portions. The ordinary domestic window balcony of Verona is formed by mere ribands of iron, bent into curves as studiously refined as those of a Greek vase, and decorated merely by their own terminations in spiral volutes.

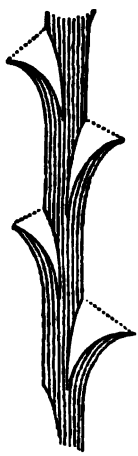


Fig. 14

All cast work in metal, unfinished by hand, is inadmissible[2] in any school of living art, since it cannot possess the perfection of form due to a permanent substance; and the continual sight of it is destructive of the faculty of taste: but metal stamped with precision, as in coins, is to sculpture what engraving is to painting.

158. Thirdly. Stone-sculpture divides itself into three schools: one in very hard material; one in very soft; and one in that of centrally useful consistence.

A. The virtue of work in hard material is the expression of form in shallow relief, or in broad contours: deep

[1] [For the statue of Colleone, see Vol. XI. p. 19: Ruskin placed a photograph of it in the Educational Series (No. 95); for Ghiberti's Gates, see Vol. IX. p. 260, and the lecture on Ghiberti in *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*. Of these gates also Ruskin placed a photograph in his Collection of Examples (No. 136 in the Reference Series; Vol. XXI. p. 40).]

[2] [Compare *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. pp. 60, 85; and *Lectures on Art*, § 100 (above, p. 96).]

cutting in hard material is inadmissible; and the art, at once pompous and trivial, of gem engraving, has been in the last degree destructive of the honour and service of sculpture.

B. The virtue of work in soft material is deep cutting, with studiously graceful disposition of the masses of light and shade. The greater number of flamboyant churches of France are cut out of an adhesive chalk; and the fantasy of their latest decoration was, in great part, induced by the facility of obtaining contrast of black space, undercut, with white tracery easily left in sweeping and interwoven rods—the lavish use of wood in domestic architecture materially increasing the habit of delight in branched complexity of line.[1] These points, however, I must reserve for illustration in my Lectures on Architecture.[2] To-day, I shall limit myself to the illustration of elementary sculptural structure in the best material,—that is to say, in crystalline marble, neither soft enough to encourage the caprice of the workman, nor hard enough to resist his will.

159. C. By the true "Providence" of Nature, the rock which is thus submissive has been in some places stained with the fairest colours, and in others blanched into the fairest absence of colour that can be found to give harmony to inlaying, or dignity to form. The possession by the Greeks of their λευκὸς λίθος[3] was indeed the first circumstance regulating the development of their art; it enabled them at once to express their passion for light by executing the faces, hands, and feet of their dark wooden statues in white marble, so that what we look upon only with pleasure for fineness of texture was to them an imitation of the luminous body of the deity shining from behind its dark robes; and ivory afterwards is employed in their best statues for its yet more soft and flesh-like brightness,

[1] [On this subject see Vol. XIV. p. 414, and Vol. XIX. p. 251.]

[2] [Again a reference to an intended but undelivered course: see above, p. 217 *n.*]

[3] [The white Parian marble: so Pindar of a pillar—Παρίου λίθου λευκοτέραν (*Nem.* iv. 81).]

receptive also of the most delicate colour—(therefore to this day the favourite ground of miniature painters). In like manner, the existence of quarries of peach-coloured marble within twelve miles of Verona,[1] and of white marble and green serpentine between Pisa and Genoa, defined the manner both of sculpture and architecture for all the Gothic buildings of Italy. No subtlety of education could have formed a high school of art without these materials.[2]

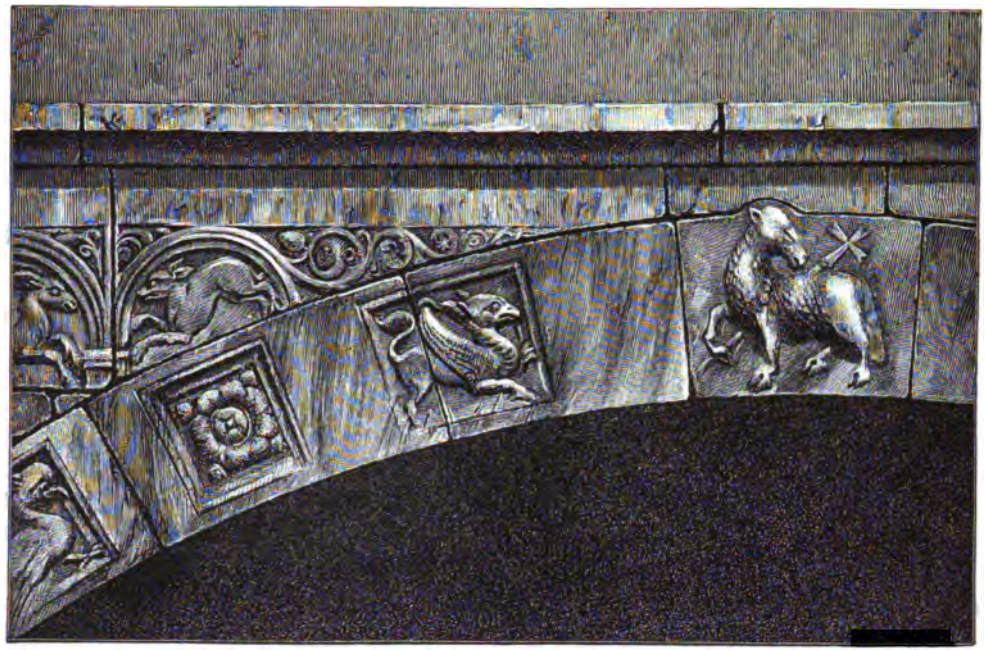
160. Next to the colour, the fineness of substance which will take a perfectly sharp edge, is essential; and this not merely to admit fine delineation in the sculpture itself, but to secure a delightful precision in placing the blocks of which it is composed. For the possession of too fine marble, as far as regards the work itself, is a temptation instead of an advantage to an inferior sculptor; and the abuse of the facility of undercutting, especially of undercutting so as to leave profiles defined by an edge against shadow, is one of the chief causes of decline of style in such encrusted bas-reliefs as those of the Certosa of Pavia and its contemporary monuments.[3] But no undue temptation ever exists as to the fineness of block fitting; nothing contributes to give so pure and healthy a tone to sculpture as the attention of the builder to the jointing of his stones; and his having both the power to make them fit so perfectly as not to admit of the slightest portion of cement showing externally, and the skill to ensure, if needful, and to suggest always, their stability in cementless construction. Plate XI. represents a piece of entirely fine Lombardic building, the central portion of the arch in the Duomo in Verona,[4] which corresponds to that of the porch of San Zenone, represented in Plate I. In both these pieces of building, the only line that traces the architrave round the arch, is that of

[1] [Compare "Verona and its Rivers," § 6 (Vol. XIX. p. 432).]

[2] [On this subject, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 200), and the "Review of Lord Lindsay," § 31 (Vol. XII. p. 200).]

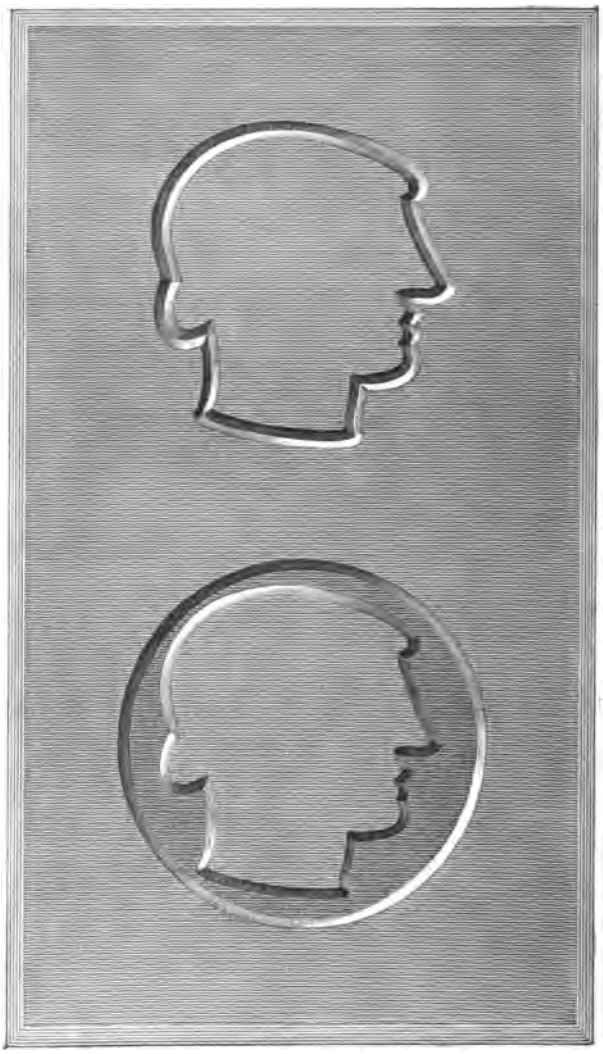
[3] [For other criticisms of this building, see *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 50.]

[4] [The drawing of this subject is No. 112 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 38).]



H. S. Uhlrich sc.

Marble Masonry in the Duomo of Verona



H. S. Uhlrich sc

The First Elements of Sculpture

Incised Outline and Opened Space

the masonry joint; yet this line is drawn with extremest subtlety, with intention of delighting the eye by its relation of varied curvature to the arch itself; and it is just as much considered as the finest pen-line of a Raphael drawing. Every joint of the stone is used, in like manner, as a thin black line, which the slightest sign of cement would spoil like a blot. And so proud is the builder of his fine jointing, and so fearless of any distortion or strain spoiling the adjustment afterwards, that in one place he runs his joint quite gratuitously through a bas-relief, and gives the keystone its only sign of pre-eminence by the minute inlaying of the head of the Lamb into the stone of the course above.

161. Proceeding from this fine jointing to fine draughtsmanship, you have, in the very outset and earliest stage of sculpture, your flat stone surface given you as a sheet of white paper, on which you are required to produce the utmost effect you can with the simplest means, cutting away as little of the stone as may be, to save both time and trouble; and above all, leaving the block itself, when shaped, as solid as you can, that its surface may better resist weather, and the carved parts be as much protected as possible by the masses left around them.

162. The first thing to be done is clearly to trace the outline of subject with an incision approximating in section to that of the furrow of a plough, only more equal-sided. A fine sculptor strikes it, as his chisel leans, freely, on marble; an Egyptian, in hard rock, cuts it sharp, as in cuneiform inscriptions. In any case, you have a result somewhat like the upper figure, Plate XII., in which I show you the most elementary indication of form possible, by cutting the outline of the typical archaic Greek head with an incision like that of a Greek triglyph, only not so precise in edge or slope, as it is to be modified afterwards.

163. Now, the simplest thing we can do next is to round off the flat surface *within* the incision, and put what

form we can get into the feebler projection of it thus obtained. The Egyptians do this, often with exquisite skill, and then, as I showed you in a former Lecture, colour the whole—using the incision as an outline.[1] Such a method of treatment is capable of good service in representing, at little cost of pains, subjects in distant effect; and common, or merely picturesque, subjects even near. To show you what it is capable of, and what coloured sculpture would be in its rudest type, I have prepared the colour relief of the John Dory* as a natural history drawing for distant effect. You know, also, that I meant him to be ugly—as ugly as any creature can well be. In time, I hope to show you prettier things—peacocks and kingfishers, butterflies and flowers,—on grounds of gold, and the like, as they were in Byzantine work. I shall expect you, in right use of your æsthetic faculties, to like those better than what I show you to-day. But it is now a question of method only; and if you will look, after the Lecture, first at the mere white relief, and then see how much may be gained by a few dashes of colour, such as a practised workman could lay in a quarter of an hour,—the whole forming, if well done, almost a deceptive image,—you will, at least, have the range of power in Egyptian sculpture clearly expressed to you.

164. But for fine sculpture, we must advance by far other methods. If we carve the subject with real delicacy, the cast shadow of the incision will interfere with its outline, so that, for representation of beautiful things you must clear away the ground about it, at all events for a little distance. As the law of work is to use the least pains possible, you clear it only just as far back as you need,

* This relief is now among the other casts which I have placed in the lower school in the University galleries.[2]

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[1] [See above, § 32, p. 222.]

[2] [The plain relief (see above, p. 288) remains in the Ruskin Drawing School, but the coloured relief is not there.]

and then, for the sake of order and finish, you give the space a geometrical outline. By taking, in this case, the simplest I can,—a circle,—I can clear the head with little labour in the removal of surface round it (see the lower figure in Plate XII.).

165. Now, these are the first terms of all well-constructed bas-relief. The mass you have to treat consists of a piece of stone which, however you afterwards carve it, can but, at its most projecting point, reach the level of the external plane surface out of which it was mapped, and defined by a depression round it; that depression being at first a mere trench, then a moat of a certain width, of which the outer sloping bank is in contact, as a limiting geometrical line, with the laterally salient portions of sculpture. This, I repeat, is the primal construction of good bas-relief, implying, first, perfect protection to its surface from any transverse blow, and a geometrically limited space to be occupied by the design, into which it shall pleasantly (and as you shall ultimately see,[1] ingeniously) contract itself: implying, secondly, a determined depth of projection, which it shall rarely reach, and never exceed: and implying, finally, the production of the whole piece with the least possible labour of chisel and loss of stone.

166. And these, which are the first, are very nearly the last constructive laws of sculpture. You will be surprised to find how much they include, and how much of minor propriety in treatment their observance involves.

In a very interesting essay on the architecture of the Parthenon, by the Professor of Architecture of the École Polytechnique, M. Émile Boutmy,[2] you will find it noticed that the Greeks do not usually weaken, by carving, the constructive masses of their building; but put their chief

[1] [See § 173; below, p. 322.]

[2] [*Philosophie de l'Architecture en Grèce*, par Émile Boutmy. Paris, 1870, p. 183; re-issued in 1897 under the title *Le Parthénon et le Génie Grec*. For a criticism of the book, see Ruskin's letter to Professor Norton of September 30, 1870 (reprinted in a later volume of this edition from the *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 26); and see also Ruskin's Preface to the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*.]

sculpture in the empty spaces between the triglyphs, or beneath the roof. This is true; but in so doing, they merely build their panel instead of carving it; they accept, no less than the Goths, the laws of recess and limitation, as being vital to the safety and dignity of their design; and their noblest recumbent statues are, constructively, the fillings of the acute extremity of a panel in the form of an obtusely summited triangle.

167. In gradual descent from that severest type, you will find that an immense quantity of sculpture of all times and styles may be generally embraced under the notion of a mass hewn out of, or, at least, placed in, a panel or recess, deepening, it may be, into a niche; the sculpture being always designed with reference to its position in such recess: and, therefore, to the effect of the building out of which the recess is hewn.

But, for the sake of simplifying our inquiry, I will at first suppose no surrounding protective ledge to exist, and that the area of stone we have to deal with is simply a flat slab, extant from a flat surface depressed all round it.

168. A *flat* slab, observe. The flatness of surface is essential to the problem of bas-relief.[1] The lateral limit of the panel may, or may not, be required; but the vertical limit of surface *must* be expressed; and the art of bas-relief is to give the effect of true form on that condition. For observe, if nothing more were needed than to make first a cast of a solid form, then cut it in half, and apply the half of it to the flat surface;—if, for instance, to carve a bas-relief of an apple, all I had to do was to cut my sculpture of the whole apple in half, and pin it to the wall, any ordinarily trained sculptor, or even a mechanical workman, could produce bas-relief; but the business is to carve a *round* thing out of a *flat* thing; to carve an apple out of a biscuit!—to conquer, as a subtle Florentine has

[1] [For other discussions of the treatment of bas-relief, see *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. pp. 119 *seq.*, 183, and *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 259).]

here conquered,* his marble, so as not only to get motion into what is most rigidly fixed, but to get boundlessness into what is most narrowly bounded; and carve Madonna and Child, rolling clouds, flying angels, and space of heavenly air behind all, out of a film of stone not the third of an inch thick where it is thickest.

169. Carried, however, to such a degree of subtlety as this, and with so ambitious and extravagant aim, bas-relief becomes a tour-de-force; and, you know, I have just told you all tours-de-force are wrong. The true law of bas-relief is to begin with a depth of incision proportioned justly to the distance of the observer and the character of the subject, and out of that rationally determined depth, neither increased for ostentation of effect, nor diminished for ostentation of skill, to do the utmost that will be easily visible to an observer, supposing him to give an average human amount of attention, but not to peer into, or critically scrutinize, the work.

170. I cannot arrest you to-day by the statement of any of the laws of sight and distance which determine the proper depth of bas-relief. Suppose that depth fixed; then observe what a pretty problem, or, rather, continually varying cluster of problems, will be offered to us. You might, at first, imagine that, given what we may call our scale of solidity, or scale of depth, the diminution from nature would be in regular proportion, as, for instance, if the real depth of your subject be, suppose, a foot, and the depth of your bas-relief an inch, then the parts of the real subject which were six inches round the side of it would be carved, you might imagine, at the depth of half an inch, and so the whole thing mechanically reduced to scale. But not a bit of it. Here is a Greek bas-relief of

* The reference is to a cast from a small and low relief of Florentine work in the Kensington Museum.[1]

[1] [The Virgin and Child, ascribed to Desiderio da Settignano; formerly in the Palazzo Alberti, Florence.]

a chariot with two horses (upper figure, Plate XXIII.).[1] Your whole subject has therefore the depth of two horses side by side, say six or eight feet. Your bas-relief has, on this scale,* say the depth of the third of an inch. Now, if you gave only the sixth of an inch for the depth of the off horse, and, dividing him again, only the twelfth of an inch for that of each foreleg, you would make him look a mile away from the other, and his own forelegs a mile apart. Actually, the Greek has made the *near leg of the off horse project much beyond the off leg of the near horse;* and has put nearly the whole depth and power of his relief into the breast of the off horse, while for the whole distance from the head of the nearest to the neck of the other, he has allowed himself only a shallow line; knowing that, if he deepened that, he would give the nearest horse the look of having a thick nose; whereas, by keeping that line down, he has not only made the head itself more delicate, but detached it from the other by giving no cast shadow, and left the shadow below to serve for thickness of breast, cutting it as sharp down as he possibly can, to make it bolder.

171. Here is a fine piece of business we have got into! —even supposing that all this selection and adaptation were to be contrived under constant laws, and related only to the expression of given forms. But the Greek sculptor, all this while, is not only debating and deciding how to show what he wants, but, much more, debating and deciding what, as he can't show everything, he will choose to show at all. Thus, being himself interested, and supposing that you will be, in the manner of the driving, he takes great pains to carve the reins, to show you where they are knotted, and how they are fastened round the driver's waist

* The actual bas-relief is on a coin, and the projection not above the twentieth of an inch, but I magnified it in photograph, for this Lecture, so as to represent a relief with about the third of an inch for maximum projection.

[1] [See below, p. 351.]

(you recollect how Hippolytus was lost by doing that[1]); but he does not care the least bit about the chariot, and having rather more geometry than he likes in the cross and circle of one wheel of it, entirely omits the other!

172. I think you must see by this time that the sculptor's is not quite a trade which you can teach like brick-making; nor its produce an article of which you can supply any quantity "demanded" for the next railroad waiting-room. It may perhaps, indeed, seem to you that, in the difficulties thus presented by it, bas-relief involves more direct exertion of intellect than finished solid sculpture. It is not so, however. The questions involved by bas-relief are of a more curious and amusing kind, requiring great variety of expedients; though none except such as a true workmanly instinct delights in inventing, and invents easily; but design in solid sculpture involves considerations of weight in mass, of balance, of perspective and opposition, in projecting forms, and of restraint for those which must not project, such as none but the greatest masters have ever completely solved; and they, not always; the difficulty of arranging the composition so as to be agreeable from points of view on all sides of it, being, itself, arduous enough.

173. Thus far, I have been speaking only of the laws of structure relating to the projection of the mass which becomes itself the sculpture. Another most interesting group of constructive laws governs its relation to the line that contains or defines it.

In your Standard Series I have placed a photograph of the south transept of Rouen Cathedral.[2] Strictly speaking, all standards of Gothic are of the thirteenth century; but, in the fourteenth, certain qualities of richness are obtained by the diminution of restraint; out of which we must choose what is best in their kinds. The pedestals of the statues

[1] [See the *Hippolytus* of Euripides. A painting of the subject may be seen on a vase in the British Museum (F. 279).]

[2] [No. 51 in the *Reference* Series (Vol. XXI. p. 29).]

which once occupied the lateral recesses are, as you see, covered with groups of figures, enclosed each in a quatrefoil panel; the spaces between this panel and the enclosing square being filled with sculptures of animals.

You cannot anywhere find a more lovely piece of fancy, or more illustrative of the quantity of result, than may be obtained with low and simple chiselling. The figures are all perfectly simple in drapery, the story told by lines of action only in the main group, no accessories being admitted. There is no undercutting anywhere, nor exhibition of technical skill, but the fondest and tenderest appliance of it; and one of the principal charms of the whole is the adaptation of every subject to its quaint limit. The tale must be told within the four petals of the quatrefoil, and the wildest and playfullest beasts must never come out of their narrow corners. The attention with which spaces of this kind are filled by the Gothic designers is not merely a beautiful compliance with architectural requirements, but a definite assertion of their delight in the restraint of law; for, in illuminating books, although, if they chose it, they might have designed floral ornaments, as we now usually do, rambling loosely over the leaves, and although, in later works, such license is often taken by them, in all books of the fine time the wandering tendrils are enclosed by limits approximately rectilinear, and in gracefullest branching often detach themselves from the right line only by curvature of extreme severity.

174. Since the darkness and extent of shadow by which the sculpture is relieved necessarily vary with the depth of the recess, there arise a series of problems, in deciding which the wholesome desire for emphasis by means of shadow is too often exaggerated by the ambition of the sculptor to show his skill in undercutting. The extreme of vulgarity is usually reached when the entire bas-relief is cut hollow underneath, as in much Indian and Chinese work, so as to relieve its forms against an absolute darkness; but no formal law can ever be given; for exactly

the same thing may be beautifully done for a wise purpose, by one person, which is basely done, and to no purpose, or to a bad one, by another. Thus, the desire for emphasis itself may be the craving of a deadened imagination, or the passion of a vigorous one; and relief against shadow may be sought by one man only for sensation, and by another for intelligibility. John of Pisa undercuts fiercely, in order to bring out the vigour of life which no level contour could render;[1] the Lombardi of Venice undercut delicately, in order to obtain beautiful lines and edges of faultless precision; but the base Indian craftsmen undercut only that people may wonder how the chiselling was done through the holes, or that they may see every monster white against black.

175. Yet, here again we are met by another necessity for discrimination. There may be a true delight in the inlaying of white on dark, as there is a true delight in vigorous rounding. Nevertheless, the general law is always, that, the lighter the incisions, and the broader the surface, the grander, cæteris paribus, will be the work. Of the structural terms of that work you now know enough to understand that the schools of good sculpture, considered in relation to projection, divide themselves into four entirely distinct groups:[2]—

1st. Flat Relief, in which the surface is, in many places, absolutely flat; and the expression depends greatly on the lines of its outer contour, and on fine incisions within them.

2nd. Round Relief, in which, as in the best coins, the sculptured mass projects so as to be capable of complete modulation into form, but is not anywhere undercut. The formation of a coin by the blow of a die necessitates, of course, the severest obedience to this law.

[1] [For Giovanni Pisano, see *Val d'Arno*, passim; for the work of the Lombardi, see Vol. V. p. 75; Vol. X. pp. 144, 354; and Vol. XI. p. 289.]

[2] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 286, where this classification is referred to.]

3rd. Edged Relief. Undercutting admitted, so as to throw out the forms against a background of shadow.

4th. Full Relief. The statue completely solid in form, and unreduced in retreating depth of it, yet connected locally with some definite part of the building, so as to be still dependent on the shadow of its background and direction of protective line.

176. Let me recommend you at once to take what pains may be needful to enable you to distinguish these four kinds of sculpture, for the distinctions between them are not founded on mere differences in gradation of depth. They are truly four species, or orders, of sculpture, separated from each other by determined characters. I have used, you may have noted, hitherto in my Lectures, the word "bas-relief" almost indiscriminately for all, because the degree of lowness or highness of relief is not the question, but the *method* of relief. Observe again, therefore—

A. If a portion of the surface is absolutely flat, you have the first order—Flat Relief.

B. If every portion of the surface is rounded, but none undercut, you have Round Relief—essentially that of seals and coins.

C. If any part of the edges be undercut, but the general protection of solid form reduced, you have what I think you may conveniently call Foliate Relief,—the parts of the design over-lapping each other, in places, like edges of leaves.

D. If the undercutting is bold and deep, and the projection of solid form unreduced, you have Full Relief.

Learn these four names at once by heart:—

Flat Relief.
Round Relief.
Foliate Relief.
Full Relief.

And whenever you look at any piece of sculpture, determine

XIII

Drawn by John Ruskin. Engraved by G Allen.

Branch of Phillyrea

first to which of these classes it belongs; and then consider how the sculptor has treated it with reference to the necessary structure—that reference, remember, being partly to the mechanical conditions of the material, partly to the means of light and shade at his command.

177. To take a single instance. You know, for these many years, I have been telling our architects, with all the force of voice I had in me, that they could design nothing until they could carve natural forms rightly.[1] Many imagined that work was easy; but judge for yourselves whether it be or not. In Plate XIII.,[2] I have drawn, with approximate accuracy, a cluster of Phillyrea leaves as they grow. Now, if we wanted to cut them in bas-relief, the first thing we should have to consider would be the position of their outline on the marble;—here it is, as far down as the spring of the leaves. But do you suppose that is what an ordinary sculptor could either lay for his first sketch, or contemplate as a limit to be worked down to? Then consider how the interlacing and springing of the leaves can be expressed within this outline. It must be done by leaving such projection in the marble as will take

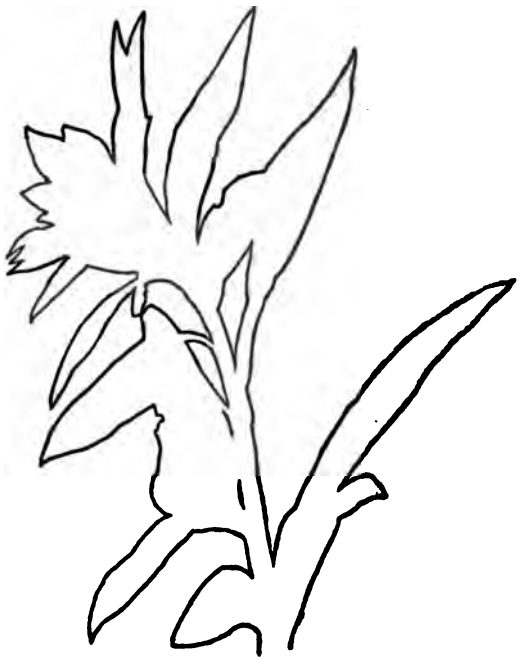

Fig. 15

[1] [See, for instance, *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, Vol. XII. p. 25, and Vol. XIX. p. 20.]

[2] [The drawing is No. 267 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 98).]

the light in the same proportion as the drawing does;—and a Florentine workman could do it, for close sight, without driving one incision deeper, or raising a single surface higher, than the eighth of an inch. Indeed, no sculptor of the finest time would design such a complex cluster of leaves as this, except for bronze or iron work; they would take simpler contours for marble; but the laws of treatment would, under these conditions, remain just as strict: and you may, perhaps, believe me now when I tell you that, in any piece of fine structural sculpture by the great masters, there is more subtlety and noble obedience to lovely laws than could be explained to you if I took twenty lectures to do it in, instead of one.

178. There remains yet a point of mechanical treatment on which I have not yet touched at all; nor that the least important,—namely, the actual method and style of handling. A great sculptor uses his tool exactly as a painter his pencil,[1] and you may recognize the decision of his thought, and glow of his temper, no less in the workmanship than the design. The modern system of modelling the work in clay, getting it into form by machinery, and by the hands of subordinates, and touching it at last, if indeed the (so-called) sculptor touch it at all, only to correct their inefficiencies, renders the production of good work in marble a physical impossibility. The first result of it is that the sculptor thinks in clay instead of marble, and loses his instinctive sense of the proper treatment of a brittle substance. The second is that neither he nor the public recognize the touch of the chisel as expressive of personal feeling or power, and that nothing is looked for except mechanical polish.

179. The perfectly simple piece of Greek relief represented in Plate XVI.,[2] will enable you to understand at

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 165 (above, p. 158); "The Flamboyant Architecture of the Somme," § 13: "all the loveliest Italian cinquecento is literally chisel-painting" (Vol. XIX. p. 252); and *Val d'Arno*, § 295.]

[2] [Reproduced from a drawing by A. Burgess of Slab XXX., South Frieze of the Parthenon, in the Elgin Room at the British Museum (see E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, p. 186). The drawing by Burgess is No. 127 in the Reference Series at Oxford.]

Greek Flat Relief and Sculpture by Edged Incision

once,—examination of the original, at your leisure, will prevent you, I trust, from ever forgetting,—what is meant by the virtue of handling in sculpture.

The projection of the heads of the four horses, one behind the other, is certainly not more, altogether, than three-quarters of an inch from the flat ground, and the one in front does not in reality project more than the one behind it, yet, by mere drawing,* you see the sculptor has got them to appear to recede in due order, and by the soft rounding of the flesh surfaces, and modulation of the veins, he has taken away all look of flatness from the necks. He has drawn the eyes and nostrils with dark incision, careful as the finest touches of a painter's pencil: and then, at last, when he comes to the manes, he has let fly hand and chisel with their full force; and where a base workman, (above all, if he had modelled the thing in clay first,) would have lost himself in laborious imitation of hair, the Greek has struck the tresses out with angular incisions, deep driven, every one in appointed place and deliberate curve, yet flowing so free under his noble hand that you cannot alter, without harm, the bending of any single ridge, nor contract, nor extend, a point of them. And if you will look back to Plate X. [p. 295] you will see the difference between this sharp incision, used to express horse-hair, and the soft incision with intervening rounded ridge, used to express the hair of Apollo Chrysocomes; and, beneath, the obliquely ridged incision used to express the plumes of his swan; in both these cases the handling being much more slow, because the engraving is in metal; but the structural importance of incision, as the means of effect, never lost sight of. Finally, here are two actual examples of the work in marble of the two great schools of the world; one, a little Fortune, standing tiptoe on the globe of the Earth,

* This plate has been executed from a drawing by Mr. Burgess, in which he has followed the curves of incision with exquisite care, and preserved the effect of the surface of the stone, where a photograph would have lost it by exaggerating accidental stains.

its surface traced with lines in hexagons; not chaotic under Fortune's feet; Greek, this, and by a trained workman;—dug up in the temple of Neptune at Corfu;—and here, a Florentine portrait-marble, found in the recent alterations, face downwards, under the pavement of Sta. Maria Novella;[1] both of them first-rate of their kind; and both of them, while exquisitely finished at the telling points, showing, on all their unregarded surfaces, the rough furrow of the fast-driven chisel, as distinctly as the edge of a common paving-stone.

180. Let me suggest to you, in conclusion, one most interesting point of mental expression in these necessary aspects of finely executed sculpture. I have already again and again pressed on your attention the beginning of the arts of men in the make and use of the plough-share.[2] Read more carefully—you might indeed do well to learn at once by heart,—the twenty-seven lines of the Fourth Pythian, which describe the ploughing of Jason.[3] There is

[1] [In ed. 1 a footnote was here added:—

"These two marbles will always, henceforward, be sufficiently accessible for reference in my room at Corpus Christi College."

The Fortune, or Victory, is a figure 22 inches in height; the right arm, left hand, and wings are wanting. The portrait-piece is a bas-relief profile (? of Dante) carved out of a flat piece of Carrara marble, and is ascribed to Donatello. Both marbles are now at Brantwood. The "little Fortune" was procured for Ruskin by Professor Norton: see Ruskin's letter of May 18, 1871 (*Letters to Norton*, vol. ii. p. 34). This passage must therefore have been inserted by Ruskin in revising the lectures of 1870 for publication.]

[2] [See above, §§ 1, 4.]

[3] [*i.e.*, lines 397–424 (224 to 238 in Donaldson's numbering); thus translated by Mr. Ernest Myers (*The Odes of Pindar*, 1874), who also says of this Fourth Pythian that it is "unsurpassed in his extant works, or indeed by anything in all extant poetry": "But when Aietes had set in the midst a plough of adamant, and oxen that from tawny jaws breathed flame of blazing fire, and with bronze hoofs smote the earth in alternate steps, and had led them and yoked them single-handed, he marked out in a line straight furrows, and for a fathom's length clave the back of the loamy earth; then she spake thus: 'This work let your king, whoever he be that hath command of the ship, accomplish me, and then let him bear away with him the imperishable coverlet, the fleece glittering with tufts of gold.'

"He said, and Jason flung off from him his saffron mantle, and putting his trust in God betook himself to the work; and the fire made him not to shrink, for that he had had heed to the bidding of the strange maiden skilled in all pharmacy. So he drew to him the plough and made fast by force the bulls' necks in the harness, and plunged the wounding goad into the bulk of their huge sides, and with manful strain fulfilled the measure of his work. And a cry without speech came from Aietes in his agony, at the marvel of the power he beheld."]

nothing grander extant in human fancy, nor set down in human words: but this great mythical expression of the conquest of the earth-clay and brute-force by vital human energy, will become yet more interesting to you when you reflect what enchantment has been cut, on whiter clay, by the tracing of finer furrows;—what the delicate and consummate arts of man have done by the ploughing of marble, and granite, and iron. You will learn daily more and more, as you advance in actual practice, how the primary manual art of engraving, in the steadiness, clearness, and irrevocableness of it, is the best art-discipline that can be given either to mind or hand;* you will recognize one law of right, pronouncing itself in the well-resolved work of every age; you will see the firmly traced and irrevocable incision determining, not only the forms, but, in great part, the moral temper, of all vitally progressive art; you will trace the same principle and power in the furrows which the oblique sun shows on the granite of his own Egyptian city,[1]—in the white scratch of the stylus through the colour on a Greek vase—in the first delineation, on the wet wall, of the groups of an Italian fresco; in the unerring and unalterable touch of the great engraver of Nuremberg,—and in the deep-driven and deep-bitten ravines of metal by which Turner closed, in embossed limits, the shadows of the *Liber Studiorum*.

Learn, therefore, in its full extent, the force of the great Greek word χαράσσω;—and give me pardon, if you think pardon needed, that I ask you also to learn the full meaning of the English word derived from it. Here, at the Ford of the Oxen of Jason, are other furrows to be driven

* That it was also, in some cases, the earliest that the Greeks gave, is proved by Lucian's account of his first lesson at his uncle's; the ἐγκοπεύς, literally "in-cutter"—being the first tool put into his hand, and an earthenware tablet to cut upon, which the boy, pressing too hard, presently breaks;—gets beaten—goes home crying, and becomes, after his dream above quoted, (§§ *35, 36*,) a philosopher instead of a sculptor.

[1] [Heliopolis. The red granite obelisk there is the oldest extant.]

than these in the marble of Pentelicus. The fruitfullest, or the fatallest, of all ploughing is that by the thoughts of your youth, on the white field of its Imagination. For by these, either down to the disturbed spirit, "κέκοπται καὶ χαράσσεται πέδον;"[1] or around the quiet spirit, and on all the laws of conduct that hold it, as a fair vase its frankincense, are ordained the pure colours, and engraved the just characters, of Æonian life.[2]

[1] [Æschylus: *Persæ*, 683; words spoken by the ghost of Darius ("the plain is cut up and ploughed").]

[2] [So Tennyson (*In Memoriam*, 35) of the everlasting hills, that have lasted whole æons. But perhaps Ruskin, in choosing the word, had in mind also its use by the Gnostics to denote the emanations from the Divine Essence.]

LECTURE VI

THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS

December, 1870

181.[1] It can scarcely be needful for me to tell even the younger members of my present audience, that the conditions necessary for the production of a perfect school of sculpture have only twice been met in the history of the world, and then for a short time; nor for short time only, but also in narrow districts,—namely, in the valleys and

[1] [One of the MS. drafts of the lecture contains a longer introduction:—

"Having now seen in what manner the fine arts are connected with each other, and founded on a rightly trained humanity, expressive both of its own beauty and its right passion, you will be prepared for the statement that only twice, in the course of past ages, the conditions have been met by any race of men, which were necessary to the production of a perfect art, and then only during the culminating years—not more than fifty in each case—of a phase of national life rising from infancy of mind to manhood, and falling back from manhood to dotage.

"This almost momentary nobleness of humanity and of its art has occurred, I repeat, only twice during the lapse of ages: once in Greece, and once in North Italy—that is to say, in the valleys of Eridanus and Arno—and in each case it was founded primarily on the right cultivation of every faculty of the body and soul, and secondarily (I mean in the sense in which superstructure is second to foundation) on the habitual exercise of the imagination on subjects presented by a complex Mythology sincerely believed. All other schools but these two are imperfect, and the best of them are derivative, these two schools being not only pre-eminent in power but radical in invention, consummate in themselves and the origin of what is best in others. It is therefore necessary to understand them thoroughly before you can rightly judge of any subordinate styles.

"Before you can rightly judge; I do not say before you can rightly enjoy. Many of the inferior styles are healthily developed under peculiar conditions of climate and race, which indeed limit, but do not degrade or prevent them, and they address and develop variously delightful characters of human nature, wholesome and precious, though incompatible with the highest cultivation. And in general the greatest enjoyment to be received from the arts is that which is possible to all intelligent men without any peculiar advantages, namely, that which may be found in the study of the special art of their native land, perhaps even of their nation, parish, or at least city, the study of that, not in the insolent and dull creed that it must be best because our own, but in the modest certainty

islands of Ionian Greece, and in the strip of land deposited by the Arno, between the Apennine crests and the sea.[1]

All other schools, except these two, led severally by Athens in the fifth century before Christ, and by Florence in the fifteenth of our own era, are imperfect; and the

that it is best *for us* because it is our own; that we assuredly have share in the weaknesses, and, as assuredly, sympathy with the virtues of our fathers, and that the happiest and most honourable employment of their children will be in bettering, not in quitting the inheritance of their peculiar wealth, be it in thought or in work. Nor is the vitality of a great leading school of art shown in anything more than in the force with which it stimulates and divides the local species of surrounding minor skill, and the native fragrance of the inferior blossom in less favoured ground. The true power of Lombardy is shown by the school of Mantua being distinct from that of Padua, and the life of Tuscany by there being a felt distinction between the blood of Florence and Fésole.

"But if, for purposes of general scholarship, we are to comprehend the essential value of those different schools of art in the history of mankind, we must at once endeavour to form a clear conception of the two schools of Greece and Italy, which each produced, according to the conditions of their times, perfect work. Around these we will next group, in both the heathen and Christian periods, schools of practical power, nascent or barbaric (some of them apparently of more importance in the history of mankind than those of central excellence); but in each of these surrounding or preceding styles your judgment of them must be formed rather by noting the reasons and manner of their shortcoming, as compared with the two great groups of master work, than by special and separate inquiry. If you once understand the main qualities of Greek and Italian art, all that has been done well by other nations will at once be manifest to you; whereas no length of time spent in the study of Egyptians or Flemings will enable you to understand the merits of the higher schools.

"And here, you will ask me, what is my test of perfection, and how long a school is to be held nascent or barbaric. As long, I reply, as they have not produced a piece of art of which it can be said, looking at it on all sides, that it cannot be better done. On one side, with reference to some special end, that may be said of much inferior art, but on all sides only of the work of two great schools. You remember that I told you the highest art could do no more than rightly represent the human form. This is the simple test, then, of a perfect school—that it has represented the human form so that it is impossible to conceive of its being better done. And that has been accomplished twice only. Here is a piece of fifteenth-century Florentine sculpture, not quite finished, and not of any special excellence, but in method, and such workmanly qualities as belong to the average master of the time, it is characteristic, and it is simply right, and cannot be better done, and from no other Christian school of any country can you match it. You may produce sculpture more pathetic, but it will be comparatively affected; more delicate, but it will be comparatively feeble; more inventive, but it will be comparatively forced and false.

"So, again, you have casts of Greek sculpture accessible to you within a five minutes' walk, of which you have heard till you are probably weary, that it has not been, cannot be bettered. That is entirely true of it, and among the work of Pagan nations, of it alone."

The specimen of Florentine sculpture was no doubt the piece of "portrait-marble" referred to in § 179. The casts of Greek sculpture are in the University Galleries.]

[1] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 82, where this passage is referred to.]

best of them are derivative: these two are consummate in themselves, and the origin of what is best in others.[1]

182. And observe, these Athenian and Florentine schools are both of equal rank, as essentially original and independent. The Florentine, being subsequent to the Greek, borrowed much from it; but it would have existed just as strongly—and, perhaps, in some respects more nobly—had it been the first, instead of the latter of the two. The task set to each of these mightiest of the nations was, indeed, practically the same, and as hard to the one as to the other. The Greeks found Phœnician and Etruscan art monstrous, and had to make them human. The Italians found Byzantine and Norman art monstrous, and had to make them human. The original power in the one case is easily traced; in the other it has partly to be unmasked, because the change at Florence was, in many points, suggested and stimulated by the former school. But we mistake in supposing that Athens taught Florence the laws of design; she taught her, in reality, only the duty of truth.

183. You remember that I told you the highest art could do no more than rightly represent the human form.[2] This is the simple test, then, of a perfect school,—that it has represented the human form, so that it is impossible to conceive of its being better done. And that, I repeat, has been accomplished twice only: once in Athens, once in Florence. And so narrow is the excellence even of these two exclusive schools, that it cannot be said of either of them that they represented the entire human form. The Greeks perfectly drew, and perfectly moulded, the body and limbs; but there is, so far as I am aware, no instance of their representing the face as well as any great Italian.[3] On the other hand, the Italian painted and carved the face insuperably; but I believe there is no instance of his having perfectly represented the body, which, by command

[1] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 162.]

[2] [*Lectures on Art*, §§ 31, 103 (above, pp. 45, 98.]

[3] [Compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 58 (Vol. XXII. p. 46). There is a discussion of the present passage in J. A. Symonds's *Life of Michelangelo*, vol. i. pp. 258 *seq.*]

of his religion, it became his pride to despise and his safety to mortify.

184. The general course of your study here renders it desirable that you should be accurately acquainted with the leading principles of Greek sculpture; but I cannot lay these before you without giving undue prominence to some of the special merits of that school, unless I previously indicate the relation it holds to the more advanced, though less disciplined, excellence of Christian art.

In this and the last Lecture of the present course,* I shall endeavour, therefore, to mass for you, in such rude and diagram-like outline as may be possible or intelligible, the main characteristics of the two schools, completing and correcting the details of comparison afterwards; and not answering, observe, at present, for any generalization I give you, except as a ground for subsequent closer and more qualified statements.

And in carrying out this parallel, I shall speak indifferently of works of sculpture, and of the modes of painting which propose to themselves the same objects as sculpture. And this, indeed, Florentine, as opposed to Venetian, painting, and that of Athens in the fifth century, nearly always did.

185. I begin, therefore, by comparing two designs of the simplest kind—engravings, or, at least, linear drawings both; one on clay, one on copper, made in the central periods of each style, and representing the same goddess—Aphrodite. They are now set beside each other in your

* The closing Lecture, on the religious temper of the Florentine, though necessary for the complete explanation of the subject to my class, at the time, introduced new points of inquiry which I do not choose to lay before the general reader until they can be examined in fuller sequence. The present volume, therefore, closes with the Sixth Lecture, and that on Christian art will be given as the first of the published course on Florentine Sculpture.[1]

[1] [As already explained, the present "Sixth Lecture" was the Fifth as delivered (see above, p. 185); the Sixth and closing Lecture of the course was on "The School of Florence." It was not included in any "published course on Florentine Sculpture" (i.e., *Val d'Arno*), but is now printed (below, pp. 355–367) from the author's manuscript.]

Rudimentary Series.[1] The first is from a patera lately found at Camirus, authoritatively assigned by Mr. Newton, in his recent catalogue,[2] to the best period of Greek art. The second is from one of the series of engravings executed, probably, by Baccio Baldini, in 1485,[3] out of which I chose your first practical exercise — the Sceptre of Apollo.[4] I cannot, however, make the comparison accurate in all respects, for I am obliged to set the restricted type of the

[1] [In the ultimate arrangement the Greek Aphrodite was No. 51 in the Rudimentary Series (Vol. XXI. p. 180), but the Florentine engraving was not given. The two designs (or rather, the Greek Aphrodite and a small piece of the Florentine plate) were afterwards engraved on one plate in *Ariadne Florentina* (§ 162); but as this is the passage in which they are principally discussed, it has seemed better in a complete edition of the Works to include them here—on separate plates, and on a larger scale (Plates XIV., XV.); the whole of the Florentine engraving, moreover, is now given, instead of the small piece presented in *Ariadne*. The Greek Aphrodite is painted on a white Athenian vase, found in 1864 in a tomb at Camirus in Rhodes. It is in the Third Vase Room of the British Museum (D. 2); for a collection of illustrative passages upon it, see E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, p. 373.]

[2] [*Synopsis of the Contents of the British Museum. Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities: First Vase Room*, 4th ed., 1871, p. 30. See now A. S. Murray's *White Athenian Vases*, p. 9.]

[3] [The Italian Venus is one of a series of fifty early Italian prints, known as Tarocchi cards; they are a set for the game of tarocchi, a game of cards in which there were five sets or suits of ten cards each, the cards being numbered consecutively (1–50), the suits being lettered E to A. The Venus here is lettered "A. 43," suit A consisting of representations of the planets. In *Ariadne Florentina* (Plates XXVII. and XXVIII. in Vol. XXII.) there are reproductions of two cards belonging to suit C, which consisted of the arts and sciences (see Ottley's *History of Engraving*, vol. i. pp. 379–400). Mr. Colvin assigns the Tarocchi cards to the school of Ferrara (*Florentine Picture Chronicle*, p. 34 *n.*). Ruskin (in *Ariadne*, § 128) attributes them, with other early Italian prints, to Baccio Baldini (whom, by the way, he always misspelt "Bandini"), or to Botticelli, saying that "he and his assistant, Baccio, worked together." Ruskin here founds himself on Vasari (*Lives*, vol. iii. p. 485, Bohn's edition), who says: "Maso di Finiguerra was followed by the Florentine goldsmith, Baccio Baldini, who had no great power of design, for which reason all that he did was with the invention and design of Sandro Botticelli." Following Vasari, collectors and writers have been in the habit of classing together all early Florentine engravings (1460–1480), which are unsigned, as the work of Baldini. Nothing, however, is really known of him, and modern research is inclined to depose him from such comprehensive eminence, if not even to question his existence. (See Sidney Colvin's *Florentine Picture Chronicle*, p. 34.) Some of the fine engravings, hitherto ascribed to Baldini, greatly resemble the drawings in that *Chronicle* (for which, see Vol. XV. p. 380), and Mr. Colvin is therefore disposed to attribute them to Maso Finiguerra. The engravings in question, of which Ruskin had a choice collection, are very rare; but the Print Room of the British Museum is rich in them. The "Venus" here, and the other "Baldini" engravings given in *Ariadne Florentina*, have for this edition been reproduced from the prints in the Museum; the present plate is in vol. xix. of the Museum's collection of Early Italian Prints.]

[4] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 107 (above, p. 101).]

Aphrodite Urania of the Greeks beside the universal Deity conceived by the Italian as governing the air, earth, and sea; nevertheless, the restriction in the mind of the Greek, and expatiation in that of the Florentine, are both characteristic. The Greek Venus Urania is flying in heaven, her power over the waters symbolized by her being borne by a swan, and her power over the earth by a single flower in her right hand; but the Italian Aphrodite is rising out of the actual sea, and only half risen: her limbs are still in the sea, her merely animal strength filling the waters with their life; but her body to the loins is in the sunshine, her face raised to the sky; her hand is about to lay a garland of flowers on the earth.

186. The Venus Urania of the Greeks, in her relation to men, has power only over lawful and domestic love; therefore, she is fully dressed, and not only quite dressed, but most daintily and trimly: her feet delicately sandalled, her gown spotted with little stars, her hair brushed exquisitely smooth at the top of her head, trickling in minute waves down her forehead; and though, because there is such a quantity of it, she can't possibly help having a chignon, look how tightly she has fastened it in with her broad fillet. Of course she is married, so she must wear a cap with pretty minute pendent jewels at the border; and a very small necklace, all that her husband can properly afford, just enough to go closely round her neck, and no more. On the contrary, the Aphrodite of the Italian, being universal love, is pure-naked; and her long hair is thrown wild to the wind and sea.

These primal differences in the symbolism, observe, are only because the artists are thinking of separate powers: they do not necessarily involve any national distinction in feeling. But the differences I have next to indicate are essential, and characterise the two opposed national modes of mind.

187. First, and chiefly. The Greek Aphrodite is a very pretty person, and the Italian a decidedly plain one. That

Aphrodite Thalassia

Aphrodite Urania

is because a Greek thought no one could possibly love any but pretty people; but an Italian thought that love could give dignity to the meanest form that it inhabited, and light to the poorest that it looked upon. So his Aphrodite will not condescend to be pretty.[1]

188. Secondly. In the Greek Venus the breasts are broad and full, though perfectly severe in their almost conical profile;—(you are allowed on purpose to see the outline of the right breast, under the chiton;)—also the right arm is left bare, and you can just see the contour of the front of the right limb and knee; both arm and limb pure and firm, but lovely. The plant she holds in her hand is a branching and flowering one, the seed-vessel prominent. These signs all mean that her essential function is child-bearing.[2]

On the contrary, in the Italian Venus the breasts are so small as to be scarcely traceable; the body strong, and almost masculine in its angles; the arms meagre and unattractive, and she lays a decorative garland of flowers on the earth. These signs mean that the Italian thought of love as the strength of an eternal spirit, for ever helpful; and for ever crowned with flowers, that neither know seed-time nor harvest, and bloom where there is neither death nor birth.

189. Thirdly. The Greek Aphrodite is entirely calm, and looks straight forward. Not one feature of her face is disturbed, or seems ever to have been subject to emotion. The Italian Aphrodite looks up, her face all quivering and burning with passion and wasting anxiety. The Greek one is quiet, self-possessed, and self-satisfied: the Italian incapable of rest; she has had no thought nor care for herself; her hair has been bound by a fillet like the Greek's; but it is now all fallen loose, and clotted with the sea, or clinging to her body; only the front tress of it is caught by the breeze from her raised forehead,

[1] [For an additional passage in this connexion, see below, p. 408.]
[2] [See, again, below, p. 407.]

and lifted, in the place where the tongues of fire rest on the brows, in the early Christian pictures of Pentecost, and the waving fires abide upon the heads of Angelico's seraphim.[1]

190. There are almost endless points of interest, great and small, to be noted in these differences of treatment. This binding of the hair by the single fillet marks the straight course of one great system of art method, from that Greek head which I showed you on the archaic coin of the seventh century before Christ,[2] to this of the fifteenth of our own era;—nay, when you look close, you will see the entire action of the head depends on one lock of hair falling back from the ear, which it does in compliance with the old Greek observance of its being bent there by the pressure of the helmet. That rippling of it down her shoulders comes from the Athena of Corinth; the raising of it on her forehead, from the knot of the hair of Diana, changed into the vestal fire of the angels. But chiefly, the calmness of the features in the one face, and their anxiety in the other, indicate first, indeed, the characteristic difference in every conception of the schools, the Greek never representing expression, the Italian primarily seeking it; but far more, mark for us here the utter change in the conception of love; from the tranquil guide and queen of a happy terrestrial domestic life, accepting its immediate pleasures and natural duties, to the agonizing hope of an infinite good, and the ever mingled joy and terror of a love divine in jealousy, crying, "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave."[3]

The vast issues dependent on this change in the conception of the ruling passion of the human soul, I will endeavour to show you on a future occasion:[4] in my

[1] [Compare the description at the end of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 332).]

[2] [Fig. 11 (the archaic Athena of Corinth); above, p. 253.]

[3] [Song of Solomon viii. 6.]

[4] [This was partly done in the succeeding Lecture: see now pp. 364 *seq.*, and compare pp. 403 *seq.*]

Apollo and the Python
Heracles and the Nemean Lion

present Lecture, I shall limit myself to the definition of the temper of Greek sculpture, and of its distinctions from Florentine in the treatment of any subject whatever, be it love or hatred, hope or despair.

These great differences are mainly the following.[1]

191. First. *A* Greek never expresses momentary passion; a Florentine looks to momentary passion as the ultimate object of his skill.

When you are next in London, look carefully in the British Museum at the casts from the statues in the pediment of the Temple of Minerva at Ægina. You have there Greek work of definite date—about 600 B.C., certainly before 580—of the purest kind; and you have the representation of a noble ideal subject, the combats of the Æacidæ at Troy,[2] with Athena herself looking on. But there is no attempt whatever to represent expression in the features, none to give complexity of action or gesture; there is no struggling, no anxiety, no visible temporary exertion of muscles. There are fallen figures, one pulling a lance out of his wound, and others in attitudes of attack and defence; several kneeling to draw their bows. But all inflict and suffer, conquer or expire, with the same smile.[3]

192. Plate XVII. gives you examples, from more advanced art, of true Greek representation; the subjects being the two contests of leading import to the Greek heart—that of Apollo with the Python, and of Hercules with the Nemean Lion.[4] You see that in neither case is there the slightest effort to represent the λύσσα, or agony of contest. No good Greek artist would have you behold the suffering either of gods, heroes, or men; nor allow you to be apprehensive of the issue of their contest with evil beasts, or evil spirits. All such lower sources of excitement are to

[1] [Compare the discussion of the characteristics of Greek art in the *Queen of the Air*, §§ 161 *seq.* (Vol. XIX. pp. 410 *seq.*).]

[2] [On this subject see "The Tortoise of Ægina," § 16; below, p. 387.]

[3] [The reader will find it interesting to compare, with what Ruskin says of the Æginetan smile, Pater's *Greek Studies*, pp. 263–282, on "The Marbles of Ægina."]

[4] [The "Apollo with the Python" is from a coin of Croton (period, B.C. 400–336); III. C. 19 in the British Museum. The Heracles is from a coin of Heraclea (before B.C. 325); IV. C. 16 in the British Museum.]

be closed to you; your interest is to be in the thoughts involved by the fact of the war; and in the beauty or rightness of form, whether active or inactive. I have to work out this subject with you afterwards, and to compare with the pure Greek method of thought that of modern dramatic passion, engrafted on it, as typically in Turner's contest of Apollo and the Python:[1] in the meantime, be content with the statement of this first great principle—that a Greek, as such, never expresses momentary passion.

198. Secondly. The Greek, as such, never expresses personal character, while a Florentine holds it to be the ultimate condition of beauty. You are startled, I suppose, at my saying this, having had it often pointed out to you, as a transcendent piece of subtlety in Greek art, that you could distinguish Hercules from Apollo by his being stout, and Diana from Juno by her being slender. That is very true; but those are general distinctions of class, not special distinctions of personal character. Even as general, they are bodily, not mental. They are the distinctions, in fleshly aspect, between an athlete and a musician,—between a matron and a huntress; but in nowise distinguish the simple-hearted hero from the subtle Master of the Muses, nor the wilful and fitful girl-goddess from the cruel and resolute matron-goddess. But judge for yourselves. In the successive plates, XVIII.–XX., I show you,* typically represented as the protectresses of nations, the Argive, Cretan, and Lacinian Hera, the Messenian Demeter, the Athena of Corinth, the Artemis of Syracuse; the fountain Arethusa of Syracuse,

* These plates of coins are given for future reference and examination, not merely for the use made of them in this place. The Lacinian Hera, if a coin could be found unworn in surface, would be very noble; her hair is thrown free because she is the goddess of the cape of storms, though in her temple, there, the wind never moved the ashes on its altar. (Livy, xxiv. 3.[2])

[1] [Compare *The Relation of Michael Angelo and Tintoret*, §§ 11, 13, 20; and see the earlier lecture on "Modern Art," § 12, where Ruskin takes this same illustration as typical (Vol. XIX. p. 206).]

[2] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 26 *n.* (Vol. XIX. p. 321), where the passage from Livy is cited; and for storms off the Lacinian promontory (Capo delle Colonne), see *Æneid*, iii. 551 *seq.* Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 145.]

Hera of Argos
Zeus of Syracuse

Demeter of Messene
Hera of Cnossus

and the Siren Ligeia of Terina.[1] Now, of these heads, it is true that some are more delicate in feature than the rest, and some softer in expression: in other respects, can you trace any distinction between the Goddesses of Earth and Heaven, or between the Goddess of Wisdom and the Water Nymph of Syracuse? So little can you do so, that it would have remained a disputed question—had not the name luckily been inscribed on some Syracusan coins—whether the head upon them was meant for Arethusa at all; and, continually, it becomes a question respecting finished statues, if without attributes, "Is this Bacchus or Apollo —Zeus or Poseidon?" There is a fact for you; noteworthy, I think! There is no personal character in true Greek art:—abstract ideas of youth and age, strength and swiftness, virtue and vice,—yes: but there is no individuality, and the negative holds down to the revived conventionalism of the Greek school by Leonardo, when he tells you how you are to paint young women, and how old ones; though a Greek would hardly have been so discourteous to age as the Italian is in his canon of it,—"old women should be represented as passionate and hasty, after the manner of Infernal Furies."[2]

194. "But at least, if the Greeks do not give character, they give ideal beauty?" So it is said, without contradiction. But will you look again at the series of coins of the best time of Greek art, which I have just set before you?

[1] [Ruskin's summary of the plates here does not accurately correspond with their contents, as will be seen from the following note. The "Argive Hera" and the "Cretan Hera" (from a coin of Cnossus) are on Plate XVIII. The "Lacinian Hera" (from a coin of Pandosia, in the territory of the Bruttii) is on Plate XX. The "Messenian Demeter" (Plate XVIII.) is discussed below, § 196. The "Athena of Corinth" (in the text) is perhaps a slip of the pen for "Athena of Thurium," which is on Plate XX. The "Artemis of Syracuse" is on Plate XX.; the "Arethusa of Syracuse" has been given on a previous plate (the lower head on Plate II., see p. 214). The "Zeus of Syracuse" (not mentioned in the text) is on Plate XVIII. The "Siren Ligeia" (Plate XIX.) is now represented, not by photographic version of the coin (as in previous editions), but by an enlargement drawn by Ruskin. The head is from a coin of Terina (II. C. 13 in the British Museum), and represents not the Siren Ligeia, but Nikè. "This is one of the most exquisite productions of the art of die-engraving. The Φ is the artist's signature. All the finest coins of Terina of this period (B.C. 450) are by him" (Barclay V. Head, *Guide to the Principal Coins of the Ancients*, p. 30).]

[2] [§ 168 in Bohn's translation of the *Treatise on Painting*.]

Are any of these goddesses or nymphs very beautiful? Certainly the Junos are not. Certainly the Demeters are not. The Siren, and Arethusa, have well-formed and regular features; but I am quite sure that if you look at them without prejudice, you will think neither reaches even the average standard of pretty English girls. The Venus Urania suggests at first the idea of a very charming person, but you will find there is no real depth nor sweetness in the contours, looked at closely. And remember, these are chosen examples,—the best I can find of art current in Greece at the great time; and if even I were to take the celebrated statues, of which only two or three are extant, not one of them excels the Venus of Melos; and she, as I have already asserted, in the *Queen of the Air*, has nothing notable in feature except dignity and simplicity.[1] Of Athena I do not know one authentic type of great beauty; but the intense ugliness which the Greeks could tolerate in their symbolism of her will be convincingly proved to you by the coin represented in Fig. 10 [p. 252]. You need only look at two or three vases of the best time to assure yourselves that beauty of feature was, in popular art, not only unattained, but unattempted; and, finally,—and this you may accept as a conclusive proof of the Greek insensitiveness to the most subtle beauty,—there is little evidence even in their literature, and none in their art, of their having ever perceived any beauty in infancy, or early childhood.[2]

195. The Greeks, then, do not give passion, do not give character, do not give refined or naïve beauty. But you may think that the absence of these is intended to give dignity to the gods and nymphs; and that their calm faces would be found, if you long observed them, instinct with some expression of divine mystery or power.

[1] [See Vol. XIX. p. 413.]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says in *The Art of England*, § 75 ("among all the treasures of Greek antiquity you can get no notion of what a Greek little girl was like"); but see on this subject E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum*, pp. 68, 672.]

"The Siren Ligeia"

I will convince you of the narrow range of Greek thought in these respects, by showing you, from the two sides of one and the same coin, images of the most mysterious of their deities, and the most powerful,—Demeter, and Zeus.

Remember[1] that just as the west coasts of Ireland and England catch first on their hills the rain of the Atlantic, so the Western Peloponnese arrests, in the clouds of the first mountain ranges of Arcadia, the moisture of the Mediterranean; and over all the plains of Elis, Pylos, and Messene, the strength and sustenance of men was naturally felt to be granted by Zeus; as, on the east coast of Greece, the greater clearness of the air by the power of Athena. If you will recollect the prayer of Rhea, in the single line of Callimachus—"Γαῖα φίλη, τέκε καὶ σύ· τεαὶ δ' ὠδῖνες ἐλαφραί,"[2] (compare Pausanias, iv. 33, at the beginning[3])—it will mark for you the connection, in the Greek mind, of the birth of the mountain springs of Arcadia with the birth of Zeus. And the centres of Greek thought on this western coast are necessarily Elis, and, (after the time of Epaminondas,) Messene.

196. I show you the coin of Messene, because the splendid height and form of Mount Ithome were more expressive of the physical power of Zeus than the lower hills of Olympia; and also because it was struck just at the time of the most finished and delicate Greek art—a little after the main strength of Phidias, but before decadence had generally pronounced itself. The coin is a silver didrachm,

[1] [The passage from "Remember" here down to the end of § 197 was written by Ruskin for a different, and undelivered, lecture on "The Eagle of Elis": see below, p. 399.]

[2] [*Hymn to Jupiter*, line 29: "Dear Earth, do thou too bear; for easy are thy throes."]

[3] ["On the way to the summit of Ithome, where is the acropolis of Messene, there is a spring called Clepsydra. To enumerate all the peoples who claim that Zeus was born and brought up among them would be impracticable, even if the attempt were seriously made. But, however that may be, the Messenians are one of the peoples who advance the claim; for they say that the god was brought up amongst them, and that the women who brought him up were Ithome and Neda; Neda, so they say, gave her name to the river, and Ithome gave hers to the mountain" (J. G. Frazer's translation).]

bearing on one side a head of Demeter (Plate XVIII., at the top); on the other a full figure of Zeus Aietophoros (Plate XXI., at the top); the two together signifying the sustaining strength of the earth and heaven.[1] Look first at the head of Demeter. It is merely meant to personify fulness of harvest; there is no mystery in it, no sadness, no vestige of the expression which we should have looked for in any effort to realize the Greek thoughts of the Earth Mother, as we find them spoken by the poets. But take it merely as personified Abundance,—the goddess of black furrow and tawny grass,—how commonplace it is, and how poor! The hair is grand,[2] and there is one stalk of wheat set in it, which is enough to indicate the goddess who is meant; but, in that very office, ignoble, for it shows that the artist could only inform you that this was Demeter by such a symbol. How easy it would have been for a great designer to have made the hair lovely with fruitful flowers, and the features noble in mystery of gloom, or of tenderness. But here you have nothing to interest you, except the common Greek perfections of a straight nose and a full chin.

197. We pass, on the reverse of the die, to the figure of Zeus Aietophoros. Think of the invocation to Zeus in the Suppliants, (525,) "King of Kings, and Happiest of the Happy, Perfectest of the Perfect in strength, abounding in all things, Jove—hear us, and be with us;" and then, consider what strange phase of mind it was, which, under the very mountain-home of the god, was content with this symbol of him as a well-fed athlete, holding a diminutive and crouching eagle on his fist. The features and the right hand have been injured in this coin, but the action of the arm shows that it held a thunderbolt, of which, I believe,

[1] [Here in the MS. of the lecture on "The Eagle of Elis" there was an additional passage:—

"Now you know I have warned you again and again that in genuine Greek art you will find no question of poetical imagination. All their poetry is in their literature; their art is absolute prose, though grave, dignified, and often beautiful. Look first . . ."]

[2] [In the MS. of "The Eagle of Elis": "The hair is deeply wreathed, but scarcely more so than in any other fine head-dress of the time; there is one stalk . . ."]

Artemis of Syracuse
Athena of Thurium
Hera of the Lacinian Cape

the twisted rays were triple. In the presumably earlier coin engraved by Millingen, however,* it is singly pointed only; and the added inscription "IΘΩM," in the field, renders the conjecture of Millingen[1] probable, that this is a rude representation of the statue of Zeus Ithomates, made by Ageladas, the master of Phidias; and I think it has, indeed, the aspect of the endeavour, by a workman of more advanced knowledge, and more vulgar temper, to put the softer anatomy of later schools into the simple action of an archaic figure. Be that as it may, here is one of the most refined cities of Greece content with the figure of an athlete as the representative of their own mountain god; marked as a divine power merely by the attributes of the eagle and thunderbolt.

198. Lastly. The Greeks have not, it appears, in any supreme way, given to their statues character, beauty, or divine strength. Can they give divine sadness? Shall we find in their art-work any of that pensiveness and yearning for the dead which fills the chants of their tragedy? I suppose, if anything like nearness or firmness of faith in after-life is to be found in Greek legend, you might look for it in the stories about the Island of Leuce, at the mouth of the Danube, inhabited by the ghosts of Achilles, Patroclus, Ajax the son of Oïleus, and Helen; and in which the pavement of the Temple of Achilles was washed daily by the sea-birds with their wings, dipping them in the sea.[2]

Now it happens that we have actually on a coin of the Locrians the representation of the ghost of the Lesser Ajax. There is nothing in the history of human imagination more

* *Ancient Cities and Kings*, Plate IV., No. 20.

[1] [At p. 63 of *Ancient Coins of Greek Cities and Kings from Various Collections principally in Great Britain*, by James Millingen, 1831.]

[2] [For an account of the White Isle in the Euxine, see Philostratus: *Heroica*, xx. 32–40 (pp. 313–316 of the Didot edition). Philostratus (who wrote about A.D. 237) records that on this island, where none might stay after sunset, Achilles and Helen held high revelry, singing of their loves and chanting the verses of Homer, which went ringing over the sea, thrilling with awe the mariners who heard them. He tells, too, how white sea-birds attended Achilles on the island, fanning his sacred grove with their wings, and sprinkling it with spray as they skimmed over it.]

lovely than their leaving always a place for his spirit, vacant in their ranks of battle.[1] But here is their sculptural representation of the phantom (lower figure, Plate XXI.); and I think you will at once agree with me in feeling that it would be impossible to conceive anything more completely unspiritual. You might more than doubt that it could have been meant for the departed soul, unless you were aware of the meaning of this little circlet between the feet. On other coins you find his name inscribed there, but in this you have his habitation, the haunted Island of Leuce itself, with the waves flowing round it.

199. Again and again, however, I have to remind you, with respect to these apparently frank and simple failures, that the Greek always intends you to think for yourself, and understand, more than he can speak. Take this instance at our hands, the trim little circlet for the Island of Leuce. The workman knows very well it is not like the island, and that he could not make it so; that, at its best, his sculpture can be little more than a letter; and yet, in putting this circlet, and its encompassing fretwork of minute waves, he does more than if he had merely given you a letter L, or written "Leuce." If you know anything of beaches and sea, this symbol will set your imagination at work in recalling them;[2] then you will think of the temple service of the novitiate sea-birds, and of the ghosts of Achilles and Patroclus appearing, like the Dioscuri,[3] above the storm-clouds of the Euxine. And the artist, throughout his work, never for an instant loses faith in your sympathy and passion being ready to answer his;—if you have none to give, he does not care to take you into his counsel; on the whole, would rather that you should not look at his work.

200. But if you have this sympathy to give, you may be sure that whatever he does for you will be right, as far as

[1] [Conon: *Narrationes*, 18. Λοκροὶ μαχόμενοι, ἐπεὶ συγγενὴς αὐτοῖς Αἴας ἦν, ἐν τῇ παρατάξει χώραν κενὴν ἐῶσιν.]

[2] [With this passage on the symbolism of Greek art, compare the note at Vol. IX. p. 408, and Fig. 71 on p. 409.]

[3] [See note on p. 143, above.]

Zeus of Messene
Ajax of Opus

he can render it so. It may not be sublime, nor beautiful, nor amusing; but it will be full of meaning, and faithful in guidance. He will give you clue to myriads of things that he cannot literally teach; and, so far as he does teach, you may trust him. Is not this saying much?

And as he strove only to teach what was true, so, in his sculptured symbol, he strove only to carve what was—Right. He rules over the arts to this day, and will for ever, because he sought not first for beauty, not first for passion, or for invention, but for Rightness; striving to display, neither himself nor his art, but the thing that he dealt with, in its simplicity. That is his specific character as a Greek. Of course every nation's character is connected with that of others surrounding or preceding it; and in the best Greek work you will find some things that are still false, or fanciful; but whatever in it is false, or fanciful, is not the Greek part of it—it is the Phœnician, or Egyptian, or Pelasgian part. The essential Hellenic stamp is veracity: —Eastern nations drew their heroes with eight legs, but the Greeks drew them with two;—Egyptians drew their deities with cats' heads, but the Greeks drew them with men's; and out of all fallacy, disproportion, and indefiniteness, they were, day by day, resolvedly withdrawing and exalting themselves into restricted and demonstrable truth.

201. And now, having cut away the misconceptions which encumbered our thoughts, I shall be able to put the Greek school into some clearness of its position for you, with respect to the art of the world. That relation is strangely duplicate; for, on one side, Greek art is the root of all simplicity; and, on the other, of all complexity.

On one side, I say, it is the root of all simplicity. If you were for some prolonged period to study Greek sculpture exclusively in the Elgin Room of the British Museum, and were then suddenly transported to the Hôtel de Cluny,[1] or any other museum of Gothic and barbarian

[1] [The Museum of Mediæval Art at Paris.]

workmanship, you would imagine the Greeks were the masters of all that was grand, simple, wise, and tenderly human, opposed to the pettiness of the toys of the rest of mankind.

202. On one side of their work they are so. From all vain and mean decoration—all weak and monstrous error, the Greeks rescue the forms of man and beast, and sculpture them in the nakedness of their true flesh, and with the fire of their living soul. Distinctively from other races, as I have now, perhaps to your weariness, told you, this is the work of the Greek, to give health to what was diseased, and chastisement to what was untrue. So far as this is found in any other school, hereafter, it belongs to them by inheritance from the Greeks, or invests them with the brotherhood of the Greek. And this is the deep meaning of the myth of Dædalus as the giver of motion to statues.[1] The literal change from the binding together of the feet to their separation, and the other modifications of action which took place, either in progressive skill, or often, as the mere consequence of the transition from wood to stone, (a figure carved out of one wooden log must have necessarily its feet near each other, and hands at its sides,) these literal changes are as nothing, in the Greek fable, compared to the bestowing of apparent life. The figures of monstrous gods on Indian temples have their legs separate enough; but they are infinitely more dead than the rude figures at Branchidæ sitting with their hands on their knees.[2] And, briefly, the work of Dædalus is the giving of deceptive life, as that of Prometheus the giving of real life;[3] and I can put the relation of Greek to all other art,

[1] ["He made many wonderful pieces of work in several parts of the world, and so far excelled in the framing and cutting of statues that those who came after him report the works to resemble living men. . . . For he was the first that in statues expressed the direct and lively aspect of the eyes, and the progressive motion of the legs and thighs, and stretching forth of the heads and arms, and therefore was justly admired by all" (Diodorus Siculus, iv. 76). For other accounts of Dædalus, see below, p. 352.]

[2] [These statues, removed from Asia Minor by Sir Charles Newton in 1858, are in the Room of Archaic Greek Sculpture at the British Museum (see E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook*, pp. 93–95).]

[3] [Compare § 206; below, p. 351.]

Greek and Barbarian Sculpture

in this function, before you, in easily compared and remembered examples.

203. Here, on the right, in Plate XXII., is an Indian bull, colossal, and elaborately carved, which you may take as a sufficient type of the bad art of all the earth. False in form, dead in heart, and loaded with wealth, externally. We will not ask the date of this; it may rest in the eternal obscurity of evil art, everywhere, and for ever.[1] Now, beside this colossal bull, here is a bit of Dædalus-work, enlarged from a coin not bigger than a shilling:[2] look at the two together, and you ought to know, henceforward, what Greek art means, to the end of your days.

204. In this aspect of it, then, I say it is the simplest and nakedest of lovely veracities. But it has another aspect, or rather another pole, for the opposition is diametric. As the simplest, so also it is the most complex of human art. I told you in my Fifth Lecture,[3] showing you the spotty picture of Velasquez, that an essential Greek character is a liking for things that are dappled.[4] And you cannot but have noticed how often and how prevalently the idea which gave its name to the Porch of Polygnotus, "στοὰ ποικίλη,"[5] occurs to the Greeks as connected with the finest art. Thus, when the luxurious city is opposed to the simple and healthful one, in the second book of Plato's *Polity*, you find that, next to perfumes, pretty ladies, and

[1] [It is from Delhi, as Ruskin states in *Val d'Arno*, § 15, where he refers to this plate.]

[2] [The Bull of Thurium is from the reverse of the coin (III. C. 17 in the exhibition of electrotypes at the British Museum), of which the "Athena of Thurium" (centre on Plate XX.) is the obverse. For other references to the Bull, see Vol. XIX. p. 22; and "The Tortoise of Ægina," § 10 (below, p. 384).]

[3] [Of the inaugural course, but in fact the Seventh Lecture: see above, pp. 170, 171, 172 *n.* In the delivery of the lecture Ruskin no doubt touched upon the spotty, dappled character in the Velasquez—a character very conspicuous in the Philip IV. at the National Gallery (No. 1129).]

[4] [The quality of ποικιλία, or spottiness in art, is frequently dwelt upon by Ruskin. See, in this volume, *Lectures on Art* (as cited in the preceding note), and *Aratra Pentelici*, pp. 269, 352. See also *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. pp. 96, 134); *Catalogue of the Educational Series, 1878*, No. 26 (Vol. XXI. p. 148); *Lectures on Landscape*, § 5 (Vol. XXII. p. 14); and *Eagle's Nest*, § 73. See also the references to the spots on the *nebris* of Dionysus given above, p. 149 *n.*]

[5] [The Poikilé or great hall at Athens adorned with frescoes by Polygnotus of the battle of Marathon (τὴν στοὰν ἣν Ποικίλην ὀναμάζουσιν Pausanias, i. 15, 1.)]

dice, you must have in it "ποικιλία,"[1] which observe, both in that place and again in the third book, is the separate art of joiners' work, or inlaying; but the idea of exquisitely divided variegation or division, both in sight and sound—the "ravishing division to the lute,"[2] as in Pindar's "ποικίλοι ὕμνοι"[3]—runs through the compass of all Greek art-description; and if, instead of studying that art among marbles, you were to look at it only on vases of a fine time, (look back, for instance, to Plate IV. here,) your impression of it would be, instead of breadth and simplicity, one of universal spottiness and chequeredness, "ἐν ἀγγέων ἔρκεσιν παμποικίλοις;"[4] and of the artist's delighting in nothing so much as in crossed or starred or spotted things; which, in right places, he and his public both do unlimitedly. Indeed they hold it complimentary even to a trout, to call him a "spotty." Do you recollect the trout in the tributaries of the Ladon, which Pausanias says were spotted, so that they were like thrushes, and which, the Arcadians told him, could speak?[5] In this last ποικιλία, however, they disappointed him. "I, indeed, saw some of them caught," he says, "but I did not hear any of them speak, though I waited beside the river till sunset."

205. I must sum roughly now, for I have detained you too long.

The Greeks have been thus the origin, not only of all broad, mighty, and calm conception, but of all that is divided, delicate, and tremulous; "variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made."[6] To them, as first leaders of ornamental design, belongs, of right, the praise of glistenings in gold, piercings in ivory, stainings in purple, burnishings in dark blue steel; of the fantasy of the Arabian roof,—quartering of the Christian shield,—rubric

[1] [*Republic*, ii. 373 A.; and iii. 401 A.]
[2] [*1 Henry IV.*, Act iii. sc. 1, line 211.]
[3] [*Nemea*, v. 76.]
[4] [*Ibid.*, x. 66.]
[5] [viii. 21, 1.]
[6] [Scott, *Marmion*, vi. 30; quoted also in *Sesame and Lilies*, § 69 (Vol. XVIII. p. 123).]

The Beginnings of Chivalry

and arabesque of Christian scripture; in fine, all enlargement, and all diminution of adorning thought, from the temple to the toy, and from the mountainous pillars of Agrigentum to the last fineness of fretwork in the Pisan Chapel of the Thorn.[1]

And in their doing all this, they stand as masters of human order and justice, subduing the animal nature, guided by the spiritual one, as you see the Sicilian Charioteer stands, holding his horse-reins, with the wild lion racing beneath him, and the flying angel above, on the beautiful coin of early Syracuse (lowest in Plate XXIII.).[2]

And the beginnings of Christian chivalry were in that Greek bridling of the dark and the white horses.[3]

206. Not that a Greek never made mistakes. He made as many as we do ourselves, nearly;—he died of his mistakes at last—as we shall die of them; but so far as he was separated from the herd of more mistaken and more wretched nations—so far as he was Greek—it was by his rightness. He lived, and worked, and was satisfied with the fatness of his land, and the fame of his deeds, by his justice, and reason, and modesty. He became Græculus esuriens,[4] little, and hungry, and every man's errand-boy, by his iniquity, and his competition, and his love of talk. But his Græcism was in having done, at least at one period of his dominion, more than anybody else, what was modest, useful, and eternally true; and as a workman, he verily did, or first suggested the doing of, everything possible to man.

Take Dædalus, his great type of the practically executive craftsman, and the inventor of expedients in craftsmanship (as distinguished from Prometheus, the institutor

[1] [For the mountainous pillars of Agrigentum, see next page; for Sta. Maria della Spina at Pisa, see above, p. 304.]

[2] [For the upper coin on this plate, see above, § 170 (p. 319); it is from a Syracusan tetradrachm of the fifth century (British Museum, II. C. 37). The lower coin is from a Syracusan decadrachm, B.C. 480 (British Museum, II. C. 33).]

[3] [The reference is to Plato's parable (*Phædrus*, 253) of the charioteer of the soul, with his two horses—one white and the other dark. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 22, where Ruskin refers to § 205 here; and see also p. 264, above.]

[4] [Juvenal, iii. 78; quoted also in *Val d'Arno*, § 8.]

of moral order in art). Dædalus invents,—he, or his nephew,[1]

> The potter's wheel, and all work in clay;
> The saw, and all work in wood;
> The masts and sails of ships, and all modes of motion;
> (wings only proving too dangerous!)
> The entire art of minute ornament;
> And the deceptive life of statues.

By his personal toil, he involves the fatal labyrinth for Minos;[2] builds an impregnable fortress for the Agrigentines; adorns healing baths among the wild parsley-fields of Selinus; buttresses the precipices of Eryx, under the temple of Aphrodite; and for her temple itself—finishes in exquisiteness the golden honeycomb.[3]

207. Take note of that last piece of his art: it is connected with many things which I must bring before you when we enter on the study of architecture. That study we shall begin at the foot of the Baptistery of Florence,[4] which, of all buildings known to me, unites the most perfect symmetry with the quaintest ποικιλία. Then, from the tomb of your own Edward the Confessor,[5] to the farthest

[1] [Talus; to whom by some ancient writers the invention of the saw is ascribed.]

[2] [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23.]

[3] [For Dædalus as "Jack-of-all-trades," see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23. For the story of Dædalus inventing wings, and of the fate of his son Icarus who ventured too greatly, see Vol. XIX. p. 66, and compare *Lectures on Art*, § 152 (above, p. 144), and *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 19. For his building of the labyrinth for Minos, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 28, and compare *Lectures on Landscape*, § 95. The legends may be read in Diodorus Siculus, iv. §§ 76–78, who then continues: "He built likewise a city in Agrigentinum upon a rock so strong that it was inexpugnable. He adorned a cave in the territory of Selinus [so called from its beds of parsley, σέλινον], in which he utilised a warm subterranean spring so cleverly that the perspiration is gradually drawn out by the heat, and many who resort thither are cured of their distempers with a great deal of pleasure and without any uneasiness from the heat. And whereas there was a high and craggy rock in the country of Eryx, and no room to build but upon the highest and craggiest part of it, by reason of the strait and narrow passages about the temple of Venus, he drew a wall round the very top, and planned and enlarged it in a wonderful manner. They say he likewise made a golden honeycomb, dedicated to Venus Erycina, with such exquisite art, and so like to a true and real one, that none could ever be comparable to it." For another reference to the honeycomb of Dædalus, see *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 16 (Vol. XIX. p. 68). For the Dædalian work of spottiness, inlaying, etc., compare *Lectures on Landscape*, §§ 5, 49.]

[4] [See above, § 24; p. 217 *n.*]

[5] [See Dean Stanley's description of the shrine in its original splendour (*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 112).]

shrine of the opposite Arabian and Indian world, I must show you how the glittering and iridescent dominion of Dædalus prevails; and his ingenuity in division, interposition, and labyrinthine sequence, more widely still. Only this last summer I found the dark red masses of the rough sandstone of Furness Abbey had been fitted by him, with no less pleasure than he had in carving them, into wedged hexagons—reminiscences of the honeycomb of Venus Erycina. His ingenuity plays around the framework of all the noblest things; and yet the brightness of it has a lurid shadow. The spot of the fawn, of the bird, and the moth, may be harmless. But Dædalus reigns no less over the spot of the leopard and snake. That cruel and venomous power of his art is marked, in the legends of him, by his invention of the saw from the serpent's tooth; and his seeking refuge, under blood-guiltiness, with Minos,[1] who can judge evil, and measure, or remit, the penalty of it, but not reward good; Rhadamanthus only can measure *that;* but Minos is essentially the recognizer of evil deeds "conoscitor delle peccata," whom, therefore, you find in Dante under the form of the ἑρπετόν. "Cignesi con la coda tante volte, quantunque gradi vuol che giù sia messa."[2]

And this peril of the influence of Dædalus is twofold; first, in leading us to delight in glitterings and semblances of things, more than in their form, or truth;—admire the harlequin's jacket more than the hero's strength; and love the gilding of the missal more than its words;—but farther, and worse, the ingenuity of Dædalus may even become bestial, an instinct for mechanical labour only, strangely involved with a feverish and ghastly cruelty:—(you will find this distinct in the intensely Dædal work of the Japanese[3]); rebellious, finally, against the laws of nature and

[1] [Compare "The Tortoise of Ægina," § 9 (below, p. 383), and *Val d'Arno*, § 199.]

[2] [*Inferno*, v. 9, 11, 12: "That recognizer of evil deeds, who, considering what place in hell suits the transgression, encircles himself with his tail as many times as the degrees beneath it is doomed to descend." Quoted again in "The Tortoise of Ægina," § 9 (below, p. 384).]

[3] [On Japanese art, see *Time and Tide*, § 26 (Vol. XVII. p. 341).]

honour, and building labyrinths for monsters,—not combs for bees.

208. Gentlemen, we of the rough northern race may never, perhaps, be able to learn from the Greek his reverence for beauty; but we may at least learn his disdain of mechanism:—of all work which he felt to be monstrous and inhuman in its imprudent dexterities.

We hold ourselves, we English, to be good workmen. I do not think I speak with light reference to recent calamity, (for I myself lost a young relation, full of hope and good purpose, in the foundered ship *London*,[1]) when I say that either an Aeginetan or Ionian shipwright built ships that could be fought from, though they were under water; and neither of them would have been proud of having built one that would fill and sink helplessly if the sea washed over her deck, or turn upside-down if a squall struck her topsail.

Believe me, gentlemen, good workmanship consists in continence and common sense, more than in frantic expatiation of mechanical ingenuity; and if you would be continent and rational, you had better learn more of Art than you do now, and less of Engineering. What is taking place at this very hour,* among the streets, once so bright, and avenues, once so pleasant, of the fairest city in Europe, may surely lead us all to feel that the skill of Dædalus, set to build impregnable fortresses, is not so wisely applied as in framing the τριτὸν πόνον,[2]—the golden honeycomb.

* The siege of Paris, at the time of the delivery of this Lecture, was in one of its most destructive phases.[3]

[1] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 107 (Vol. XVIII. p. 474).]
[2] [Pindar, *Pythian*, vi., last line: μελισσᾶν τριτὸν πόνον.]
[3] [For other references to these events, see above, p. 199 *n*.]

LECTURE VII

THE SCHOOL OF FLORENCE

[*Being the concluding lecture of the course published as "Aratra Pentelici," delivered on December* 10, 1870]

209. I THINK you must have felt as we were comparing the two engravings of Aphrodite at last lecture,[1] that whatever their faults or merits, they each of them must have been drawn by a gentleman. People are always trying nowadays to explain that word away, and impress on the minds of youth that anybody may be a gentleman who chooses to meet the criterion fixed by the public mind—as, for instance, in the present day, if he smokes, behaves politely to ladies, and keeps a private hansom. But that is not so at all; and what is worse, a man cannot make himself a gentleman even by being honest and kind. There are very honest gentlemen and very dishonest ones; there are very kind gentlemen and very cruel ones; and there are honest and dishonest clowns; there are kind and brutal clowns. But a gentleman and a clown are evermore different personages from cradle to grave.[2]

210. Now it has been lately the theory of English persons interested in art (and indeed much their practice also) that a clown should produce art, and a gentleman look at it. The exact reverse of that is the law of life in all great schools—namely, that the gentleman produces art, and the clown looks at it. You may perhaps think you are nearer this proper state of things now that we pay two or three thousand guineas for a picture, so as to enable our artists to live, as they suppose, like gentlemen. Alas! we are only so much farther off from it than you were; we only offer a bribe to the bluntest sort of clown—the clown that cares for nothing but money—to elbow the one that could have painted out of our sight. For an honest clown may have a gift for painting, and do great things in it: one of our Northumberland clods, for instance, notable among the few quite wise and quite good men who have ever lived in this world—Thomas Bewick. I asked you at the close of my last lecture to get his autobiography.[3] I hope, therefore, some of you have it and have profited

[1] [Plates XIV. and XV.: see above, §§ 185–190, pp. 335–338.]

[2] [For other passages in this sense, see General Index; comparing especially *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. pp. 343 *seq.*), and *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 108 (Vol. XVIII. p. 476).]

[3] [This passage must be a reference to some informal words at the end of the last lecture, such as Ruskin often added to what he had written. He referred to this injunction, in *Ariadne Florentina*, § 100. The book is entitled *A Memoir of Thomas Bewick, written by himself, embellished by numerous Wood Engravings Designed and Engraved by the Author:* Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1862.]

by it, and may profit yet more as you grow older and wiser. He could draw at least if he couldn't paint; the inherent cloddishness of him is shown in this, that he could not draw an Aphrodite. He could draw a pig, if you liked; but not a Venus.[1]

211. On the table I lay Æsop's Fables, with illustrations and vignettes by Bewick;[2] you shall enjoy them much in time, and I hope fulfil Charles Kingsley's requirement, that you should "know your Bewick,"[3] as well as mine, that you should know your Luini.[4] But I have enlarged portions of two vignettes in illustration of the point now in question. This first vignette is of a turkey cock who has addressed some rude observations to a young litter of pigs. They all rush out to avenge the insult, but the leader—on getting within two yards of the turkey cock—perceives that the affair is more serious than he had imagined, stops short, and thinks that he will exercise his moral influence. Mr. Burgess has enlarged him for you. I hope to enlarge, piece by piece, these vignettes, and to get endless instruction from them, but it will not be in ideal character. Here, for instance, is Bewick's Aphrodite, in which he has indeed the Greek type of form, but not quite the Greek perfection of it.

212. Now if we had not left him without teaching, as we did Turner—who also could draw a pig but not a Venus—there was the making of a perfect gentleman in Bewick, and he could have carved the Erymanthian boar in marble, as well as this pigling in wood. But he would always have been English-Greek, not Florentine, in his type of Aphrodite. We have to examine to-day what it is which gives that higher character to the Florentines; we must know therefore, first, what all gentlemen or persons, who could be made so, have in common, and then how a Florentine differed from an Athenian or English one.

213. (i.) *Enthusiasm.* The first character common to all is capability of enthusiasm, either sane or insane. The Greek gentleman is enthusiastic, a recognized *μανιάς*, and fierce in purpose—as Orpheus or Amphion[5]—to conquer Hell or build the wall of Thebes; but the mediæval one works constantly in enthusiasm of loving reverie, hoping to win either a holy grail or a holy sepulchre. Capability of Enthusiasm—recognition of it as the highest state of men: that is the first characteristic of the Gentleman.

214. (ii.) *Obedience.* Then, next, habit of and delight in Obedience to Seen and Unseen Authority. Recognition of the powers above him, be they of spirits or men; chiefly, the sense of a great Ruling Spirit and Ruling

[1] [Compare Vol. XIV. p. 494; *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 101, 127, 154, 158, 162; and *Art of England*, § 196.]

[2] [Ruskin afterwards placed some of the woodcuts in his Collection of Examples, Educational Series, Nos. 187, 188 (Vol. XXI. p. 91). The enlargement of the pig here described, and the Aphrodite, were engraved in *Ariadne*, § 102 (Plate XXV. in Vol. XXII.). The Venus is at p. 361 of Bewick's *Æsop*; the turkey-cock and pigs at p. 206. For another reference to Bewick's *Æsop*, see *Ariadne*, § 105.]

[3] [Kingsley used to speak of himself as "brought up on Bewick's Birds": see *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memorials of his Life*, 1877, vol. ii. pp. 222, 235, 236.]

[4] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 92 (above, p. 90).]

[5] [For the frenzy of Orpheus, see *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 13 (Vol. XIX. p. 66). For Amphion building the walls of Thebes, "The Story of Arachne," § 32 (below, p. 379).]

Law, such as you get in perfect soldiers, in Leonidas, in Phocion, in every great consul of Rome, in Alfred, in St. Louis, in Sir Richard Grenville of Bideford, in Cromwell, in Havelock, and in Stonewall Jackson.[1]

215. (iii.) *Fearlessness.* The habitual passing of life in the danger of Death—Death to be dreaded, not sought as the beginning of a new life.

Observe this, I beg of you. It is the daily expectation of death—as it comes to a mortal, not to an immortal—which constitutes heroism. "Tell the Lacedæmonians that we are lying here, having obeyed their words": that is the Greek epitaph in noble times.[2] "Here rests the Lord Marin Morosini—Duke": that is a Venetian epitaph in noble times.[3] When the epitaphs proceed either into praise or hope, the greatness of the nation is past.

You have then:—

(i.) Enthusiasm; (ii.) Obedience—to unseen and seen authority; (iii.) Acceptance of Death.

These three characters are universal in the gentlemen of all nations.

216. (iv.) *Love.* The fourth—the imaginative purity of the Passion of Love—I believe is only found intense in Christian gentlemen, and vitally distinguishes the Florentine and other Purist schools of art from the Greek. Therefore, I chose the two Aphrodites as the best symbols for first comparison between the two schools—the one Aphrodite governing the simple and daily affections of human life, and the other, conditions of sentiment, such as subsisted between Dante and Beatrice, and more or less between every good Christian knight and his lady.

217. (v.) *Imagination of Spirits.* And then the fifth, the last and greatest, is the Imaginative (or actual, but at least Imaginative) dwelling in the presence of spirits of pure yet changeable passions like our own (and even tempted as we are tempted), and receiving their daily comfort and aid, or suffering their rebuke and resistance. This is possible only to some classes of persons; it is quite distinct from the habit of simple reverence above stated to be common to all gentlemen.

218. And the change in the conception of the character of this supporting spirit, or Father, or master, or lady, and of the subordinate powers associated with them, is the final clue to the changes in acts and arts among all nations. The greatest specific difference between the Greek and Mediæval imagination, in this respect, is the acceptance by the last of the idea of the pardon and putting away of sins, developing itself in the two essentially Christian virtues of Hope and Humility. Neither of these were possible to a Greek.

[1] [For Leonidas compare Vol. V. p. 224, Vol. XII. p. 138; for the consuls of Rome, in a similar connexion, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 38 (*ad init.*); for King Alfred, see General Index; for St. Louis, *Queen of the Air*, § 46 (Vol. XIX. p. 348); for Cromwell, Vol. V. p. 416; for Havelock, Vol. VII. p. 450 *n.*; and for Stonewall Jackson, Vol. XVII. p. 454 *n.* For the Elizabethan heroes, such as Grenville, see above, p. 300 *n.* To the Athenian Phocion, "the Good," Ruskin incidentally refers in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 54; and no doubt he had in mind Phocion's words—"This is no more than what I expected; this treatment the most illustrious citizens have received before me"—in *Val d'Arno*, § 130.]

[2] [See Vol. V. p. 412.]

[3] [See Vol. XI. p. 113; and for national decay as evidenced by pompous sepulchres, see *ibid.*, pp. 81 *seq.*]

Your introductory standard types, therefore, for the school of Florence will be Filippo Lippi's Annunciation and Giotto's Hope. I hope to get a better photograph than this of the Annunciation, and to make a better drawing of the head of the Angel Gabriel; but even in this sketch you will trace the elements of the expression of Humility which the Gothic designers always give to the true Messengers of Heaven.[1]

219. We have then these five essential characteristics of the mind of a true man, or gentleman, in Christian periods:—

Enthusiasm.
Obedience.
Courage.
Love.
Spiritual Imagination.

And warring against these, we have continually in the vast majority of men the base and carnal or profane instincts, which are summed by Horace in his three epithets for the rabble: profanum, malignum, scelestum.[2]

That is to say, we have against Enthusiasm—Coldness or the habit of inane scorn, and in less ignoble persons, languor in pursuit of good; the sin purged in the fourth circle of the *Purgatory*.*

Against Obedience—Disloyalty.

Against Courage—Effeminacy of various kinds; the habit of over-anxiety about one's own soul being one of the great religious basenesses —continually causing insanity in women.

Against Love—Lust.

Against Spiritual Imagination—the acknowledgment only of Mechanical Powers.

220. Now, you are to remember that all these vilenesses had taken possession of the civilized world under the Roman Empire, just as they have done at this present time. The forms of Scorn, Disobedience, Cowardice, Lust, and Infidelity correspond in the closest manner, in the temper of the Romans in their last decline, with those manifested among ourselves at this day; what cure may be done on ourselves remains for us and our children to feel, and already it is becoming sharp, it seems to me; but the cure of the Roman degeneracy was in the descent upon them of the Northern

* "Qui si ribatte 'l mal tardato remo."

Note the beautiful indication of Dante's approach to this cornice:—

"'O virtu mia, perchè sì ti dilegue?'
Fra me stesso dicea, chè mi sentiva
La possa delle gambe posta in tregue."[3]

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[1] [The photograph of Lippi's "Annunciation" is No. 97 in the Educational Series; Ruskin's study of the head of Gabriel in it, No. 100. Giotto's "Hope" is No. 89 in the Rudimentary Series. See Vol. XXI. pp. 83, 84, 193.]

[2] [*Odes*, iii. 1, 1, "Odi profanum volgus et arceo"; ii. 16, 40, "malignum spernere volgus" (compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 103 (Vol. XIX. p. 228); ii. 4, 17, "de scelesta plebe."]

[3] [xvii. 73–75; thus rendered by Cary:—

"'Why partest from me, O my strength?'
So with myself I communed; for I felt
My o'ertoil'd sinews slacken."]

tribes, some to slay and some to govern, some to re-inhabit; all of them alike gifted with a new terrific force of will and passion, and a fertility of savage blood which was again to give Italy suck from the teat of the wolf.

221. Of these invasions the two which are vital to the history of Art are those of the Ostrogoths and Lombards. Both nations enter by the plain of the Adige and fasten on the first Roman city of that plain, Verona, which, with its peninsula of land guarded by the impassable river and opposite crag, almost precipitous on both sides, became precisely such a fortress for the Northern powers in Italy as the tongue of land enclosed between the Reuss and the Aar at Vindonissa[1] was to the Romans beyond the Alps. Verona, from whatever source it received its Latin name (more or less related to the syllable which becomes principal in Iberia instantly under Theodoric), begins its relation to the north under the name of Bern, its title in the Niebelungen Lied;[2] and without attaching too much value to mere etymological coincidence, this name will be a verbal nucleus to you for the gathering of many thoughts, if you remember that the true Arctic element, the savage force of the white bear of the northern ice, enters with the Alpine stream of the Adige, and gives to the loveliest city of North Italy the same name as that of the rude capital of Switzerland; so that you may think (in many respects with great advantage) of Mediæval Venice always as of the City of the Lion, of Milan (Mediolanum) as the City of the Swine,[3] and of Verona as the City of the Bear, guarded, you will afterwards find, or baited, by the dogs of La Scala.

222. But for our own work to-day I wish you only to think of the last of the two invasions—that of the Lombards; and the essential character of that may be easily understood by you if you will only fix in your minds, as symbols of it, the two stories of Alboin and Rosamond, and of Autharis and Theodolinda. I name these two histories because they will at once mark to you the new importance which is henceforward to belong to women, the newly rising art being not so much, you will find hereafter, specially Christian as specially feminine — feminine in its principal subject, the Madonna, and in its principal power, that of Chivalry. But we shall find that with this pre-eminence of women a fearful element of evil is introduced as well as of good; and that the state of modern Christendom is not at all so much owing to any special phases of its creed, as to the gentleness of women kindly treated in their purity, and to their crimes when sinned against or corrupt.

223. You will have difficulty in extricating the story of Rosamond from the pompous antitheses of Gibbon.[4] I will tell it you as shortly as I can.

[1] [Now Windisch. Within the ancient walls of Vindonissa the Castle of Habsburg was afterwards built: see Vol. VII. p. 164.]

[2] [Compare "Verona and its Rivers," § 8 (Vol. XIX. p. 433).]

[3] [So in the MS.; but the allusion is not clear. The arms of the duchy of Milan were: argent a thrice bent serpent azure, crowned, with a child gules in its jaw (*Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 336); they may be seen in Dürer's cut of "The Investiture of the Duke of Milan."]

[4] [Chapter xlv. The date of the Lombard invasion under Alboin is A.D. 568. For Ruskin's attitude to Gibbon, see Vol. XVIII. p. xxxiv., and *Bible of Amiens*, *passim*.]

Alboin, afterwards the first King of the Lombards in Italy, appears first as a young prince fighting in his father's army against a neighbouring Gothic tribe, the Gepidæ. The King of the Gepidæ has two sons, and one of these has a little daughter named Rosamond. The Lombard prince, Alboin, kills in battle one of these two princes of the Gepidæ, Rosamond's uncle, and returns in triumph to his own Lombard court, where, however, he is refused admission to the feast of victory because he has not yet received his arms from a foreign and Royal hand. Alboin on this returns peacefully to the court of the King whose son he has just slain, and from his hand receives knighthood and investiture with the arms of the dead prince.

224. You see, I hope, at once, what an inevitable law of discipline, of self-command, of tremendous passions under curb of iron, there is in all this, and what may be expected of these when the curb breaks. At the court of the Gepidæ Alboin had seen the young Rosamond; her father soon after becomes king. Alboin in vain endeavours to obtain Rosamond in marriage, and war is declared again between the nations, in which at last Alboin,—invested, remember, with the arms of Rosamond's uncle,—kills also her father, makes a drinking-cup of his skull, and Rosamond thus won becomes Queen of the Lombards.

Then follows the great invasion of Italy, from which the valley of the Po receives its name of Lombardy; Alboin, feasting at Verona and wild with wine, commands Rosamond to drink out of her father's skull. She obeys, but at the instant vows the destruction of her husband. The story of Aegisthus and Agamemnon repeats itself; but instead of the veil thrown over the victim's head,[1] her husband's sword is fastened to its scabbard by the Clytemnestra of the north, who afterwards dies by the hand of her lover.

225. In the course of this tragic history we may trace most of the worldly conditions under which Lombard art first develops itself, and they are o more importance than the unworldly ones. That the King of the Lombards had been educated in the Arian heresy is not so essential a circumstance for us in analyzing the sculptures of Verona, as that he had won his queen by killing her father and uncle, still it is an essential one also; nor less that the Catholics were permitted in their public worship to pray for his conversion at the moment that his queen and her lover were contriving his assassination, all being set before you as a sign, and sculptured, as it were, on the foundation of the throne of the mightiest kingdom in Italy.

226. Now you may consider this Lombardic era in Italy as correspondent nearly to the Homeric period in Greece, and you have to contrast the temper of Alboin with that of Atrides in order to understand the parallel relations of early Christian and Greek art;[2] but keeping to our present point, observe that all really barbaric horror among the Greeks is partly mythic and symbolic, while with the Lombards it is literal. The feast of Thyestes[3]

[1] [Æschylus: *Agamemnon*, 1354.]

[2] [The first draft adds:—
"; as also the age of Michael Angelo corresponds in Italy to the time of Phidias, and we shall then have to compare the paganism of Pericles with the Christianity of the Medici. (But keeping) . . ."]

[3] [See above, p. 144.]

is nearly as legendary as the devouring of his children by Kronos; and the actual facts of the Homeric period are not savage. All Greek tragedy is an expression of horror at what is so; and the infliction of death, deliberately, by the grave or the altar[1] had nothing in it more intemperate in passion than Samuel's hewing of Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal, or the interrupted sacrifice by Abraham, and fulfilled one by Jephthah.[2] And broadly speaking, though either Atrides, Achilles, or Diomed would have unscrupulously killed Rosamond's father, and carried off Rosamond, no Greek king of the heroic age would have made her drink from her father's skull when he was drunk, nor obstinately denied the triplicity of Artemis when he was sober.

227. You have, then, in the Lombard, observe, a far more cruel and fierce spirit than the Greek's, subjected to a more subtle and intellectual law. You have a violent and unconquered form of sin, reconciled to the conscience by a finely constructed theory of justification; nay, the justification is felt in some way to be dependent for its glory on the degree of the sin it effaces or remits. And that condition of a grotesque and ghastly brutality, restrained by an exquisitely subtle and theoretic law, rules the Teutonic sculpture from the founding of the Lombardic kingdom, to that of the founding of the Lombardic republic. Briefly, all round-arched Christian architecture, and the sculpture and painting belonging to it, from the invasion of Alboin to the battle of Legnano,[3] is significant of this method of balance between good and evil.

I have outlined for you here[4] a letter out of a Bible of the twelfth century of the purest style, in which the two elements are seen in simplicity; you have the ἑρπετόν of animal life and the ἑρπετόν of vegetation;[5] the coiling dragon and coiling tree are both subdued into a fantastic but disciplined grace, and enclosed by lines of curvature more subtle than any existing in Greek art, even of the finest time.

228. That battle of Legnano is a mark of the close of the Lombard style, but it closes, remember, at its grandest. The Campanile of the Church of St. Zeno was built in memory of the battle of Legnano; the porch of the same church is earlier. And now your porch of St. Zeno,[6] from these—irrelevant, shall we call them?—matters will take another value to you. You must note in it the extreme subtlety of construction in the tapering lines of the arch, perfect proportion, the dragon everywhere subdued yet necessarily present, the wreaths of creeping vegetation surrounding the door, the monstrous heads which form its handles. Central in the tympanum,

[1] [The first draft adds:—
"Either on captives, as at the grave of Patroclus; on culprits, as the male servants of Ulysses; or to appease the fates, as in the sacrifice of Iphigenia."]

[2] [Samuel xv. 33; Genesis xxii.; Judges xi.]

[3] [A.D. 1176, in which Frederic Barbarossa was defeated by the Milanese.]

[4] [The example is No. 203 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 93).]

[5] [Compare *Queen of the Air*, §§ 68, 86 (Vol. XIX. pp. 362, 376).]

[6] [That is, No. 69 in the Reference Series, already described and reproduced (Plate I.) in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 20 (above, p. 214); the first draft having, "Here it is for you, therefore, among your standards of architecture as a central type of the Lombard style at its finest."]

St. Michael standing on the Dragon.[1] At the angles of the gable, St. John Evangelist with "In principio erat verbum," St. John Baptist with "Ecce Agnus Dei"; for keystone of arch, the Lamb with inscription—"Agnus hic est cuncti qui tollit crimina mundi"; and the hand of God raised in the act of Benediction, with the legend—"Dextra Dei Gentes benedicat sacra petentes."

229. Finally, here is one of the sculptures sustaining the pillars of the porch of the Duomo,[2] in which the Griffin representing Christian life is restraining the dragon in its claws.

I must interrupt myself for an instant to remind you that the Lion is in classic art a solar power, and that the combination of the two[3] receives everywhere, according to the intellect of the people treating it, part of the mythic meaning of both animals; it is sometimes an evil demon, but for the most part a solar and cloudy type connected with Apollo and Zeus in classic times, and with Christ as the light and strength of the world in Christian times.[4]

230. These Lombardic sculptures express, then, the true Gothic or Northern spirit. Now, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Greek school meets this at Pisa, and the Great Tuscan art instantly develops itself. Remember, this is not the adoption of Greek forms; it is the vital naturalistic and sincere element, poured into the hearts now ready to receive it. Nicolo Pisano is taught with the veracity and humanity of Paganism, and the phantom of the Lombard is in his hands to become true, and his cruelty to become gentle. There is a great deal of both yet to be transformed. Here is one of the supports of the Pillars of Nicolo Pisano's pulpit at Siena, a lion eating a horse.[5] It goes far beyond my Lombard griffin in naturalistic power, but it is still fearfully cruel—no Greek could have borne to carve the jaws crashing into the horse's skull, exactly through its eye, as the Italian does; and this cruelty, however modified, will remain an unconquered element in Christian art, to this very day, where it has subordinated all other art to the founding of cannon. But in the chivalric ages it was subdued by another and a mightier influence, that of womanhood in purity of body as the condition of gentle hereditary feudal race, and in purity of spirit as the bestower of personal love through Eternity.

231. The Greek influence of mere naturalism can, of course, deal only with the first of these ideas; in this pulpit of Siena it gives you the strongest animal types, as of the cruelty so of the maternity of feudal ages;

[1] [The MS. notes in the margin:—

"Give here Chartres Queen against dancing-girl; Greek Eleutheria and republic against Gothic law and morality."

The memorandum means that Ruskin meant at this point in the lecture to show a drawing or photograph of one of the sculptured queens on Chartres Cathedral (see Plate XV. in Vol. XVI., p. 280), comparing it with his studies (from a Greek terra-cotta) of a dancing-girl (see *Lectures on Landscape*, § 64 (Plate VIII. in Vol. XXII.).]

[2] [Plate D. At Verona; the drawing by Ruskin is No. 81 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. pp. 82, 123).]

[3] [*i.e.*, as the first draft explains, the griffin (lion and eagle).]

[4] [Compare "Verona and its Rivers," § 14 *n.* (Vol. XIX. p. 437).]

[5] [Here Ruskin showed the photograph which is No. 72 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 32). A photograph of the whole pulpit is No. 151 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 88).]

The Griffin of Verona

The Lioness of Siena

the lioness is beside the lion. I have shown you the support of the front column of the Siena pulpit; here is that of its lateral one. I have sketched this lioness for you from the real marble myself,[1] though I photographed it also, and you will see, which will be a lesson to you in other respects, that there is an advantage in drawing over photography in that a draughtsman can seize the delicatest shadow on which expression of form depends, while a photograph is sure to miss these and retain many violent ones which are accidental and inharmonious.[2]

232. I have just asked you to recollect, as symbols of all that is to guide the new spirit of men, those two love stories of Verona—long before her Juliet—the marriage of Alboin and Rosamond, and of Autharis and Theodolinda. In the expedition of Autharis disguised in the train of his own ambassadors to see the princess, in the touch of her hand, as he receives the cup,[3] which her nurse assures her none but her future husband would have dared, and in the beneficent reign of the widowed queen, commemorated to this day by the treasures of Monza, you have indeed a perfect type of the feminine power which thenceforward, in the Berthas, Blanches, Maudes, Marys, and Elizabeths of Christendom, whether for good or evil, is dominant over the souls of men,—their animation or their ruin. No less in the ride of Autharis down the whole length of Italy, till he casts his spear against the pillar in the straits of Messina,[4] you have the perfect sign of that dominion of the wandering riders who, first typified by the Greek centaur, and distinguished by one name among all civilized nations —ἱππεῖς in Athens, Equites in Rome, Ritters in Germany, Chevaliers in France, and Cavaliers in England[5]—have held themselves opposed in their violent, illiterate, and more or less animal and worldly yet beautiful pride, to the inactive scholar, and to the (so far as he was a priest indeed) submissive and humble priest.

233. But the main condition in the new birth of barbaric chivalry is recovery not only of absolute chastity of body, but attaining an ideal of the sexual relations independent of the body altogether, having no office of

[1] [Plate E here. The examples are in the Educational Series, Nos. 152–154, (Vol. XXI. p. 88).]

[2] [On the limitations of photography, compare Vol. XIX. p. 89 *n.*]

[3] [The story of Autharis is told by Gibbon, also in ch. xlv.: "In restoring the cup to the princess, Autharis secretly touched her hand, and drew his own finger over his face and lips. In the evening, Theodolinda imparted to her nurse the indiscreet familiarity of the stranger, and was comforted by the assurance that such boldness could proceed only from the king her husband, who, by his beauty and courage, appeared worthy of her love. . . . The marriage was consummated in the palace of Verona. At the end of one year, it was dissolved by the death of Autharis; but the virtues of Theodolinda had endeared her to the nation, and she was permitted to bestow, with her hand, the sceptre of the Italian kingdom." The treasury of the Cathedral of Monza contains many memorials of Queen Theodolinda, and the famous Iron Crown is said to have been given to her by Gregory the Great.]

[4] ["The victorious Autharis asserted his claim to the dominion of Italy. At the foot of the Rhætian Alps he subdued the resistance, and rifled the hidden treasures, of a sequestered island in the lake of Comum. At the extreme point of Calabria he touched with his spear a column on the seashore of Rhegium, proclaiming that ancient landmark to stand the immovable boundary of his kingdom" (Gibbon, ch. xlv.).]

[5] [See below, "The Riders of Tarentum," § 9, p. 393.]

child-bearing and as enduring as it was pure. And this, observe, was an inevitable result of the sincere anticipation of Immortality. It was impossible for any true husband or wife to look forward with desire to a state into which they were to become indifferent to each other, and as they were told it was to be one in which they neither marry nor are given in marriage, it remained only for them to anticipate such felicity by exalting themselves into an affection on earth, which might be sexual and yet not carnal.

No man has ever felt the true passion of Love, as distinguished from the mere association of friendship with desire, unless he can at least believe in the occasional success of such an effort; and however interrupted by grotesque or defiling failure, the gentlemen and gentlewomen of Christendom did indeed reach again and again to what I have before spoken of as the Imaginative purity of the passion of Love,[1] and that sometimes in so great intensity that you find Dante absolutely without the animal pain of Jealousy; so that the marriage of Beatrice to another does not in the least affect his own relations to her, and death only exalts and makes them eternal.[2]

234. But even this is not enough. The chivalric idolatry of sentiment is pushed so far that at last it becomes a question not only whether the bodily relations are separable from, but even whether they do not destroy, those of the spirit; and in the year 1174 the question is brought before the "Cour d'Amour" of the Comtesse de Champagne, "Whether Love can exist between Married Persons?"—"*Utrum inter conjugatos amor possit habere locum*"—and it is decided in the negative, and decided in the most positive terms by the assembled council of the highest and purest Christian ladies: *Dicimus, et stabilito tenore firmamus amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires.*"[3]

Nor is this enough, but the two feelings of love and of conjugal relationship are declared to be so totally distinct that no comparison can be made between them; this is by a judgment pronounced in the court

[1] [See *Lectures on Art*, § 92 (above, p. 90).]

[2] [The MS. notes, "Here Mr. Tyrrwhitt and Vittoria." The reference is to the following passage in *Christian Art and Symbolism*, by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, 1872, p. 170 (to which book Ruskin contributed a Preface, now reprinted in Vol. XXII.): "In the Oxford collection [*i.e.*, in the University Galleries] there is a drawing of Vittoria Colonna, the one woman whom Michael Angelo loved, who, having been wedded once and widowed and clinging to her first vows, could not accept his hand, or yet reject his love. It is a noble and delicate face, bearing out what we know of her. In a time of utter licence and universal temptation, when all sins one can or cannot name were matter of pleasure and convenience in Italy, these two lived and met in austere purity of grave affection; heading the Protestant feeling of Italy, dwelling with their Venetian friends on prospects of reform in religion, hoping always for the future of their country, and dying in hope deferred. That, I believe, is what the rapturous school call frigid. Anyhow there is much honour and faith in it. At all events I greatly prefer frigid purity to vice, hot or cold. Judge of their love by this, that when Vittoria died, the stoical master, who had never complained to man before, broke out in utter lamentation and bitter weeping, and mourned for this especially, that never in life, not till now when she lay dead before him, had he once kissed her hand."]

[3] [Quoted from *Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours*, par M. Raynouard, 1817, Introduction to vol. ii. p. cvii. *n.* The following quotations are from the same essay on Courts of Love, pp. cviii. *n.*, cix. *n.*]

of love by Ermengarde, Countess of Narbonne: "Conjugal affection and the true love of lovers—'*maritalis affectus, et coamantium vera dilectio, penitus judicantur esse diversa*'—are judged to be altogether diverse, and to have their origin in a totally different condition of manners, so that no comparison is possible between them."

Nor is this a merely speculative judgment, but it becomes part of a code of law by which special causes are afterwards decided for a young girl having honourably loved one knight and being married to another, and refusing to grant her former lover any of the grace she used to show him; and he claiming it still by right of love, the cause is brought before Ermengarde of Narbonne, by whom the untruth and cruelty of that woman, "*improbitas hujus mulieris*," are condemned in these terms: "The supervenient marital covenant does not justly exclude the former love, unless the woman ceases altogether from the admission of love, and resolves by no manner of means to love any more."

Nor are these judgments, observe, temporary or local; but one court of love affirms and proceeds by the judgments of the rest, and so the appeal in this very case is of peculiar interest to us. For this judgment, that love was impossible between married persons, and possible only between lovers, was reaffirmed at the court of Love, presided over by the mother of Cœur de Lion, the poisoner of fair Rosamond.

235. Of the various inconsistencies, splendours, and degradations, which arose out of this various contest of the spirit with the body, I will speak no more to-day, nor of all the conditions of ghostly imagination relating, among the northern tribes, to the future state of the dead.

These we will examine in our introduction to painting,[1] which, as the mission of sculpture is to deal with things that have shape, is distinguished from her by dealing with those which shape have none.[2] But in closing let me pray you earnestly to distinguish between the Imaginative affection of which we have been speaking and the unaffectionate or unnaturally exalted states of monastic or silvan chastity, the chastity of Atalanta or of Ion, of Joan of Arc or Sir Galahad.[3]

The good and evil in these phases of enthusiasm have never been justly measured, because in Christendom joyful continence has been disguised by the abuses of enforced celibacy, and this again has been imagined essential in monastic life, whereas the true monk's life is indeed no more of necessity celibate, than of necessity founded on creeds of expiation, or hopes of future felicity.[4] The true life of the Religious orders, in which lay the

[1] [A reference to an intended, but unwritten, course of lectures.]

[2] [*Paradise Lost*, ii. 667.]

[3] [For other references to Atalanta, who freed herself from her suitors by outrunning them, see Vol. XIV. p. 308. For references to Ion (the hallowed attendant of the Delphic temple, in the play of Euripides), see Vol. XXI. p. 113, and *St. Mark's Rest*, § 87; for the "silvan" Joan, Vol. XVIII. p. 133; and for a passing reference to Sir Galahad, *Val d'Arno*, § 274.]

[4] [At this point one of the MS. copies of the lecture breaks off, Ruskin adding the following note: "The rest of this lecture is used in the History of Venice." The reference is presumably to some unpublished chapter of *St. Mark's Rest; the History of Venice written for the Help of the few Travellers who still care for Monuments*. Ruskin may have used some of the matter, which originally concluded the present lecture, in his account of Carpaccio's theory of monasticism (§ 181).]

strength of the Middle Ages, was not the mortification of the body, but the satisfaction of the spirit; it was not the refusal of the pleasures of the world, but the escape from its tormenting desires; chiefly, it was the laying down the crown of the Proud who trouble the earth, to take up that of the Meek who inherit it;[1] and in this choice of loving and quiet, instead of envious and turbulent existence, the vow to be taught, as children, whatever learning could be read by the light of the Star which abode where the Young Child was, and to do whatever simple shepherd labour might be cheered by the vision of Angels, and obedient to their message of Goodwill towards men.

236. And now, gentlemen, permit me a very few practical words, in closing my year's work with you, respecting the seclusion, or cloister, of colleges as in certain noble ways monastic.

The worthy Fathers of youths of worth, in any country, desire that there should be a place in that country where their sons shall be sent at a certain time of life to be made gentlemen and scholars[2]—that is to say, briefly, to love Honour and Learning. The City in which they are taught to be gentlemen must be itself Gentilis, which does not mean—as I will endeavour to show you in my lectures on Architecture—a collection of similarly built houses, each coming under the Modern English definition of "a Genteel House up this road."[3] It *does* mean what Oxford was once—what she has now ceased to be—what English sense and feeling must either again make her or make some other place to be, instead of her. The City or place in which the youths of any country are taught to be scholars must above all things be one where they both possess and are induced to love σχολή, quietness. Whatever turmoil is going on elsewhere, everything must be quiet there; and the first lesson to every youth be—to hold his peace; and the second—not to think for himself but to attend to what he is told, and to do his work thoroughly.

237. And under these conditions you are to love honour for her own sake, and your neighbour's as much as your own. You are not to think your honour consists in his disgrace nor your learning in his ignorance, nor your credit at all in being a better man than he, but only in being as good a man as you can be,[4] with what gifts you have, remembering that not one of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature[5]—the sculptress Athena having made you great or small from the first, as it pleased her.

Also, you are to love learning for her own sake, and to begin here the infinite love of her which is to attend you through your lives. You do not come here to get a small quantity of learning which may be puffed up and adulterated into saleable packets, but a seed of knowledge which will spring up into everlasting life.[6] The English public—up to this time—has utterly misunderstood the purpose with which your thoughtful teachers added

[1] [Matthew v. 5, ii. 8, 9; Luke ii. 14.]
[2] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 2 and *n.* (above, p. 18).]
[3] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 12).]
[4] [Compare the injunction in Ruskin's lecture before the University of Cambridge, Vol. XIX. p. 192.]
[5] [Matthew vi. 27.]
[6] [John iv. 14.]

physical science to letters. These teachers saw that there was culture for you in chemistry, as well as in Greek, and they invited you to study the relations of matter, as well as the relations of words, but they did not invite you, as the public supposes, to study chemistry that you might all keep apothecary's shops.

Therefore be assured of this, that if you come to Oxford either to learn shopkeeping or to compete with each other for places of emolument, the function of Oxford as a University of England is at an end. I have no fear that it will be so, but if it *should* come to pass, some other place will rise in England—or in some happier country—where youths will come to taste the first sweetness of knowledge, and to enter on the first serenities of duty; and where old men, though their own sun be setting, will still join with their failing voices in the Eternal Fiat of God's first creature, which was Light.[1]

Shall we not all endeavour that, thus here in our old own Oxford, true religion and sound learning may for ever flourish and abound?[2]

[1] [For this quotation from Bacon's *New Atlantis*, see Vol. XVIII. p. 513.]

[2] [A quotation from the Bidding Prayer always used before the University Sermons.]

APPENDIX

LECTURES AND NOTES FOR LECTURES ON GREEK ART AND MYTHOLOGY

I. THE STORY OF ARACHNE

(A Lecture Delivered at Woolwich, December 13, 1870)

II. THE TORTOISE OF AEGINA

(An Undelivered Lecture in Continuation of "Aratra Pentelici")

III. THE RIDERS OF TARENTUM

IV. THE EAGLE OF ELIS

(Notes for Lectures in the same Connexion)

V. GREEK AND CHRISTIAN ART: AS AFFECTED BY THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY

VI. SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK ART, IN RELATION TO CHRISTIAN

I

THE STORY OF ARACHNE[1]

(1870)

[1. After apologising for the hasty preparation of his Address, Professor Ruskin went on to speak rather to those who had not succeeded in gaining prizes than to those who had succeeded; urging that to be undistinguished was the lot, though not necessarily the misfortune, of many. At that moment, every one had set his heart on Education, and it seemed to be taken that any education was better than none. But no education was not always the worst of things, for one of the best companions he had ever met was a Savoyard peasant who could neither read nor write, but who was an entertaining talker and a practical philosopher.[2] A good education was usually supposed to comprehend reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, geology, astronomy, Latin, Greek, and other languages:—and after this, all that was to be done was to grow rich and happy. He knew something of most of these things, but they did not constitute his happiness; for the geologists disputed his theories, and he was miserable about the smallness of his collection of specimens. When he was a boy, and for the first time received the present of a colour-box, he was delighted with all that he did with it. "You don't suppose," he continued, "getting a colour-box is any pleasure to me now. I'm ashamed to spoil the look of the paints, for fear I shouldn't make a good picture out of them."]

2. All these things,—Literature, Science, and Art,—have been to me, and will be to all other men, good or evil,—not according to the degree of their attainments in them, but according to the use they make of them. And that depends upon quite another sort of Education, which indeed is beyond all price, and therefore which all parents may give their children

[1] [An address, delivered on December 13, 1870, at the distribution of prizes gained by students in the Woolwich branch of the Science and Art Department; Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught) in the chair. Reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, December 14, 1870. The lecture was printed from the author's manuscript in *Verona and Other Lectures*, 1894, in which volume it formed chapter ii. (pp. 33–54). A few pages of introduction are missing from the MS. It is clear from the summary in the *Daily Telegraph* that Ruskin detached these pages for use at the beginning of Letter 4 (April 1, 1871) in *Fors Clavigera*. The introduction to the lecture was, however, founded in "Verona and its Rivers" on the report in the *Daily Telegraph*, and is here reprinted from that volume.]

[2] [Joseph Couttet, the Chamouni guide; for whom see Vol. IV. p. xxv. and n.]

if they choose. I have especially to thank mine for four pieces of Education, to which I owe whatever happiness or power remains to me.

3. First, I was taught to be obedient. That discipline began very early. One evening,—my mother being rather proud of this told me the story often,—when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose: but I was resolute about it. My mother bid me keep my fingers back: I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said—"Let him touch it, Nurse." So I touched it,—and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word Liberty. It was the first piece of Liberty I got; and the last which for some time I asked for.

4. Secondly, I was taught to be quiet.

When I was a very little child, my parents not being rich, and my mother having to see to many things herself, she used to shut me into a room upstairs, with some bits of wood and a bunch of keys, and say—"John, if you make a noise, you shall be whipped."

To that piece of Education I owe most of my powers of thinking; and,—more valuable to me still,—of amusing myself anywhere and with anything.

5. Thirdly; as soon as I could run, I was taken down to Croydon, and left to play by the river Wandel; and afterwards, when I was older, to Cumberland and Yorkshire. And that was the most important part of my Science and Art Education: the rest I've done pretty nearly for myself, with help of books.

6. Then, the fourth thing I was taught was Kindness to Animals, and curiosity about seeing them,—not stuffed in a scientific manner, but with their heads set on their shoulders in their own way.

Not that even *that's* always a graceful way: and the more I look at them, sometimes, the less graceful I think it. Indeed, I once got into violent disgrace in a religious journal, for having alleged that, in a certain sense, machines were more perfect things than animals.

I am afraid you will not give me credit for understanding, or appreciating, anything in machinery, unless I read you this passage:—

7. "I cannot express the amazed awe,—the crushed humility,—with which I sometimes watch a locomotive take its breath at a railway station, and think what work there is in its bars and wheels, and what manner of men they must be who dig brown ironstone out of the ground, and forge it into THAT! What assemblage of accurate and mighty faculties in them; more than fleshly power over melting crag and coiling fire, fettered, and finessed at last into the precision of watchmaking; Titanian hammer-strokes, beating, out of lava, these glittering cylinders and timely-respondent valves, and fine-ribbed rods, which touch each other as a serpent writhes, in noiseless gliding, and omnipotence of grasp; infinitely complex anatomy of active steel, compared with which the skeleton of a living creature would seem, to a careless observer, clumsy and vile,—a mere morbid secretion and phosphatous prop of flesh! What would the men who thought out this,—who beat it out, who touched it into its polished calm of power, who set it to its appointed task, and triumphantly saw it fulfil this task to the utmost of their will,—feel or think about this weak hand of mine,

timidly leading a little stain of water-colour, which I cannot manage, into an imperfect shadow of something else,—mere failure in every motion, and endless disappointment,—What, I repeat, would these Iron-dominant Genii think of me?—and what ought I to think of them?"[1]

8. That was what I felt then, and feel always; and I wonder often whether you dexterous mechanists share with me in this feeling of the incompletion and rudeness of the mechanical arrangements in animals. I am nearly always disappointed in watching the way *they* set about things. Of course, allowance must be made for their languor and carelessness in captivity; but, with every such allowance, I still am impressed with their inefficiency of instrument.

9. Look at an eagle feeding![2] He does not so much hold or grasp his piece of meat, as stand on it. He pulls languidly at it from between his toes,—it drags through his toothless beak. He pulls harder at it, and upsets himself,—and recovers his balance with a frightened flap of his wing; and so goes on, tearing and tottering through his dinner,—an ignoble, uncomfortable creature,—a most weak machine.

Nay, a friend of mine one day saw two eagles trying to catch a mouse. One pounced down upon it, and it got through the hollow of his claws; the other came to help him,—but they only ran against each other, and the mouse got away between them.

10. Look at a pelican trying to get a fish out of the water; not a living fish,—*that* would be too much to expect of him,—but a stone dead one. He gapes at it, and slobbers, and gets half hold of it, and lets it slip, and tries, and tries again, with a—not exemplary, but stupid patience. I've only once seen him get one fairly into his mouth: I've seen him again and again trying to catch his own cast feathers, instead of fish; which does not seem much in favour of the theory which my much-respected friend, Professor Huxley, asserted to me only the other day,—that sight was a mechanical operation.[3] If it were mechanical, I think, it would be, in some cases, worse done,—in many, better; and pelicans wouldn't try to catch their own feathers.

11. And so throughout the inferior races of animals; there is not so much, really, to be struck with in the beauty, as in the awkwardness of their mechanism. They stand on one leg, and don't know what to do with the other; they hop in an unseemly manner; they waddle; they squat; they try to scratch themselves where they can't reach; they try to eat what they can't swallow; their existence is an alternation between clumsy effort and sulky repose. There are rare exceptions:—a swift on the wing, for instance;[4] even then, with the great drawback that its voice is nearly as horrible a piece of mechanism as a steam whistle:—admirable exceptions, on the perfect side, counterbalanced by agonies of awkwardness on the deficient side; as, for instance, the unscrewed joints and altogether ridiculous over-leverage in the frame-work of a daddy-long-legs, leaving his legs in your tea.

[1] [*Cestus of Aglaia*, § 9 (Vol. XIX. pp. 60–61).]
[2] [See below, "The Eagle of Elis," § 12 (p. 401).]
[3] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 99, where this assertion is again recorded, and controverted.]
[4] [Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 113 (above, p. 105).]

12. That's what I feel, and what I must—if I say anything—say that I feel. And so I get into final disgrace with the religious journal, which dutifully felt—as it was expected of it to feel on all occasions. But the religious journal, in its hasty offence, had not noticed that in admitting the deficient mechanism, I had been only the more asserting the presence of a strange spirit in the creatures, and contemplating, with ever and ever renewed amazement, something infinitely beyond mechanism, which taught, —or, more accurately speaking, compelled them to do what was indeed essential to their lives, in what was not necessarily a beautiful—but *was* always a quite incomprehensible manner; and that, not merely incomprehensible in the instinct of it (as in the dexterity with which a bird weaves the twigs in its nest, and fastens it securely into the fork of a tree that swings in the wind like a pendulum)—not in the mere instinct and wit of it only amazing, but after, also, in an inscrutable mystery of method.

13. Take, for instance, quite one of the simplest pieces of the art of animals,—a Cobweb. It is one of which, if I am called upon in my capacity of Professor of Fine Art to give a critical opinion, I cannot speak in terms of too strong admiration; though also one, with respect to which, as a political economist, I entirely concur in the sentiments of the exemplary British House-wife or House-maiden.

14. But have you ever considered how a spider constructs it? You see it is always a kind of suspension-bridge,—a complex system of wires,—hung across a space. How is the first wire cable got across? Take the simplest instance,—a cobweb in the corner of a room. Do you think the spider spins her first thread along the walls round the corner, and then, when she has got to the opposite point, pulls it tight? Not she. Her thread is strongly glutinous; if she carried it round, it would stick to the wall all the way; and when she had got it round, and had to pull it tight, what would she do with the length to spare? She has no windlass to wind it on, and if she had, couldn't afford to waste all that cable; for she spins her cable out of her life, and her life depends on her having enough of it always to replace the housemaid's ruin of her. She can't afford to waste lengths of it to go round corners with. No! She goes straight across in the air. But how? It isn't easy to see her at her work, for she gets away, or feigns dead, if you look too close; but if you stay quite quiet when she is spinning among trees, until she takes you for an ugly log rather in her way, she'll go on; and then you will see, still more, how impossible it is for her to carry her cable down and up, as you do. Fancy carrying a thin, sticky thread of gum, in and out among tree branches and leaves, six feet or so down to the ground, and up again to the branch she wants, and then pulling it tight,—twelve feet of sticky, slack cable among twigs, for six inches wanted taut!

15. Not she! You may see her cross as calmly as if there was a railroad in the air. You cannot see the thread she crosses on,—it is too fine. Yet that fine thread she has thrown out first before her,—thrown out with an aim, as a chameleon its tongue at an insect; struck the exact leaf she wants; will go on with her cross-threads, striking the point she wants with the end of her thread as surely as you would with a rifle-shot,—literally "projecting" her geometrical figures that way.

Fancy the jugglery there is in that! You may have seen a juggler wind

tape out of his mouth before now, but did you ever see him throw out a cable from his mouth, fifty yards long, straight as a shot?

16. I am not sure how far this contrivance of the spider be indeed inexplicable; but I am quite sure you will find it wonderful. And so, I am sure of this, which is the thing I wish to impress upon you, that all fine art begins with the inexplicable; that only in the thing which you cannot show another person how to do, is there anything really beautiful. And it is the great mistake we English make about art and nature, both (art and science, that is):—we think that somehow the trick of both can be taught; that by formal rules and mechanical work we can turn out Tintorets and Michael Angelos, as we do locomotives; and that by careful dissection we shall detect, at last, how a spider—or a man—works, as we find out the springs of a Dutch toy.

17. That is not so; but these are not the first days in which it has been so imagined. This very spider's web, of which we have been talking, was made by the ancients their daily lesson in this matter. You have all heard of Arachne, and how she was changed into a spider; but perhaps you never have heard her story quite through,—and it is worth hearing and thinking of.[1]

18. Arachne was a Lydian girl, of a poor family; and, as all girls should do, she had learned to spin and to weave; and not merely to weave or knit good stout clothes, but to make pictures upon, or in them, such as, you know, Penelope is said to have woven, and such as the queen of our own William the Conqueror embroidered, which are still preserved at Bayeux in Normandy, and known all over the world as the Bayeux tapestry.[2]

Well, Arachne could make the most beautiful pictures, with her needle or shuttle, that ever were seen in those days. I don't know if young girls still sew "sampler";[3] I wish they did, and will tell you why presently. But to finish with Arachne.

19. She was so proud of her beautiful sewing, that she wished the goddess Minerva herself,—whom, if you will not think it affected, I would rather call by her own name of Athena,—would come and try her skill against her. Now the goddess Athena always wove and embroidered her own dresses, and she was not going to let a poor little Lydian girl challenge her at her own special work. So she came first to Arachne under the likeness of an old woman, prudent and gentle; and spoke kindly to Arachne, and told her a little Lydian girl ought not to be proud, and ought not to challenge goddesses. But Arachne, on that, only got more insolent; told the old woman to hold her tongue, and that she only wished Athena would come herself that instant. So Athena changed from the old woman into herself, and accepted the challenge; and they sat down beside each other, the goddess and the girl, and began to weave.

20. Now, the story, as it is carelessly read, ends, as it seems, quite disgracefully for the goddess. Arachne's work is as quickly done as hers;

[1] [For another reference to the story of Arachne, see *Ethics of the Dust*, § 93 (Vol. XVIII. p. 319).]

[2] [See above, p. 269.]

[3] [An exhibition of samplers was held in the rooms of the Fine Art Society in March 1900, and to this Mrs. Severn lent a sampler made by Ruskin's grandmother, as well as his own christening robe.]

and as well. It is surrounded and finished with an exquisite border of ivy-leaves. Athena looks close, and cannot find the least fault with it. Whereupon she loses her temper; tears her rival's tapestry to pieces; and strikes her four times across the forehead with her box-wood shuttle. Arachne, mad with anger, hangs herself; and Athena changes her into a venomous spider.[1]

At first sight, like many other stories of the kind, this seems not only degrading, but meaningless. The old mythologists, however, always made their best fables rough on the outside.[2] If you chose to throw them away for that, so much the worse for you. You did not deserve, they thought, to understand them.

21. Let us look into the story a little closer.

First, you may be surprised at the Goddess of Wisdom losing her temper. But, of all the goddesses, she always is the angriest, when she is angry; and if ever you yourselves go on doing a great many foolish things, one after another, and obstinately don't attend to anything she says quietly, you will find she bursts out upon you all at once; and when she does, I can tell you, you won't forget it in a hurry.[3]

22. But next, why are you told that Arachne's work was bordered with ivy-leaves?

Because ivy-leaves, in their wanton running about everywhere, were the emblem of the wild god, Bacchus; and were put there in express impertinence to Athena, and wilful insult to her trim-leaved olive of peace. But more than that. Arachne had made all the pictures in her tapestry of base and abominable things; while Athena had woven in hers the council of the gods about Athens, how the city should be named.

Nor were the things which Arachne had pictured abominable merely, but they were all insulting to the gods, and dwelt on every legend which could make sacred and solemn things despised by men. That was why Athena tore the tapestry to pieces, not because she was jealous of it.

23. Then, thirdly, we are told she could find no fault with it.

Now, one of the things I have always tried most to impress on the British workman, is that his work must not be too precise,—that he must not think of avoiding faults, but of gaining virtues.[4] To young students, indeed, I have always said, and shall always say, the exact reverse of that: "See that every step you take is right; it does not matter in the beginning how small your merits, so only that you commit, wilfully, no errors."[5] But to the finished workman or artist, though it will be wise for him also often to hold to his student's rule, still, when he is to do his best, he need never think to do it without manifold failure. If he has not failed somewhere, he has only tried to do, as Arachne did,—ignoble things. Phidias had faults; Raphael had faults; Reynolds had faults, and many, and bad ones. Arachne, in the outer aspect of her work, had none; but in the inner power of it, it was fault altogether.

[1] [Ovid: *Metamorphoses*, vi. 1–145.]

[2] [On this subject compare the Introduction to *The Queen of the Air*, Vol. XIX. p. lxviii.]

[3] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 117 (Vol. XIX. p. 399).]

[4] [See, for example, *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii., chapter on "The Nature of Gothic" (Vol. X. p. 180).]

[5] [See, for instance, *Elements of Drawing*, §§ 60, 67 (Vol. XV. pp. 59, 64).]

Fault, also,—remember—of a poisonous and degrading kind, sensual, insolent, and foul; so that she is changed by Athena into the meanest of animals, and the most loathsomely venomous; whose work, instead of being an honour to the palaces of kings, is to be a disgrace to the room of the simplest cottager.

24. That is the story of Arachne in the sum of it: and now I must go back upon two minor points in it; the first, the value of this tapestry-work itself; the second, the meaning of Athena's picture of the gods taking counsel about the name of the city.

First, why is this fable told you of tapestry? Why is Athena's own special work of honour—making her own dresses?

25. I have been now at least these ten years trying to convince scientific and artistic persons who would listen to me, that true science and art must begin in what, from time immemorial, has been among the most important rights of men, and the pleasantest rights of women. It is quite one of the most important and necessary rights of man to have a good dinner, well cooked, when he comes in from his work. And it is quite one of the pleasantest rights of woman to have a pretty dress to put on, when she has done hers. The first of sciences, therefore, is that of cookery, and the first of arts, that of dress.[1]

26. Now you are likely to laugh, I know well enough beforehand, when I say this; and I'm very glad that you should laugh, provided only you distinctly understand that *I'm* not laughing, but in most absolute and accurate seriousness, stating to you what I believe to be necessary for the prosperity of this and of every other nation; namely, first, diligent purification and kindly distribution of food, so that we should be able, not only on Sundays, but after the daily labour, which, if it be rightly understood, is a constantly recurrent and daily divine service,—that we should be able, I say, then to eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared.[2] And, secondly, I say gravely and earnestly also, and with assured confidence in the truth of it, that no nation is healthy or prosperous unless the women wear tidy dresses for their morning's work, and pretty ones in the afternoon; which means many things, observe. It means that their morning work is to be household-work, or field or garden-work, and not—I'll venture to say it, even in this room—not packing cartridges. It means also that the men of England are not to stand by idle, or drink till they can't stand, idle or any wise; nor tramp as vagabonds about the country; nor be set to picking oakum; nor be sent to prison and fed there at the country's expense, with committees to see that they are fatter when they come out than when they went in; while the women—poor, simple wretches—agitate for the right to do their work for them. That's what tidy and clean dressing in the morning means.

27. And pretty dressing in the afternoon means that they are to have an afternoon, or an evening, at least, for the fireside; and that they are to have the pride and pleasure of looking as nice then for their lovers, and

[1] [Compare, on the subject of cookery, *Ethics of the Dust*, § 78 (Vol. XVIII. p. 298); on that of dress, Vol. VII. p. 428, Vol. XI. p. 223, and Vol. XVI. p. 48.]

[2] [Nehemiah viii. 10; quoted also at the end of the chapter "Living Waves" in *Deucalion*.]

husbands, as rich girls like to look for theirs; each having indeed such dress as is suited for their rank in life; but pretty and bright in colour, and substantial, for the poor as well as the rich: so that for kings now, no less than in old time, it may be one of the praises in their epitaph, that they clothed the daughters of their people in scarlet, with other delights, and put on ornaments of gold on their apparel.[1]

28. The words may sound strange to you, when perhaps for the first time you think of them with true and active application. They are, nevertheless, perfectly literal in their meaning. Scarlet is a delightful colour, and a much more delightful one—again I beg pardon when I remember where I am speaking—a much more delightful one in cloaks, and petticoats, than in regimentals. And ornaments of real gold and silver are meant to be possessed by all happy peasantries, and handed down with pride from mother to daughter, to be worn at weddings, christenings, and Christmas merry-makings; and neither to be sent to the pawnbroker's, nor expose their wearers to be strangled by thieves in the next alley. Among a happy people there are no thieves; and there used to be villages in England, and there are still villages in Scotland, Norway, and, I believe, Ireland, where you may sleep with your door open.

Ornaments of gold for everybody, and scarlet petticoats, and nice costume;—and then the art of the goldsmith becomes a living one, and goes on into true sculpture. That, then, is why Athena's work is making her own dress.

29. But, lastly, why does she embroider, by way of picture, the council of the gods about the name of her city?

Will you let me tell you one Greek fable more, about ants, instead of spiders?

How often have we not all heard of the word "Myrmidons"? You know that eloquent persons, whenever they want to finish a sentence sublimely, bring in something about "Tyrants and their Myrmidons."

30. Now, let me give you one piece of advice, which, if you take it, will, I assure you, one day make you feel that you didn't let me talk to you to-night for nothing.

Never read any piece of writing unless you are prepared to take whatever trouble may be necessary thoroughly to understand it. There's a great deal of the best and most useful writing, which may be understood in a moment. But as soon as it sets up for being fine, see that you find out whether it is fine or not; and to that end, never let one word pass, without considering, and finding out, if possible, what it means.

31. "Myrmidons" are usually supposed to mean the men who execute the will of a savage master. But first of all, that arises from one of the usual popular mistakes about character,—the character in this instance of the Achilles of Homer; who is not a savage person at all, but a quite boundlessly affectionate and faithful one; only, in the strongest sense of the term, "hot-headed."[2] The Myrmidons were his soldiers, and so have come to mean—servants of tyrants, and what else they are supposed to be by eloquent persons. But in its first and pure sense, Myrmidon does not

[1] [2 Samuel i. 24.]

[2] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 114 (Vol. XVIII. p. 161).]

mean a soldier of Achilles at all. The Myrmidons were the inhabitants of an island which was of great importance in Greece, because, among other things, money was first coined there; and a king reigned over it, who was the most just of kings, and counted and divided the money carefully; and so became at last one of the three great judges of the dead.[1] But his own island, Aegina, he fortified with walls of rock, and did justice there always: and at last the Fates got jealous of him, and sent a dragon, or a plague, which devoured the people of his country, and left it desolate. And he prayed to Jupiter wildly to restore his people; and fell asleep, praying in his sorrow. And as he slept, he saw the ants, from an ants' nest at the root of an oak-tree, climb into the branches of the tree; and there—they changed one by one into little children, and fell down like a shower of apples. And when he woke, he heard a murmur as of an army in the fields; and when he looked out in the morning light, the island was filled with new multitudes. And they were called Myrmidons,—Ant-born.[2]

32. Now the meaning of that fable I must be quick in telling you.

There were two places in Greece, renowned for their strength. One was this island of Aegina, fortified against robbery, as the centre of commerce. The other was the city of Thebes, fortified against war.

The walls of Aegina were of rock, built by Aeacus, who is the Lord of Justice.

The walls of Thebes were of stones, which Amphion, the son of Jupiter, made join each other by music; and the first queen of the city was Harmonia—Harmony.[3]

And together the fables mean, that the strength of states, for defence against foreign war, consists in harmony; or musical and joyful concord among all the orders of the people: and that the strength of states for multitude, on their industry being humble, and directly set to the ground, and ruled by justice in dividing.

33. But observe chiefly; your walls must be built by music. All your defences of iron and reserves of cold shot are useless, unless Englishmen learn to love and trust each other, in all classes. The only way to be loved is to become lovable, and the only way to be trusted is to be honest. No forms of voting, no mechanism of constitution—for of all contemptible faiths in mechanism, that is the basest, that a country is like a watch and can go on tick by its constitution, without having any soul:—no goodliness of form or strength in government or people will avail against enemies, unless they learn to be faithful to each other, and to depend upon each other.

34. My friends, you are continually advised to seek for independence.

I have some workmen myself, and have had, for many years, under me. Heaven knows I am not independent of them; and I do not think they either are, or wish to be, independent of me. We depend heartily, and always,—they upon my word, and upon my desire for their welfare;—I, upon their work, and their pride in doing it well, and I think, also, their

[1] [See, for the character of Aeacus, the lecture on "The Tortoise of Aegina," § 10 (below, p. 384).]

[2] [Ovid: *Metamorphoses*, vii. 523–657.]

[3] [Compare the Rede Lecture, § 20 (Vol. XIX. p. 178).]

desire to do it well for me. Believe me, my friends, there is no such thing as independence till we die. In the grave we shall be independent to purpose,—not till then.[1] While we live, the defence and prosperity of our country depends less even on hearts of oak than on hearts of flesh; on the patience which seeks improvement with hope but not with haste; on the science which discerns what is lovely in character and honourable in act; and on the Fine Art and tact of happy submission to the guidance of good men, and the laws of nature and of heaven.

[1] [Compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 79 (Vol. XIX. p. 126).]

II

THE TORTOISE OF AEGINA[1]

1. The reign of Pheidon, King of Argos, referred by Mr. Grote—probably—"to the period a little before, and a little after, the 8th Olympiad,—between 770 and 730 B.C.,"[2] will give, I think, at once a land-mark, and a sea-mark, from which we may always begin our study of Historic Greece, as opposed to Mythic Greece. I suppose everything is known more clearly now than in my undergraduate days, and I need hardly press on you the importance of this eighth century, and the beginning, in the two peninsulas, almost in the same year, of the powers of Greece and Rome.

Pheidon is said to have marched to Olympia 747 B.C., and celebrated the games there himself, as the lineal descendant of Herakles. Recollect, then, we have the actual historic king celebrating the games as the descendant of the God. And real history begins.

2. Pheidon of Argos—I now use Mr. Grote's words—"first coined both copper and silver money in Aegina;" and he presently adds:—"The first coinage of copper and silver money is a capital event in Grecian history."[3] It is so, and in wider history than that of Greece. "First coined," that is to say, divided into given weights, and stamped these weights that they might be of all men known. These weights chosen by Pheidon were Babylonian, approximating closely to those of the Hebrews, Phœnicians, and Egyptians; but first, probably, determined by "the Chaldæan priesthood of Babylon."

You will find presently that Mr. Grote disputes the statement, that this money was first coined actually in the island of Aegina. It is not the least consequence whether it was or not. But this fact is of consequence;—Pheidon fixed measure both of capacity and weight, and those measures were called Pheidonian.

But the measures of weight, and therefore of money, were afterwards specially called Aeginetan—partly to distinguish them from the standard of Euboea, but much more because of the early commercial power of Aegina.

3. I have just said it was of no consequence whether money was first actually coined in Aegina or Argos. Remember, in all your historical investigations, there are two entirely distinct branches of them. One is this history of the Acts of men; the other, the history of their Thoughts. In general, it matters to the future very little, comparatively, what men

[1] [The MS. of this lecture is marked by the author "Lect. 7," showing that it was intended as a continuation of the course published as *Aratra Pentelici* (see the Introduction, above, p. lviii.). The lecture was published as chapter iii. (pp. 57–75) of *Verona and Other Lectures*, 1894.]

[2] [Grote: *History of Greece*, pt. ii. ch. iv.]

[3] [*Ibid.*]

did; but it matters everything to know why they did it. For the event to them, and to us, depends always not on the deed merely, but the intent of it; so that even the truth of the deed itself is often of little importance, compared with the results of it.

4. Take an instance in comparatively recent history. Modern investigation has shown that in all probability no such person ever existed as William Tell, and that all the acts related of him were fables.[1] Do you think, therefore, that you could be wise, as historians of the Swiss, in omitting all mention of Tell, and of their belief in him? On the contrary; for the vanished fact of the hero's existence, you get the much more wonderful and important fact of the Imagination of his existence; you find that the character of this mountain people was, at one time of their history, such that they could take up a child's fairy tale,—repeat it, till it became a veracity to them,—and then regulate all their life and war by their trust in its truth.

5. We will begin the mythic history of Aegina, then, with the splendid passage in the 8th Olympian ode of Pindar:—

"Aegina, sweeping with her oars, where Eternal Law, Saviour of men, throned beside the God of the stranger, is obeyed with more than human truth. For it is hard to discern uprightly—of things that are warped greatly, and in many ways: but some established decree of the immortals has fixed under itself a divine pillar, and trust for all strange people,—this place, sea-ramparted, measured out in stewardship by Aeacus* to the Dorian people."

6. Now, before going on to the next verses, consider who Aeacus was.

Of course the numbers, two, three, four, seven, nine, twelve, and forty, are continually used vaguely in all mythic art; nevertheless, every writer makes his own "three," or his own "four," or his own "seven," express some special division of the subject in his mind; and when you get anything like a consistent adoption of any given number by many writers for a long time, you will find, at last, that the really great ones among them give a special significance to each of the names. So, though at first when you think that you have three Gorgons—Graces—Fates—and Judges, you may feel as if the number meant nothing, yet among the closely thinking writers, every Gorgon, and Grace, and Fate—and Judge—has a special function; and the functions of the Three Great Judges are specific, in a clear and consistently separate way.

7. I must now use a passage of mine on the division of law, written ten years ago.

. . . . . .[2]

8. Observe, then; the reward of good is essentially Life, and the wages of Sin is Death.[3] Now the Rewarding Judge is Rhadamanthus,[4] "Bright

* Note that ἐξ Αἰακοῦ has a double force, meaning partly "from the time of Aeacus," partly "as out of his power."

[1] [Compare Vol. XVIII. p. 538.]

[2] [*Munera Pulveris*, ch. v. §§ 116–120; somewhat varying from the published text: see Vol. XVII. pp. 241–242, where in footnotes the variations are noted.]

[3] [Romans vi. 23.]

[4] [For other references to Rhadamanthus, see note on p. 384.]

Rhadamanthus"—*Xanthos*, the golden-haired, lord of the Elysian fields.[1] And the punishing or Tormenting Judge—the worm that dies not, and fire that is not quenched[2]—is Minos; merciless, and in his nature brutal and rabid. Never forget the lines of Horace[3]—

"Jam galeam Pallas et aegida,
Currusque *et rabiem parat.*"

Inevitable! The serpents of the Aegis gathered into one immortal serpent, whose coils are close according to the sin it punishes.

9. Now hear what Dante says of Minos, and you will understand at once more of the Greek and Italian mind than you can usually learn in a summer's day.

Fig. 16

At the gate of Hell, "Stavvi Minos orribilmente, e ringhia."[4]

Frowned horribly—frowned as a beast frowns—(you shall see what that means at once—here is a Leontine lion[5])—"quando l'anima mal nata li vien dinanzi, tutta si confessa." Observe this statement by Dante of the strange power that the penalty of crime has, in making it visible to the culprit. Until the pain comes, the ill-born spirits cannot perceive the sin; but as soon as they suffer for it, they do not merely confess it to others—they feel it to be sin themselves, as they never did before. On the contrary, a well-born or noble person is made to feel his sin by

[1] [*Odyssey*, iv. 563–565.

Ἀλλά σ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίον καὶ πείρατα γαίης
ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξανθὸς Ῥαδάμανθυς,
τῇ περ ῥηϊστη βιοτὴ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν.]

[2] [Isaiah lxvi. 24; Mark ix. 44.]

[3] [*Odes*, i. 15, 11, 12.]

[4] [*Inferno*, v. 4, and following lines, thus rendered by Cary:—

"There Minos stands,
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend."

Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 207 (above, p. 353), where also the last lines are quoted.]

[5] [The woodcut here given (Fig. 16) is enlarged (to twice the size) from a coin of Leontini (I. C. 28 in the British Museum's exhibition of electrotypes). Ruskin drew an enlargement of the coin for the Oxford Schools (Rudimentary Series, No. 48): see Vol. XXI. pp. 179, 253. In "Verona and its Rivers" (1894) the Lion and the Tortoise (see p. 388) were given by photogravure, on Plate XI., of the size of the actual coins.]

the pardon of it, as the base, by punishment; and each of them gets from heaven and man what will make him feel it in his own way. I go on:—

"E quel conoscitor delle peccata
Vede qual luogo d'Inferno è da essa:
Cignesi con la coda tante volte
Quantunque gradi vuol, che giù sia messa."

Now just observe how much Dante, like the other strong men, expects you to find out for yourself. He never tells you even what shape Minos is; but you find with a start at the end of the passage that he is a serpent; and then, if you understand the true nature of sin and its punishment, you can enter into the myth. Observe, once more, Minos' warning:—"Take care that the breadth of the way does not deceive thee."[1] You think that you may escape punishment because so many sin with you—that it cannot be a sin that many commit.

10. When we come to the coins of Thurium and the bull,[2] we shall have to examine farther the power of Minos in Crete. In the meantime you will trust me for this general aspect of the two judges for Condemnation and Reward.*

I think I shall best fasten in your minds this distinct function of Aeacus as the counting or measuring judge,[3] by reading you a bit of Lucian, which may give you a little rest. With him, Rhadamanthus is the great judge of the evil and the good; Minos not appearing; but Aeacus is entrusted—not with the *judgment*, but the *numbering* of the dead. This is a piece of the dialogue called "The Ferry,"[4] which you probably all know well, but will not mind hearing, with reference to the matter in hand.

* Except only—look at Pindar, *Olymp.* ii. 137.[5]

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[1] [*Inferno*, v. 20.]

[2] [This reference shows that among the intended lectures, which would have formed a sequel to *Aratra Pentelici*, the Bull of Thurium was to have been discussed. This was never done, though the plate was prepared and printed in *Aratra* (now Plate XXII. p. 349, above), with a brief paragraph (§ 203) inserted in explanation.]

[3] [For other references to the kinghoods of Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Aeacus, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23, and *Val d'Arno*, § 199; and for Rhadamanthus, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82.]

[4] [καταπλους, or "Voyage to the Lower World," 3, 4. Ruskin translates freely, compressing here and there.]

[5] [The passage referred to is thus translated by E. Myers: "Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos; there round the islands of the blest the Ocean-breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendour, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands: so ordereth Rhadamanthos' just decree, whom at his own right hand hath ever the father of Kronos, husband of Rhea, throned above all worlds." Ruskin quotes the passage from Pindar in *Queen of the Air*, § 50 (Vol. XIX. p. 350).]

11. Clotho and Charon are waiting together at the Ferry-side of Lethe. Hermes is late for the boat, and Charon is cross. Clotho speaks—

"Keep thy temper, Charon, here he is at last; and a fine set he has got with him—all as close as a flock of goats. Nay, what next? There's some one bound in the middle of them, and there's one keeping guard over him with a stick! And just look at Hermes,—what a state he is in; all over sweat, and panting as if he had an asthma, and his feet covered with dust! How now, Hermes, what's the matter?

Hermes. What should be the matter, Clotho? but that I've been running after this fellow who had got away. I had like to have lost my number in the ship's company myself.

Clotho. But who is he; or what did he want to get away for?

Hermes. That's clear enough, surely—that he would rather live than die! and he must be some king or tyrant or other; and by the noise he makes, it seems he must have been well off where he was.

Clotho. And the fool ran away, as if he could have lived after his thread was run out?

Hermes. Run away he did—assuredly! And if this fine old gentleman with the stick hadn't helped me, he would have got off altogether, for from the first minute that Atropos passed him to me, he pulled and struggled, and stood with his feet against the ground, all along the road. And then when we got to the gate, and I was counting off the dead to Aeacus as usual, and he was checking them off by your sister's list, this thrice cursed fellow slipped behind somehow and made off; so there was one dead man missing from the reckoning. And Aeacus, knitting his brows,—Hermes, says he, you must keep your roguery for proper times and places; you have games enough up in heaven; but the affairs of the dead are accurate, and nothing can be secret in those. Here's the list, as you see, with a thousand and four set down: and you have brought me one too few —unless you have the impudence to say Atropos has made a mistake. So I, blushing at what he said, recollected instantly what had been going on all the way; and looking about me, I missed my gentleman. I went after him as fast as I could, but I only caught him as he was on the point of getting out at Tænarus."

12. I had another reason for detaining you with the reading of this passage:—that you might notice, in passing, the allusion to Mercury's power as the cloud-god distinct from that of the herald of the dead,[1] "You have games enough up in heaven there."

You have, then, these three offices of the three judges:—Rhadamanthus to reward, Minos to condemn, Aeacus to count and divide. Next you must remember the story of his birth.

13. He is a son of Zeus, by the nymph Aegina; and Aegina is one of the daughters of the great river-god Asopus. Or, broadly, the Asopus represents the power of all the streams of Arcadia; and the marriage of Zeus to his daughter, in the physical meaning of it, is that the clouds from the valleys of Arcadia feed the springs of the islands, and on the highest rocks. Hence one of the daughters of the Asopus gives name to the island of Salamis;

[1] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 25 (Vol. XIX. pp. 319, 320); and compare *Lectures on Art*, § 156 (above, p. 150).]

another to that of Aegina, and a third[1] to Thebes, so far as Thebes was dependent on the springs of Dirce; while finally, Asopus himself gives the fountain of Peirene to Sisyphus on the crag of Corinth:—but observe for what service he did this. When Zeus carried off his daughter Aegina, Asopus was seeking for her in vain, until Sisyphus told him who had taken her. For *that* help he got his fountain on Corinth, and his stone in Hell.[2]

14. Now—(you will find it partly traced in my *Queen of the Air*[3])—Sisyphus represents always, physically, the power of the winds in transit across the isthmus; and, morally, he is the god of transit or trade,—κέρδιστος ἀνδρῶν.[4] And you shall see presently why his betrayal of the flight of Aegina is so heavily punished.[5] But first fix in your own minds this character of Sisyphus as restless and cunning beyond all men, so that by his cunning he even raised himself from the dead;[6] and then you will find that throughout subsequent legends there is an antagonism between the power of the Aeacidæ, in justice, and of the descendants of Sisyphus, in turbulence and the defiance of justice, as the opposition of a pillar to a tempest; and which you will find hinted even in such short passages as the speech of Philoctetes to Neoptolemus:—

> "Τὴν φύσιν δ' ἔδειξας, ὦ τέκνον,
> ἐξ ἧς ἔβλαστες, οὐχὶ Σισύφου πατρὸς,
> ἀλλ' ἐξ 'Αχιλλέως, ὃς μετὰ ζώντων θ' ὅτ' ἦν
> ἤκου' ἄριστα, νῦν δὲ τῶν τεθνηκότων."[7]

You find, then, that in spite of the river-power, Asopus, and of the storm-power, Sisyphus, Aegina is carried away by Zeus to the quiet island, and bears to Zeus—this son Aeacus.

15. Now let us collect the legends about him, and see to what they all point.

First: Aegina is difficult of access; and he increases this difficulty, encumbering the channels round the port with rocks, so as to defend it, Pausanias says,[8] against piracy; but observe always the sense of future definition, enclosure, and peace, which connects itself with his name.

16. Then you find him joined with Apollo and Poseidon to build the walls of Troy; and in the ode we have just paused at,[9] you find that having built them, there appeared three dragons, and rushed against the walls; that the part built by Apollo and Poseidon stood, but that the wall, where built by Aeacus, fell before the snake. Upon which Apollo is said to have

[1] [Thebe or Ismene, who was married, according to some legends, to Amphion (for whom see above, p. 379).]

[2] [Pausanias, i. 5, 1.]

[3] [Chap. i. § 29 (Vol. XIX. p. 325).]

[4] [*Iliad*, vi. 153.]

[5] [Ruskin passes, however, to another subject, in § 18, without working this out.]

[6] [The story is that Sisyphus before his death desired his wife not to bury him. He then, in the lower world, complained of this neglect, and begged Pluto to let him return to the upper world to punish his wife. His request was granted—and then he refused to go back to Hades, so that Hermes had to carry him off by force (Eustathius, *ad Hom.*, pp. 631, 1702.]

[7] [Sophocles: *Philoctetes*, 1310–1313.]

[8] ["Of all the Greek islands Aegina is the most difficult of approach; for sunken rocks and reefs rise all round it. They say that Aeacus contrived that it should be so, from fear of the inroads of pirates and to make it dangerous for a foe" (ii. 29, 6).]

[9] [Pindar: *Olympia*, viii. 41–52.]

foretold the destruction of Troy by the Aeacidæ; but you will easily see that this interpretation must be a late gloss on the myth, for it is no interpretation of the whole of it. If the dragon which attacked the wall of Aeacus meant the descendants of Aeacus, that which attacked the wall of Apollo must have meant the descendants of Apollo; which is wholly inadmissible. The natural interpretation is that the work of each beneficent power of defence was tried by the passion, or demon, that was antagonistic to that power; and that Apollo and Poseidon gave strength of mind and body, which would be unbroken in Troy; but Aeacus gave justice and continence; and in these they failed.

17. Next you have the story of the depopulation of his own country by a dragon sent by Juno: and then the birth of the Myrmidons.[1]

Now, you will be told by modern historians that this transformation of ants into men signifies only the peopling of the island by a new tribe. Well —of course it does mean that; and it would equally have meant that, whether you had been told that the new inhabitants were made of ants, or sticks, or leaves, or dust.

But what you have to discern, in any of the myths that have long dwelt in human thought, is not, what fact they represented, but what colour they were intended to give to it. You have all the Deucalionidæ of the earth made of stones;[2] they being, in the sum of them, little more than that—the mob of common men being as the shingle to the wave. You have the warrior-race of Thebes made of dragon's teeth.[3] You have the commercial race of Aegina made of ants.[4] And out of this industrial race, governed by strict justice, you have at last a warrior strength better than that of Thebes; the chief strength of Greece; a Peleus, noble enough to have granted to him for wife the sea-goddess whom the immortals dared not wed, lest they should be dethroned by their children; and from them descended the chief soldier among men:[5]—"among men," I say, as

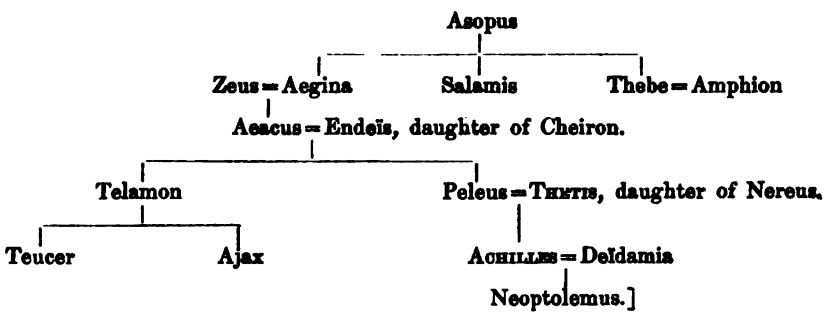
[1] [See "The Story of Arachne," above, p. 378.]

[2] [Hence the title of Ruskin's book on Geology—*Deucalion:* see his Introduction to it.]

[3] [Compare *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 95 (Vol. XVIII. p. 464).]

[4] ["Mores, quos ante gerebant,
Nunc quoque habent; parcumque genus, patiensque laborum
Quæsitique tenax, et qui quæsita reservant."
Ovid: *Metamorphoses*, vii. 655.]

[5] [The allusions may be made clearer, as Mr. Collingwood says in his note to the passage, by drawing out the genealogy of the Aeacidæ:—



distinguished from the half divine hero-nature of the Dioscuri, or Herakles; until at last the myth changes gradually into a literal historic truth, and you read *that*—in the fight of Salamis.[1]

18. And now I must pass—too sharply, but necessarily—to quite another piece of mythology. We all recognise the importance, not only in the Greek mind, but in every subsequent conception, of the three great Titan Goddesses, Rhea, Themis, and Mnemosune. In a less degree we also acknowledge the powers of Phœbe and of Tethys. But the sixth of the Titan sisters, and the one who is first named by Hesiod,[2] we usually forget, —Theia, the most ancient goddess of Light.

19. Now the marriage of Theia and Hyperion, and the birth of their children, the Sun, the Moon, and the Dawn,—Helios, Selene, and Eos,—is a myth of even higher rank and import than that of the marriage of Cronos and Rhea, of Oceanus and Tethys, and of Cœus and Phœbe; for Theia is in a certain sense the greatest of all the Titans—she is the origin of light and harmony: the embodied "Let there be light"[3] of the heathen world; and while the powers of the other Titans, and of their descendants, relate chiefly to the law and course of fate in this world, and Themis and Mnemosune have power only over things that are passing or passed, Theia rules the great and eternal heavens, and the course of the sun and moon, and the seven stars.

20. Now you remember how, in my first course of lectures,[4] I dwelt again and again on the laws of the Greeks for light, and its relation to their ideas both of science and of justice, including in the word "justice" all order and harmony. I also endeavoured to bring before you some of the evidence that the tortoise-shell of Hermes meant the concave of the cloudy heaven, and ultimately, that of the starry vault in which Hermes is lord of motion.[5] But when the lyre of Hermes becomes also that of Orpheus, it has to express not movement only, but harmony of movement, and pacification, or charming of all irregular impulse.

Fig. 17

21. And now if you will look at Lucian's essay on Astrology, which is mythic, not merely of the heaven itself or of its stars, but of the truth and divine knowledge which from them enters into the life of men, you will find it a clue to what I think is the ultimate sense of the Orphic legends. The seven chords of the lyre are there spoken of

[1] [The reference is to the account of the Battle of Salamis in Herodotus, viii. 84: "The Aeginetans say that the ship which went away to Aegina to bring the sons of Aeacus was that which began the fight."]

[2] [Θείην τε, Ῥείάν τε, Θέμιν τε, Μνημοσύνην τε,
Φοίβην τε χρυσοστέφανον, Τηθύν τ' ἐρατεινήν.
—*Theogony*, 134.
For the marriage and family of Theia, see *Theogony*, 371–374. She is, of course, the Thea of Keats's *Hyperion*.]

[3] [Genesis i. 3; compare p. 246, above.]

[4] [See *Lectures on Art*, §§ 151–158, 180 (above, pp. 142–154, 171).]

[5] [*Ibid.*, §§ 155, 156 (pp. 148–151).]

as indicating power over the seven planets,—the wild creatures who are represented surrounding the statue of Orpheus are the circling zodiacal signs,—and the legends of Teiresias and of the Atreidæ are explained in their right connection with this principal one.[1]

The legend of Orpheus, however, we have to examine in another place; for the present, remember only that the tortoise-shell, as a part of the lyre, whether of Hermes or Orpheus, signifies the measured Harmony and spheric Order of Life.[2]

[1] [Lucian, *περὶ τῆς Ἀστρολογίης*, 10–12. The piece is now commonly believed to be spurious and excluded from the body of Lucian's works. It is also commonly taken as an ironical attack upon Astrology rather than as a serious defence. The writer, says Mr. Collingwood in his note to this lecture ("Verona and its Rivers," p. 75), "connects Teiresias with those planets which were called epicene or hermaphrodite by early astronomers or 'astrologers,' deriving their ideas from Babylonian sources. Venus as evening star was a female in Chaldæan astrology; as morning star she was a male, or hermaphrodite. Thyestes, again, is supposed by Lucian to represent Aries of the zodiac, and Atreus the sun; whence their strife, as the sun seems to move in the opposite direction to the stars, and so to attack them." Compare *Lectures on Art*, § 151 (above, p. 143).]

[2] [Here the MS. breaks off, the lecture being obviously incomplete, for Ruskin has as yet hardly touched on "The Tortoise of Aegina." Fig. 17 here is enlarged (again to twice the size) from a coin of Aegina (II. B. 24 in the British Museum). Ruskin seems to connect the adoption of the tortoise as the type of Aegina with legends of Hermes. According to E. Curtius, the sea-tortoise is placed on the coins as a symbol of Astarte, the Phœnician goddess of traders; according to a recent writer, the tortoise-shell used for making bowls was the staple product of the island, and the tortoise on her coins simply indicated that the old monetary unit of the island was the shell of the sea-tortoise (see Professor Ridgeway's *Metallic Currency*, pp. 328–331).]

III

THE RIDERS OF TARENTUM[1]

1. We have seen in the story of the Aeacidæ[2] how great importance was attached in the Greek mind of the figure or shadow of the unity of human and brutal nature in the great Centaur, Cheiron. Not only you find the Aeacidæ descended from him on the mother's side, but to him you have entrusted in their youth Æsculapius, Jason, and Achilles. Physician, seafarer, and soldier must alike be brought up at the feet of the Centaur; and stranger still, there is no other subject of sculpture associated with the procession in her own honour, represented on the temple of Athena, but the war of the Centaurs and Lapithæ.[3]

2. Two great truths are hidden under this myth of the Centaur as it takes possession of the Greek mind. There is no more marked instance of the force of a vision, which is scarcely understood by the dreamer, but is to be interpreted by the whole course of subsequent history. In the first place remember that, as in most of the early mythic figures, there is a good and evil meaning continually mingled in it. The Centaurs, as the sons of Ixion and the cloud, are images of wild, unnatural, and disappointed passion; but Cheiron, as the son of Philyra and Chronos [Saturn], is one of the great group of Titans opposed to the injustice of Zeus. We are too apt to rest in the thought that he was the tutor of Æsculapius only because he knew the mountain herbs, and of Achilles in animal strength; but the real reason of his being their tutor is perhaps the last you would think of, because of his gentleness and justice. You get the two ideas together where Eurypylus asks to be healed by Patroclus:—

> ἐπὶ δ' ἤπια φάρμακα πάσσε
> ἐσθλά, τά σε πρητί φασιν Ἀχιλλῆος δεδιδάχθαι,
> ὃν Χείρων ἐδίδαξε, δικαιότατος Κενταύρων.[4]

Then Hyginus[5] says of Cheiron, "etiam homines superabat justitia." You may easily remember Ovid's lines about his death—

> "Nona dies aderat, cum tu, justissime Cheiron,
> Bis septem stellis corpora cinctus eras"[6]—

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[1] [For the place of this lecture in Ruskin's scheme for a sequel to *Aratra Pentelici*, see Introduction, above, p. lviii. It is here printed from the author's MS.]

[2] [See "Tortoise of Aegina," § 17 (above, p. 387).]

[3] [On the significance of this legend, see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 76 (above, p. 249).]

[4] [*Iliad*, xi. 830–832.]

[5] [*Poeticon Astronomicon*, "De Centauro": "Hic dicitur nomine Chiron Saturni et Phillyræ filius esse: qui non modo cæteros centauros sed homines quoque justitia superasse existimatur."]

[6] [*Fasti*, 5, 413.]

not seven stars only, but seven balanced against seven others and you get the opposition to Zeus, hinted in three ways—first, in that he was born in the enchanted island of Philyreis while Zeus in his infancy was concealed by Rhea; secondly, that at his death he gives up his immortality to Prometheus; and thirdly, though with less distinctness, in the death of Æsculapius by the lightning of Zeus, for having like Prometheus, in another way, brought fire from heaven and restored the dead to life.

3. You get then, first, in this figure of the Centaur, the type of the wisdom and justice of men founded on right training of the animal as well as the spiritual part of them; you have him the teacher of Æsculapius, because animals knew by instinct the virtue of the herbs necessary for their life; and of Achilles, because his chief force is to be an instinctive and natural passion—his love, friendship, and sense of justice all native and uncultivated—faithful as the love of animals, wild as their anger; and you have all this in a certain degree of opposition to the power of Zeus, just because it is wholly animal and of this world, and the dealings of the spiritual gods are, so far as it can discern, unjust with reference to that world.

4. And this you will find to be the key to the Greek temper throughout its heroism as well as theology. The Gothic faith, believing that the human soul is to share in divine existence, assumes that whatever is, or appears to be, unjust here will be rectified in the world to come. But the Greek, thinking of himself as an animal wholly belonging to this world, tries every question respecting his fate on its own ground only; and finding one man fortunate and another miserable, and one wicked and escaping punishment, and another innocent and yet afflicted, he confesses this fact for simply what it is worth—the gods may be higher creatures than he is, and may have other and better conceptions of justice, but their ways are not as his ways,[1] and to his poor, half-bestial sight, do not seem justice; for him, short-lived and wretched, there is another justice, contrary to theirs—which it is his part as long as he lives here to discern for himself and carry out—the Centaurs' justice against Jove's.

5. And, practically, the Centaurs' justice is the only one here demonstrable, and the only one entirely sympathetic and tender. A man bred in the Gothic faith is saved in shipwreck, and says it is by Divine Providence that he is saved, implying that it is by Divine Improvidence that his neighbour perished. But a man bred to Centaurs' justice, and taking merely the animal's view of the matter, dares to assert to himself and in the face of the sky, that he can see no reason why he should be saved rather than his neighbours; that, providential or not, it is unjust, and he will strive so to rule the fates that more men may be safe from danger and more men equal in felicity.

6. But note farther. There is only one Titanic Centaur who is in this manner just, and it is only the greatest heroes who are permitted to be taught by him. The rest of the Centaurs are only types of lower animal passion—they are true children of Ixion,[2] fantastic and wild, rebellious against higher spirits not as Prometheus, but only in vileness of nature and incontinence of passion. And in this acceptation, Ixion, you will find, is the

[1] [See Isaiah lv. 9.]

[2] [On the myth of Ixion, compare *Unto this Last*, § 74 (Vol. XVII. p. 99), and *Queen of the Air*, § 29 (Vol. XIX. p. 326).]

Greek Cain, committing the first domestic murder, and afterwards bound to the wheel in punishment, of which the chief agony is its restlessness; hence Dante, the prophet of the Gothic faith, sees this meaning only in the Centaur symbol, and makes even Cheiron the guardian of the lake of blood, in which are plunged the souls that have perished through anger.[1]

7. That is the spiritual meaning of the myth. I will not long detain you to-day in speaking of the physical one; but I must state it to you briefly. In the merely physical sense, the Centaurs are the clouds of Pelion, children of Ixion by Juno; of the earth in its cold mountain crests, mistaking cloud for sky. Now remember Pelion is especially in the Greek mind the woody mountain (*εἰνοσίφυλλον*[2]); it is also the mountain cloven by dells—so you get Cheiron invoked by Pindar for the sickness of Hiero: "Wert thou but again in the dells of Pelion" (*βάσσαισι Παλίου*[3])—and the woods of it were chiefly pine and oak.[4] Now it is precisely in the aspect of the upper pines isolated by white clouds that you get the most strange isolation of the earth in the air; the seeming of Pelion to be lifted up above Ossa; the contention and rebellion of earth against heaven, and straining as it were to get lifted up into the firmament[5] which is at the root of the myth of the war of the Giants. So that it is even more in the physical than the moral powers of the fable that you get the hem of Athena's robe embroidered with the wars of the giants,[6] and the frieze of the Parthenon carved with the Centaurs and Lapithæ (again upon her throne,[7] according to Pliny), for these Lapithæ are spirits of the earth born of Creusa (*Γάιας θυγάτηρ*[8]) in the ravines of Pindus; and, once understanding this, you get directly at the meaning of one of the most important stories in all Mythology—the rape of Cyrene and birth of Aristæus; for Cyrene is only the cold air of Pelion and Pindus drawn by the heat of the sun to Africa; so when Apollo falls in love with her, he goes to Cheiron cunningly to ask about her, he snatches her out of the hollows of Pelion roaring with the wind (*ἀνεμοσφαράγων ἐκ Παλίου κόλπων* *[9]), but with wind caused by the sun's heat—the same word, you recollect, is used of the hissing of the hot brand in the eye of the Cyclops[10]—and so he takes her in his golden chariot to Libya, and she being coldness and cloud brought into the glowing land,

* And note the epithets of her—*παρθένον ἀγροτέραν* and *κούρα εὐρυβία*.[11]

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[1] [*Inferno*, canto viii.]

[2] [See, e.g., *Odyssey*, xi. 316.]

[3] [*Pyth.* iii. 1–4: "Fain were I that . . . there still lorded it in Pelion's glens that Beast untamed, whose soul was loving unto men."]

[4] [Ovid, *Fasti*, v. 381:—

"Pelion Hæmoniæ mons est obversus in austros:
Summa virent pinu, cetera quercus habet."]

[5] [Compare the description of the pine in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 105).]

[6] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 106 (above, p. 269).]

[7] [This is a slip; Phidias carved on the concave side of the shield the fights of the gods and giants, and on the sandals that of the Centaurs and Lapithæ (in *solea vero* Lapitharum et Centaurorum. Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxxvi. ch. 4).]

[8] [Pindar: *Pyth.* ix. 17.]

[9] [*Ibid.*, ix. 5.]

[10] [*Odyssey*, ix. 390: *σφαραγεῖντο δέ οἱ πυρὶ βίζαι.*]

[11] [*Pyth.* ix. 6, 13.]

is the mother of Aristæus and queen of forests. And here the threads of associated thought become so intricate[1] that I cannot hope to disentangle them for you, or even give you all the ends of the knot, without tediousness; the best part of the work you will have to do for yourselves.

8. First, then, note that Aristæus and Cyrene hold to each other, as deities of the forests, nearly the same relation that Triptolemus and Demeter have as deities of harvest, and that their essential power is in the blessing of shade and woodland moisture under too hot sun; while Demeter and Triptolemus are over the actual mystery of seed and its multiplication. Cyrene and Aristæus, then, are the silvan powers of cultivation—as distinguished from the silvan powers of wild nature, Pan and Fauns, the attendant crowd of Pan being the Satyr, goat-footed for rough places, but the attendant crowd of Cyrene being the Centaur, horse-footed for the glades of rich and beautiful lowland wood, and the soft grass that grows on inlets among the mountain pines. You remember what Lucian says of the Centaur of Zeuxis: ἐπὶ χλόης εὐθαλοῦς.[2]

9. Next recollect that this wild and tame woodland has been through all time, and must be through all time, opposed in two exactly opposite ways, as it nourishes human life, to the life of cities. In the savage woodland you have the typical wild man of the woods—whatever is rustic or silvery in ignorant and dark seclusion; but in the tame woodland, of which you get now the central type in an English park, you find in all civilized epochs the character of the country gentleman establishing itself, as distinguished from the mere farmer on the one hand, and from the citizen (in the sense of a person living in a social crowd) on the other. And this is in all nations the Equestrian or Centaurian order—ἱππεῖς in Greece, Equites in Rome, Ritters in Germany, Chevaliers in France, Cavaliers in England[3]—always in a certain degree rough and wild, even ignorant; so that in our last and acutest philosophical analysis of their character the philosopher gives them the generic name of barbarians,[4] yet having a better gentleness than that of other men, founded on their roughness, and a more wholesome knowledge, on their ignorance; in their physical life so dependent on constant association with that of the horse that all their laws of honour and conduct are summed up in the word chivalry; in their weapons—literally κενταύροι—prickers,[5] using the lance—that is to say, the long δόρυ or beam, as opposed to ἔγχος—so exclusively as to be spoken of in their prime of power as so many "Lances," and having as the sign of their personal strength characteristically long flowing hair; being καρηκομόωντες,[6] as opposed

[1] [In the first draft Ruskin continued:—
"You will find it well to associate partly in your minds the two maidens —Cyrene and Persephone—one of forest, the other of flowers; and the snatching away by Apollo from Pelion, and by Pluto from Etna."]

[2] [*Zeuxis*, 4—"on fresh green sward appears the mother Centaur": the passage occurs in Lucian's description of the picture by Zeuxis, which is referred to in Vol. IV. p. 286 and *n.*, and Vol. VII. p. 339 *n.*]

[3] [These words were also used in the lecture on "The School of Florence," § 232 (above, p. 363).]

[4] [A reference to Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* (published in 1869), p. 102.]

[5] [κέντανρος, derived from κεντέω, to prick, to goad.]

[6] [The Homeric epithet for the long-haired Achæans.]

to the cropped or round heads of the citizens, and the shaven heads of the clergy, their two essentially antagonist powers.

[Here the MS., very carefully written up to this point, breaks off. Elsewhere in the same MS. book there are further notes for the lecture on the Coins of Tarentum, which enable us roughly to see how the theme would have been treated. So far, Ruskin has been analysing the Centaur myths, as they are found in the poets, with a view to drawing out from them the Greek conception of chivalry. The student of Greek coins will readily understand the relevance of this discussion to a lecture on the Coins of Tarentum, on which the Tarentine horseman is so favourite a type. The fame of the horses and riders of Tarentum is embodied in the verb ταραντίζειν, "to ride like a Tarentine horseman"; and on the coins of the city the type is "repeated," says Sir Charles Newton, "with a vivacity and endless felicity of invention almost worthy of the frieze of the Parthenon."[1] Hence Ruskin's selection of the Tarentine coins as types of the fine drawing of horses (see Vol. XIX. p. 69), and the discourse on the ideal of Greek chivalry in the foregoing sections.

But Tarentum was famous for its shipping as well as for its horsemen. "So on one side of her coins Taras rides his dolphin, and on the other Phalanthus mounts his steed, repeating age after age the exploits by which they were supposed to have won fame, and furnishing a constant model to the ambitious youth of Tarentum."[2] "Tarentum," says Pausanias (x. 10, 3, 4), "is a Lacedæmonian colony: the founder was Phalanthus. . . . They say that the hero Taras was a son of Poseidon and a native nymph." Ruskin refers to Phalanthus in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 25; to Taras in *Queen of the Air*, § 89 (Vol. XIX. p. 338); and to the coins of Tarentum in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 117 (above, p. 279), and see Vol. XIX. pp. 22, 69, 338. Hence Ruskin intended next to trace the mythic history of Tarentum, in connexion with the Dolphin type on her coins. His notes for this portion of the lecture, though fragmentary, give an idea of the intended treatment, and they are of some further interest as an example of the first outlines which he used to jot down for his lectures.]

10. You have seen the importance of the position of Aegina on its rocky island.[3] Remember in connexion with that fact that the most important Greek colonies in Sicily and Italy, Syracuse and Tarentum, owed their power also to the strength of the small islets commanding their ports. The city of Syracuse was at first founded on, and limited to, the island of Ortygia, and in its full power the town on the plateau of Epipolæ was always called the outer town. The city of Tarentum never extended itself beyond the island—low, but rocky—ταπεινὸν ἔδαφος[4]—extending across the mouth of its harbour.

[1] [*Essays on Art and Archæology*, p. 408.]
[2] [Professor P. Gardner on "Countries and Cities in Ancient Art," in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, vol. ix. p. 55.]
[3] ["Tortoise of Aegina," § 15 (above, p. 386).]
[4] [Strabo, book iii.: see below, p. 396.]

Now give sketch of the entire bay of Tarentum, and Horace's thought of it.

[Here Ruskin would have described the favourable situation of the place which enabled it to become the centre of the commerce of the Adriatic, Ionian, and Tyrrhenian seas, and its maritime power which endured down to Roman days. For Horace's "thought of it," see *Odes*, ii. 6 (Septimi, Gades), where if the poet could not end his days at Tivoli, then he would seek Tarentum—that smiling corner of the world, the happy land of Spartan Phalanthus.]

11. You have, then, this Tarentum mainly expressing the maritime power of Magna Græcia; but it is a Doric maritime power, as opposed to the Attic; it is essentially *Lacedæmonium Tarentum*.[1] Therefore[2] the Dioscuri reign over Tarentum, as Athena does over Attica; but the Dioscuri are associated with a local hero—Taras, the son of Neptune.

12. Now Pausanias says that the Tarentines sent images to Delphi (and a tithe of the spoil of the Peucetians): "And the offerings were the art of Onatas the Aeginetan, and his fellow-worker, Calynthus. And Opis, the King of the Iapygi, is coming as an ally to the Peucetians, and he in the fight is imaged as like one that is dead; and standing over him as he lies are the heroes Taras and Phalanthus of Lacedæmon; and not far from Phalanthus is a dolphin. For, before reaching Italy, he is said to have been wrecked in the Crissæan Sea, and to have been carried by a dolphin to land."[3]

[This passage further explains the adoption of the dolphin as the Tarentine type on its coins. Taras, or Phalanthus, is represented as riding on the waves, both as typifying "the maritime power" of Tarentum, and as recording the legend of her founder. Ruskin's memoranda continue, "Then the great Arion place in Lucian"—a parallel passage, that is, to the story of Phalanthus. It is in the *Deorum Dialogi* (Neptuni et Delphines), and had been versified by Ruskin in his "Last Song of Arion" (see Vol. II. p. 114)—a piece founded on the story, told in Herodotus and Lucian, of Arion leaping into the sea, after his last and sweetest song, and being carried safe ashore by a dolphin. Ruskin's memoranda next say, "Strabo delicious about helmet, and his great description"—a reference to a passage which contains a general account of the favoured position of Tarentum, and which explains the occurrence of a helmet on the coins of the city (see § 13, and compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 25). The passage in Strabo (book iii. ch. 3, §§ 1, 3) is as follows: "The Gulf of Tarentum is for the most part destitute of a port, but here there is a spacious and commodious harbour closed in by a great bridge. It is 100 stadia in circuit. This port, at the head of its basin which recedes most inland, forms, with the exterior sea, an isthmus which connects the peninsula with the land. The city is situated upon this peninsula. The neck of land is so low that ships are easily hauled

[1] [Horace: *Odes*, iii. 5, 56.]

[2] [Because Castor and Pollux were especially worshipped at Sparta, whither they had come from Cyrene as to "the chamber they had loved most dearly while they dwelt among men" (Pausanias, iii. 16, 2).]

[3] [x. 13, 5.]

over it from side to side. The site of the city likewise is extremely low (ταπεινὸν δὲ καὶ τὸ τῆς πόλεως ἔδαφος); the ground, however, rises slightly towards the citadel. The old wall of the city has an immense circuit, but now the portion towards the isthmus is deserted." Strabo then goes on to give an account of the founding of Tarentum. Certain of the Spartans, who had not joined the army in the Messenian war, were degraded and known as Partheniæ. They determined to rebel; "but the chief magistrates becoming acquainted with the existence of the plot, employed certain persons who, by feigning friendship to the cause, should be able to give some intelligence of the nature of it. . . . It was agreed that at the Hyacinthine games they should make a simultaneous attack when Phalanthus should put on his helmet. Just as the chief contest came off, a herald came forth and proclaimed, 'Let not Phalanthus put on his helmet.'[1] The conspirators perceiving that they had been betrayed, fled and prayed for mercy." They were ultimately sent under Phalanthus to found a colony in Italy.

Having thus traced the legend and history connected with Greek ideas of the horse and the sea-horse, and having explained the various types on coins of Tarentum, Ruskin intended to turn to actual coins, and to discuss the treatment of the types from an artistic point of view. In yet a third place of the MS. book there are notes for this part of the lecture.]

13. The first thing you must observe, with respect to the Greek treatment of horses generally, is the distinction between their idea of the form of the horses of the land and sea. Here, on a coin of Syracuse,[2] is a sharp and clear impression of a central type of the sea-horse, in which note, first, the wings are griffin's wings, they are round instead of sharp at the extremities, the lines turning round with a backward swirl. I say lines, not feathers, expressly, for this round end of the wing is given to it just that you may notice that it does not represent feathers, but the vortex of whirlwind. I put beside it the wing of a Victory, that you may see the difference.[3]

Secondly, his body ends in a long and coiled tail, which divides at the extremity like a fish's, to distinguish him from a serpent. As the wing represents the coils of the wind, so this of the waves.

Thirdly, he has a long dorsal crest or fin, partly resembling the ordinary crests of dragons, but in the conception of it, founded on the real spinous dorsal fins of fish, and on the long dorsal fin of the true hippocampus.

Fourthly, he has here a short pectoral fin, not always present; but chiefly, he has a long weak neck and small head, being altogether mean and feeble; in this forepart of his body, there is nearly always a bridle hanging loose from his mouth—as of a creature not free—but loose, who ought to be guided and is not.

14. Now, compare with this the typical form of the true horse. You have usually, on the Tarentum coins, a warrior armed with two lances and

[1] [Compare below, p. 411.]

[2] [Shown on the centre of Plate E; from a coin in the British Museum.]

[3] [Not shown on the plate here; for the flying Victory on the coins of Plate XXIII. (see above, p. 351).]

The Riders of Tarentum
and other Coins

a round shield, otherwise naked, riding a noble horse with a richly knotted mane; on the reverse you have a similarly naked rider of a dolphin, bearing in his right hand a helmet, a cap, or a figure of Victory; in his left hand a trident or round buckler, or both, and with a symbol in the field of owl, eagle, thunderbolt, or star.

Here are the two figures,[1] from the two sides of the same coin, both well preserved, and the figure on the dolphin giving you an unusually fine type, on so small a scale, of the heroic Greek head. There is no doubt of the meaning of this figure—the inscription TARAS—that it is the son of Poseidon; but I believe that there is an undercurrent of intention of representing the city itself of Taras, and it is in this ambiguous character, half as the personification of the city, half as its protecting spirit, that Taras holds in his hand this helmet, of which he is pulling up and dressing the crest with one hand. He carries two spears in his left hand, and strikes downwards with a third. The heads of the two spears are shown in front of the horse's neck, though in truth they are to be understood as behind it, for they never could come into this position. Secondly, observe the splendidly knotted mane of the horse, and apparently the rider's hair curled or knotted in the same way. On the reverse of the coin you find him raising, or as it were combing out the crest of his helmet.

[1] [Shown (though not all the details are discernible in these specimens) at the top of Plate F; from a coin in the British Museum (III. C. 9 in the exhibited electrotypes).]

IV

THE EAGLE OF ELIS[1]

1. I suppose that in the choirs of our English cathedrals no piece of their furniture is looked upon by persons trained in the disciplines of the Church more reverently than the gilded eagle which supports the reading-desk for the lessons. And no pieces of mediæval sculpture are more valuable than the marble eagles supporting the desks of the great pulpits on which the masters of the Pisan school, who restored the arts in Italy, spent, as we shall see hereafter,[2] their best thought and skill.

2. We are so accustomed to the use of this symbol of the power of preaching that it hardly excites us to a momentary question as to the reason of the choice, which, however, if we *do* think of it more than a moment, will surely appear strange, and the longer we think of it, the more strange. That the spirit of the gospel of Christianity should be thought well represented by a creature of prey—entirely voracious and cruel, solitary and gloomy in its life, and foul in its habits—is singular enough at first; and that this ravenous creature should be farther imagined to be especially the expression of the Spirit of the Apostle St. John, and that by the united heart and intellect of long ecclesiastical ages, is assuredly one of the most curious phenomena recorded in the history of human mind.[3]

3. Be that as it may, there is no minor subject of our own immediate study more interesting than the treatment of the power of this bird by art appealing to imagination under the influence at once of military and religious ardour, and carving the eagle as the indication of religious love above every church porch which Christian knights entered, stooping the eagle crests on their helmets, and without casting off the falcon from their fists.

4. We must go back far to get at the first origin of the conception.

You find in Egyptian mythology, briefly, the hawk as a symbol of the sun, the vulture as a symbol of the air, and the wing merely as one of general power and overshadowing victory—either of God or Kings. We will put for the present out of question this mere power of the wing, since, whether it be fastened to a globe, or a serpent, or a bull, or a human form, in Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Christendom it stands vaguely for a sign of any kind of spiritual strength or for the ideal strength of government. But the complete forms of hawk and vulture have more definite purpose. In

[1] [For the place of this lecture in Ruskin's scheme for a sequel to *Aratra Pentelici*, see Introduction; above, p. lviii.]

[2] [See the account of Niccola Pisano's pulpit in *Val d'Arno*, § 24.]

[3] [On the symbols of the Evangelists (or their Gospels), see above, *Lectures on Art*, § 38 (p. 50).]

your Standard Series I have put Rosellini's plate of Rameses adoring the sun power under the hawk symbol.[1]

[Here the MS. breaks off, Ruskin merely noting, "Fill up, as I have time, with change to griffin"—*i.e.*, the type which combined the Lion and the Eagle. There are notes under this head elsewhere in the MS. book, but they do not explain themselves. The reader should, however, refer to "Verona and its Rivers," § 14 (Vol. XIX. p. 437), and "The School of Florence," § 21 (above, p. 362). The MS. then resumes:—]

5. But the more important mythic power of the eagle is that which it has in Greece as the symbol of Zeus, which to understand you must first consider the real character of Zeus himself. Briefly, he is the physical power of the heavens in sustaining and governing mankind—primarily, in sustaining them; he is the giver of rain, filling their hearts with food and gladness[2]—and so their heavenly Father, the God who ministers to and rules them. All the other physical powers are subordinate to his; Demeter can feed only as she receives the rain into her bosom; Athena is the kindness of the air, and its anger[3]—a part of the power of Zeus—anticipating in the Greek mind the myth of the Christian one—"not made nor begotten, but proceeding;" Hermes is the force of the cloud, and Poseidon of the gathered weight of waters. Zeus is the source of all—the entire question of the life and death being summed up in that ἀλλὰ τίς θεὶ.[4]

6. Zeus is therefore essentially a benevolent power, and his lightning is not, except in an accidental and inessential way, used for chastisement. The thunder is a sign not of his anger but of his special favour; it is physically the beginning of the rain that feeds; mythically, the voice of favouring presence. And as the lightning is the precursor, so the eagle is the actual overshadowing and spreading forth, of his power in the clouds of heaven; it is to him exactly what the Aegis is to Minerva—borne in the same way on the left arm, but by Zeus always essentially in blessing, not in punishment.

7. . . . . .

[Here follows in the MS. a long and carefully written passage which Ruskin afterwards embodied in *Aratra Pentelici* (§§ 195–197: see above, pp. 343–345, where in footnotes a few additional passages have been given from the MS. of the present lecture. The passage ends with the observation that on Greek coins Zeus is often "marked as a divine power merely by the attributes of the eagle and thunderbolt."]

8. The exact meaning and connection of these attributes you will find, I think, best given in one passage of Pindar, the address to the lyre—the power of the Muses in the beginning of the 1st Pythian: "And thou canst quench the spear-headed lightning of ever flowing fire [ἀενάου πυρός], and

[1] [No. 180 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 44.]

[2] [Acts xiv. 17.]

[3] [Compare above, p. 143.]

[4] ["But who sends rain?" Aristophanes: *Clouds*, 366–368:—

Stepsiades. ὁ Ζεὺς δ' ἡμῖν, φέρε, πρὸς τῆς Γῆς, οὐλύμπιος οὐ θεὸς ἐστιν;
Socrates. ποῖος Ζεύς; οὐ μὴ ληρήσεις· οὐδ' ἔστι Ζεύς.
Stepsiades. τί λέγεις σύ;
ἀλλὰ τίς θεί;]

the Eagle of Jove sleeps above the bolt, letting his swift wings decline at his sides, monarch of birds, and thou canst pour the black cloud of fastening slumber upon his hooked head [*ἐπ' ἀγκύλῳ κρατί*], and he, pleased and possessed by the quivering note, lifts up his back wet with rain"—*ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ*. Observe this epithet as well as the *ἄϋπνος* said of the lightning, the very same word which Aristophanes first uses of the clouds.[1] You will find when once you have got the clue of it, that their idea of the fire and the rain are always connected, not as opposed but united and beneficent powers, and that the song of the Muses causing them to rest does not mean that they are malignant forces, but expresses only that strange joy and peace which comes over earth and sky when a summer storm has passed.

9. I translated *ἐπ' ἀγκύλῳ κρατί* "his hooked head"; it is a better word in Greek than can be rendered in English, and we will let the Greeks show us themselves what they meant by it. Here are the two attributes, the lightning and eagle's head, as they are given on opposite sides of the coins of Elis,[2] the purpose in each case being to give in the eagle's head its overshadowing brow as well as its hooked beak; and in the thunderbolt you have the symbol at one end of fire, at the other, of spiral whirlwind: "Rutili tris ignis, et alitis Austri"[3]—you get Virgil's twelve rays almost accurately in this more finished type of thunderbolt from the coins of Syracuse,[4] where the quivering of the fire is more clearly expressed, but this is the essential Greek form—whirlwind and fire. Then in this coin of Agrigentum[5] you have the eagle's hooked head given still more rightly, in the action it is meant for of tearing the flesh.

10. Now it would be easy for us to dwell on some of the qualities of these eagles' heads, because they were Greek until we fancied them entirely fine. But they are nothing of the kind; they are very rude and poor renderings of the form required; only they mark for you, what I wish you always to seize first, the Greek conception of things. If you look through the casual expression relating to birds in Greek poetry you will find the great facts felt about them are that they have beaks and claws. Now you may be always pretty sure that a Greek abstraction of this sort will be a true and useful one; and accordingly if you think over a bird's nature you will find it is essentially in beak and claw—in the prolongation, that is, of the skull into a hook without teeth, and the arming of the ends of the toes with talons, which are not so much to scratch and wound as to hold fast, whether it be branches of trees or prey. It is not the wings that are the

[1] [*Clouds*, 275.]

[2] [Two eagles of Elis are here given (below on Plate E); from the coin, of which an electrotype is II. C. 16 in the exhibition at the British Museum. A reproduction of the type of lightning is not here included, because an enlargement of the design was given by Ruskin as a plate in *Deucalion* (see a later volume).]

[3] [Virgil: *Æneid*, viii. 430, where the poet describes the twelve parts of the thunderbolt:—

"Tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosæ,
Addiderant, rutili tris ignis et [tris] alitis Austri."]

[4] [Shown here, at the bottom on Plate F; from the coin of Syracuse which is IV. C. 30 in the exhibited electrotypes at the British Museum. The inscription is "Agathocles, King" (B.C. 306).]

[5] [Also shown on Plate F; from the coin which is II. C. 16 in the same series.]

essential part of a bird. The cockchafer has twice the wings with which the eagles fly; and it is a beetle, not a bird, that Trygæus must harness for heaven.[1] But it is the carrying forward of the face and the lower hands into crooked weapons, the fact that the head is ἀγκύλος[2] and the feet γαμψώνυκες[3] which universally impress the Greeks' imagination; and you may be sure that, whatever else you have not told you, these two points will be insisted on by him.

11. They were made notable to him, remember, by a condition of his life which we happily know no more, unless it has been brought back within these few last dreadful months[4]—the continual abandonment of the dead to dogs and birds. Among us our idea of the dog is raised by his companionship, and of the bird because for one carnivorous bird of prey we see a thousand insect or grain eaters, and forget that their time is passed more in eating than singing. But to the Greek, dog and bird were essentially tearers up of flesh, and he thinks of them as almost the same creature in varied forms or power—πτηνὸς κύων, δαφοινὸς αἰετός.[5]

12. This idea, then, he is certain to give you, and yet in art he gives it languidly. The best part of these Greek eagles' heads is the rendering of the overshadowing of the brow, which he dwells upon, partly because here the eagle is a cloud and not a beast of prey, but also with his fine instinct for muscular and bony form. And it will show you in an interesting manner the separation between good and vulgar art, if you look at these modern engravings of eagles beside the old coins.[6]

They have got this brow, then, fairly; for the rest, neither in the beak nor body have they reached any nicety. There is no nostril in the beak, the lower mandible is hardly marked, and in their full figures there is really no understanding at all of the bird's form or action. Not that either of these are so grand as one fancies. An eagle is but an awkward beast. The other day one of my friends saw two large ones in a state of great excitement at the Gardens, helping each other to catch a mouse, and the mouse got off after all.[7] . . .[8]

[At this point the MS. breaks off; but it appears from notes for the lecture in the earlier draft that Ruskin meant to conclude with a contrast between Italian eagles and Greek, deducing from them after his manner a contrast between the characteristics of Italian and Greek art severally. "The impulse of good, in both Greek and Italian, is the desire to give more life and veracity, even imitative veracity

[1] [Trygæus, the old vintager, who in Aristophanes' play—the *Peace* (81)—flies up to heaven on a beetle to bring down the goddess.]

[2] [So Pindar of the eagle, ἀγκύλον κάρα (*Pyth.* i. 15).]

[3] ["With crooked talons." So in Æschylus (*Prometheus*, 488), and Homer (*Iliad*, xvi. 428, etc.).]

[4] [Again a reference to the Franco-German war; compare p. 199 *n.*]

[5] [Æschylus of the eagle, "the winged dog, the bloody eagle" (*Prometheus*, 1043); quoted again in *Eagle's Nest*, § 157.]

[6] [Here Ruskin showed (as a note in the MS. indicates) some engravings from Morris's *Birds*.]

[7] [Compare "The Story of Arachne," § 9, where Ruskin again uses this incident (above, p. 373).]

[8] [Here Ruskin notes: "Fill in, dwelling on the fact that an eagle never looks at anybody."]

—state this broadly here [compare, in *Aratra Pentelici*, "The School of Athens," p. 333 above]. Then in subsequent lecture on Eagle of Elis take it up for perfect illustration, giving Pisano's Eagle, San Giovanni Battista, Griffin tomb, etc." But, he continues in noting the heads of his argument, "They did this under different conditions —the hope or not of immortality. And, therefore, one with development of emotion and imagination to its highest reach; the other, with eminently prosaic rectitude. *Prose* of Greeks: want of imagination in perpetually repeating subject, in symbolic treatment, in severity. In Eagle of Elis show how prosy the Greek eagles are after all."

The remarks here on the veracity of the Greek and Italian eagles should be compared with the similar discussion in *The Eagle's Nest*, §§ 156, 157. The Greek type of eagle is here illustrated from a coin of Agrigentum (Plate F: see p. 400 *n.*). The engraving of an Italian eagle here given (Plate G) was made by Mr. Hugh Allen under Ruskin's directions, and is perhaps one of the examples referred to by him above.

The subject of "the hope or not of immortality," as affecting methods and ideals of art, is dealt with in the next Appendix.]

Drawn by J. Ruskin

Engraved by Hugh Allen

Italian Type of Eagle

V

GREEK AND CHRISTIAN ART

AS AFFECTED BY THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY[1]

1. So far, then, both the schools[2] are precisely similar; both are pursuers of truth—vivid, continual, modest in their hunger and thirst after this freshly perceived nature. But the pursuit took place under very opposite conditions. You recollect, I hope, how much, in the course of my lectures in the spring,[3] I dwelt upon the distinction between the men who work, so far as they are sincere, without hope of a future life, and those in whom that hope, however dim, is the ground of their chief energies. Of every great art school this is the first question to be asked, in order to understand its character—Does it, or does it not, believe in the immortality of men?

2. And observe that this question is one utterly distinct from the one so often put with it, as to belief in the existence of a God, or Gods. The two subjects of faith have nothing whatever in common, or of necessary connection. It is quite possible to believe in the immortality of men without recognizing the existence of any other than human spirits. And it is quite possible to believe in the annihilation of men, or of grasshoppers, without therefore supposing that men or locusts are the only creatures possible; or denying the probability that there may be living around us spirits more exalted above humanity than we are above insects, having the power of Gods over us now, and incapable of change in the future. Note therefore distinctly, once for all, that the question of belief or disbelief in Death is one; the question of belief or disbelief in God is another. There have been thousands of wise men who have trusted the love of Gods, without expecting to be ever made their companions, and have contemplated the possibility of their own extinction, without imagining that it must involve that of the stars. And although even reasonablest men are apt to be so overclouded in thought by the instinct of their own value as to fancy that their death must leave a blank in creation, there are at least some of them logical enough to perceive that they have no right to reproach a Maker who resolves to unmake, any more than a Giver who resolves to resume.

[1] [The discussion in this Appendix is printed from the first draft of Ruskin's MS. of the course of lectures afterwards published as *Aratra Pentelici*. It connects with various passages in that book (*e.g.*, §§ 190, 215), as also with the lecture on "The Eagle of Elis" (see p. 402).]

[2] [The Greek and the Christian: see *Aratra Pentelici* (above, p. 333).]

[3] [That is, *Lectures on Art:* see, for instance, § 149 (above, p. 140).]

3. Now the Greek and Italian schools, as they agree in their pursuit of truth, agree also in their acknowledgment of Divine existence. Both of them look to Nature, and both of them worship God. But they differ utterly in their selfish imagination. The Greek, practically and earnestly, expected no future for himself; and the Italian, as practically and earnestly, regulated his worldly life by the anticipation of an eternal one. Neither the one nor the other reached an integrity of creed; the Greek was confused and contradicted by glimpses of hope, he brought upon his stage images of foolish, incoherent, and unhappy ghosts, and in wayward passion of unconquerable sorrow foretold peace to the just, and punishment to the impure. So also the Italian pride in his eternal spirit was thwarted by sickness of mortal fear, and the Christian inconsistently mourned, as the Pagan inconsistently rejoiced, beside the grave of his friend. But the law of their being and thought was for the one humiliation and despair, and for the other a proud and infinite expectation.

4. Now observe the practical results of these two states of feeling. First, a good Pagan's imagination of God was nearly disinterested. If wicked and vulgar, he would indeed pray to his God for gold; or heroic soldiers or kings, who desired no wealth, and only useful authority, had nothing to ask of Heaven, except what Solomon asked—wisdom, and of that little, and of simple kind. The Gods could not do much for him, at the best. To give him their hands for a little while; to guide him according to their will, then leave him to die—this was all he expected of them. So that he conceived of their Divine state (so far as he thought of it at all) dispassionately. Their ways of life were no business of his, and, conceiving of them thus without the excitement of personal interest, he saw no clear evidence of their Divinity's being faultless, or infinitely exalted. The sky was indeed generally blue, but sometimes cloudy and contentious. The fates would, for the most part, assist good men, but sometimes capriciously betray them; and the arrangements of natural law, however beautiful, were not so perfect as to exclude all idea of disobedience in inert matter.

5. Not so the Christian. His own destiny, and that a wide one, depended on the nature of Heaven. All his conceptions of it were modified by his hopes. No vault of the empyrean was too high for the abode of an ambition which had become as meritorious as it was insatiable, nor any purity too perfect, which was finally to be communicated to himself on the easy condition of belief, without effort. His mind was thus thrown into a fever of mingled gratitude, admiration, and desire; he could conceive of no weakness in a Deity who had done so much for mankind, nor of any limits to the bliss which must surround the presence and accomplish the promises, of an omnipotent Deity: *δέδεται γὰρ ἀναιδεῖ ἐλπίδι γνῖα· προμαθείας δ' ἀπόκειναι ῥοαί.*[1]

6. In consequence of this impartiality of heart, the facts, from the contemplation of which the Christian could at once escape to his imagined futurity, impressed themselves on the Greek precisely as they are; and the pain or degradation, which modern religion ignores as a dream that is

[1] [Here Ruskin illustrates the Christian standpoint from Pindar (thus showing how the one sometimes passed into the other, § 3): "for by greedy hope our bodies are enthralled, but the courses of events are hidden from our fore-knowledge" (*Nemean*, xi. *ad fin.*).]

to vanish, were observed and registered by the ancients as the laws of their total being. Their theology might thus be mean or comfortless, but it was founded on a sound natural history. They might be tempted or debased by the memory of their relation with the lower animals, but they at least neither evaded the fact nor expected it to change. They examined the conditions of all pain, without assuming groundlessly that it was to be comforted; and reasoned of the calamities of age and decay, without venturing to anticipate regeneration.

7. The first great consequence of this was, that as they only reasoned of, or represented, things in which it was possible to know whether they were right or wrong, they resolved that they would be right, and would not be wrong.[1] A Christian designer, or thinker, was occupied in subjects respecting which he could neither be convicted in error nor approved in truth, since they belonged to an invisible world. But a Greek, resolved to confine his work and statement to the world he lived in, could, so far as he reached, know assuredly if he was right or wrong, and concluded that his duty was to be by all means the one, and by no means the other.

8. You will find, therefore, that so far from Greek work being ideal in the popular sense, it is distinguished from all other good work that ever was done by its absence of imagination; not that the Greek workman was without the power, but that he would not trust it: he was resolved that whatever he did should be right, and would not permit himself the least essay in any direction that admitted error. In verbal expression, and in his own mind, he would allow the imagination its full power, because a verbal statement could absolutely define nothing falsely, it could only set the hearer thinking for himself. But when it came to delineation, and every line must either be true or false, he resolved that it should be at all costs true, and that he would attempt nothing which it was not in his power to make so. That is his specific character as a Greek.

Of course any one nation's work is connected with or founded on that of others preceding or surrounding it, and in the best Greek work you will find some things that are still barbarous, and in most Greek work you will find much that is so. But whatever in it is barbarous is not the Greek part of it, it is the Phœnician, or Egyptian, or Pelasgian part of it; the essential and distinctive Grecian of it is its veracity,—that whereas Eastern nations drew their heroes with eight legs, the Greeks drew them with two; and where Egyptians drew their deities with cats' heads, the Greeks drew them with men's; and out of all fallacy, disproportion, and indefiniteness were day by day withdrawing, exercising and exalting themselves into a restricted, simple, exact, and demonstrable truth. This cold, but safe, precision and rectitude, then, were the first laws of Greek work, and an absence of imagination, sometimes nearly total.

9. But, secondly, so far as imaginative power existed, it was spent by the Greek in beautifying or animating the things of this world, and therefore often on curiously inferior subjects. I told you, in my opening lecture of this course, that the entire Greek intellect, as compared to mediæval intellect, was in a childish phase.[2] But observe, childishness does not

[1] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 206 (above, p. 351.]
[2] [Lecture ii. of *Aratra*, as finally arranged: see p. 221.]

necessarily imply inferiority.[1] There may be a vigorous, acute, pure, and solemn childhood, and there may be a weak, dull, foul, and ridiculous condition of advanced life, but the one is still essentially the childish, and the other the adult stage, though the first is in such conditions the noblest. On the other hand I do not mean to imply that the Greek childhood was nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than the mediæval youth. I mean that it was an inferior state, though having its own special advantages never again to be recovered. The mediæval spirit was more grown up than the Greek, and ours is more grown up than the mediæval; and there has been a steady gain in each step, and an inevitable loss, and among us moderns, much more loss, than was inevitable by our own fault. Of that hereafter.

[1] [The passage "But observe . . . adult stage" was embodied in the printed lectures (above, p. 248).]

VI

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK ART IN RELATION TO CHRISTIAN[1]

Domesticity

1. The essential function of the Greek Venus is child-bearing.[2] We fancy, many of us, the Greeks were not a domestic people. It does not indeed follow directly, from their thought of woman chiefly as a bearer of children, that their life should be domestic in our sense. But it *was* domestic in our sense, and its strength depended on its being so. That, and the power of the Roman and the power of Feudalism are but one great Papacy or Fatherhood, all their life depending on the love and obedience rendered by children to their parents, and on the parents looking to it that they deserved the obedience they claimed. And for wifehood I know not in all the range of modern novels, anything quite so pretty in domesticity as the scene in Xenophon's *Œconomics* between the Athenian husband and his bride of fifteen, when he takes her first to see all his cupboards and gives her the keys.[3]

2. Now all Greek art, all Venetian art, all fine German art—Dürer and Holbein chiefly—and all fine English art—Gainsborough and Reynolds—is founded on Domesticity; and all Florentine art, as such, on the reverse of domesticity—on Monachism, or forms of Imaginative Passion; and the entry of the Greek blood into Tuscan sculpture is in nothing more marked in Niccola Pisano than by his instantly making the very beasts domestic, and instead of griffins symbolical of the sun, and dragons symbolical of the devil, supporting the pulpit of Siena on the back of a plain lioness with her cubs. There she is for you. I sketched her from the marble this summer at Siena, and I commend her heartily to the study of the British Lion.[4]

[1] [The passages in this Appendix are printed from loose sheets of MS. (now bound up at Brantwood in a volume entitled "The School of Florence, etc."). A first draft of some of them occurs in one of the ledgers, above described (p. xlix.). The passages were written for *Aratra Pentelici*, and may have been given in the lectures as delivered. The passages are here numbered for convenience of reference, and descriptive headings are added in italics.]

[2] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 188 (above, p. 337).]

[3] [See the *Economist*, ch. ix.]

[4] [See above, Plate E, p. 363.]

Body and Spirit

3. Next, the Greek Aphrodite is a pretty person, and the Florentine a plain one.[1]

And yet I said that Greek beauty was, as distinct from Florentine, ἀπρόσωπος, without face, and that the Italians carved the face only, and the Greeks the body.[2]

I must take two other subjects for comparison now. I cannot enlarge these two subjects for you, but I shall put them in your copying series, to be thought over at leisure. Here are two rough sketches of a Greek terra-cotta, of a girl dancing.[3] She is leaping up, and turning as she leaps; her dress is just rippled up into little waves as she descends in the air. The artist's entire purpose in the drapery is to show either the beauty of the body itself, or its action. He has no thought of the girl's mind at all; she is merely a buoyant human creature, entirely innocent but entirely vacant. The face is so slightly indicated in the terra-cotta itself that in my drawing, coming in the shadow, I left it out altogether. If I could get the shoulders and drapery right you wouldn't miss it; in the real statue you never look for it.

4. Next, here is a successful photograph from one of Raphael's sketches now at Venice.[4] At the first glance you will say, How lovely! And you will say truly; but it is only a lovely face, with a drapery below it hanging from the shoulders. The folds of this drapery in their fall are exquisitely expressive of mental character, humility, and gentleness, but have little or nothing to do with the contours of the body they conceal, and the rigid line across the bosom entirely refuses every suggestion of female form, exactly where the Greek most insists upon it. If you were to remove the face from this sketch you would leave only a cloak gracefully disposed, not a figure at all. This is still more strikingly the case with this celebrated Madonna of Angelico's,[5] which is nothing but a charming piece of drapery on a stick, with a thoughtful face upon the top of it. A thoughtful face, not a pretty one. It is just because it ventures to be not so pretty as the Greek one at first, that it is better, and capable of higher beauty at last.

5. The youngest of you cannot recollect, but many of you here will, the outcry against Pre-Raphaelitism when it first arose, because it was supposed to idolise ugliness.[6] The outcry was in many respects just. In

[1] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 187 (above, pp. 336–337).]

[2] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 183 (above, p. 333); and compare Vol. XXII. pp. 46, 94.]

[3] [Rudimentary Series, No. 52; the sketches are reproduced in Vol. XXII. (Plate VIII.).]

[4] [This example was not placed in the Oxford Collection, or at any rate is not now there. For a general reference to the drawings, see *Guide to the Academy at Venice*.]

[5] [Here Ruskin showed the example which is No. 109 in the Rudimentary Series (Vol. XXI. p. 202)—the Madonna of Perugia (there is a reproduction of it between pp. 68 and 69 of Langton Douglas's *Fra Angelico* (1900).]

[6] [The reference is to the criticisms of 1851; see Vol. XII. pp. 324, etc.]

like manner the outcry against Turner was just—that he painted his skies with flour of brimstone. The public never cry out without being hurt; the Pre-Raphaelites did paint their women too ugly, and Turner, his skies too yellow. Nevertheless, of all the pictures of those years none were of any sterling or immortal value except the Huguenot, the Light of the World, and Turner's Venices, now filling the windows of your High Street.[1] But the artists and the public were both alike wrong—the artists in not learning their own faults from the common outcry, nor consenting ῥυθμίζειν τὸ ἄγαλμα πρὸς τὸ τοῖς πλείστοις δοκοῦν;[2] and the public in fastening for their idle amusement on faults which the slightest attention would have enabled them to perceive were associated with honest energy in the one case and boundless experience in the other, and which were only inevitable failures in the knowledge of youths whom they had left without teaching, and in the faculties of an old age which they had left without sympathy. Turner drew his skies too yellow—it is admitted—but he was right in drawing them yellow. The Pre-Raphaelites drew faces too ugly—that is admitted—but they were right in drawing them ugly. Right, I mean, as true followers of the Christian schools; for the first law of those schools is that love must conquer—kindle—nay, make in some special way more beautiful than normal beauty the faults and shortcomings of the creatures beloved, and therefore more than pardoned. I told you that Greek beauty was wrought out in the search for justice, and mediæval in the search for justification. Do not you see now how far that law will reach? And therefore as portraiture was the bane of Greek art,[3] it was the life of the schools of Italy. Take this (Giotto's Hope[4]), for the symbol of them. She is not pretty, but will lead us to some beauty, I think, when we have time to follow her; meantime, let me show you quickly that this Greek face, founded merely on calm equity, is not quite so pretty as it seems at first sight. Greek beauty is founded on Justice, the Greeks exercising, withdrawing, and exalting themselves into a restricted and demonstrable truth.[5] Now I shall show you the actual process of this verification in the profile of the face which has been recognized as characteristically Greek, and so called ideal and imaginative. And indeed when you first meet with it nothing can well be more so; this is a very imaginative profile indeed from an authoritative early Greek vase.[6]

6. Here, then, you have a quite trustworthy example of the ideal of human feature which was to be the foundation of all subsequent art. And you see that the principal feature of all is the strong angular projecting nose; next, the rounded chin; the eye is large, wide open, and slightly raised—the ordinary action is that of looking straight forward. In Greek art you scarcely ever get a drooped eyelid, a very important ethical fact;

[1] [A reference to engravings in Ryman's window.]

[2] [For this quotation from Lucian's notice of Phidias, see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 141 (above, p. 299).]

[3] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 120 (above, p. 281).]

[4] [Rudimentary Series, No. 89 (Vol. XXI. p. 193); the "Hope" is engraved as frontispiece to *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 5.]

[5] [Compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 202 (above, p. 348).]

[6] [Here the MS. adds "(Give account of it—viva voce)." The reader must imagine some typical Greek profile.]

then the mouth is sharp-cut, the forehead low, the ear small and set very far back, the hair flowing in firm ripples. You may fancy that my drawing exaggerates or involuntarily caricatures this first example of Greek ideal beauty. On the contrary, I give you this as a typical average form having the peculiarities of feature in a moderate degree. Here, photographed from the coin itself, is a more marked example, an early Bacchus of Thasos; and here, an early Athena of Athens.[1]

7. You know I told you the power of Greek art upon three things:—

1. Limiting what was indefinite.
2. Correcting what was inaccurate.
3. Making human (or, in beasts, naturally bestial) what was monstrous.[2]

Now, in order to see this process beginning we will take an Egyptian profile of fine class. Here is one of the Queen of Amasis II., which I have drawn for you carefully out of the bottom of her sarcophagus.[3] It is actually later in date than the Greek coin, but the Egyptians do not change their types materially; and this represents accurately what the Greeks dealt with and surpassed. I have chosen it because it includes every element of form which you will have in future to consider in treatment of heads; that is to say, first, the covering (veil or helmet); secondly, the fillet, or crown; and thirdly, the crest, or symbol of thought and purpose.

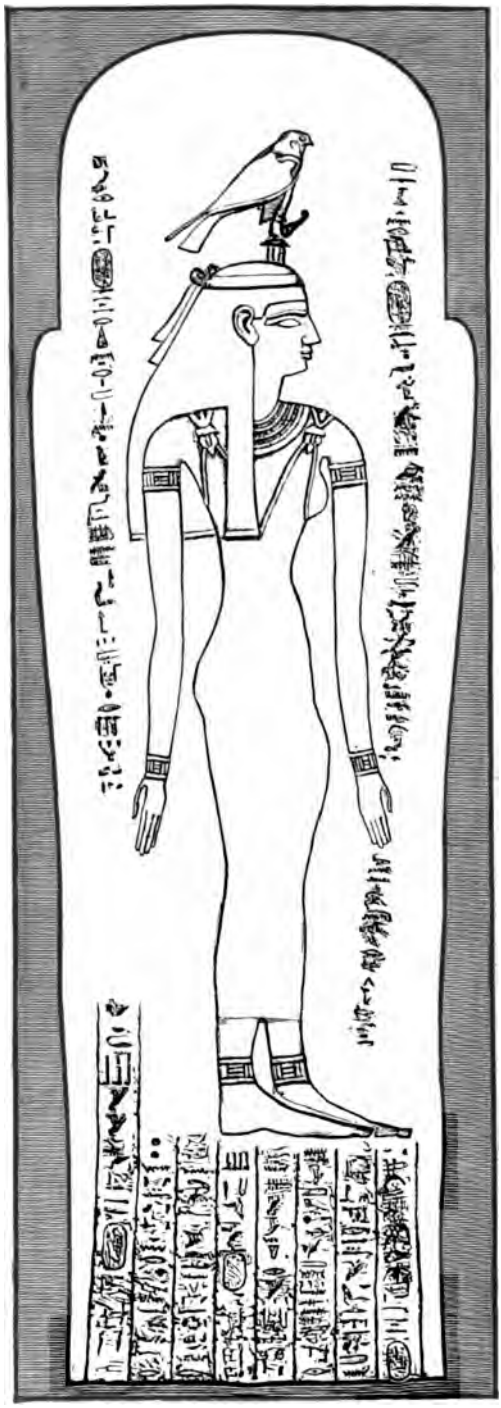
Fig. 18

8. Whenever you have to examine the treatment of a head in great art, look for these three things first, for all the strong masters have freemasonry among themselves in the use of them. The arrangement of the hair under the helmet or veil, and the adaptation of either to the ear, is the first question. Then, what the fillet is; for the fillet is the true Crown, a crown being, in the great days of Art and Life, never a Dominant thing, but a Binding thing. It is essentially what binds the hair, and the hair is always the type of the

[1] [The Bacchus of Thasos is here given (Fig. 18); the woodcut is from an enlarged photograph which Ruskin had reproduced on an unpublished plate. The coin is II. B. 7 in the exhibited electrotypes at the British Museum. For an early Athena of Athens, see Fig. 10 (above, p. 252).]

[2] [See, again, *Aratra Pentelici*, § 202 (above, p. 348).]

[3] [Plate H. From the black basalt sarcophagus of Anchnesraneferab, daughter of Psammeticus II. and Nitocris, and wife of Amasis II.; in the Southern Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum (No. 32). Ruskin's drawing not being available, this plate has been cut by Mr. Uhlrich from the original, with assistance from the drawing in Dr. Wallis Budge's monograph on the sarcophagus. For other references to the figure, see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 146, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 64.]



H. S. Uhlrich sc.

An Egyptian Queen

Life. Then, thirdly, what the crest is (which you will see becomes a singularly important question presently in the very instance before us, of Phalanthus of Tarentum[1]), the crest being in mediæval chivalry (whatever the heralds may say) more important than the shield, for the shield is only the sign of the race, but the crest of the personal will;[2] and the Greek types are deeply connected with the strange conditions of it added by the phantasy, it seems, more than the order, of nature to lower animal forms, as in the manes of the nobler carnivora and the horse, the head plumage of birds, and the varieties of dorsal membrane in fish and reptiles.

9. Examining thus in sequence the head of the Queen of Amasis, you find, first, her veil falling simply in nearly a vertical line—absolutely vertical in most early Egyptian work; thus in the profile of the Dog-god, or Jackal-god, Anubis, if of good time, you find his veil absolutely vertical in the edge of the nearest lappet, and the upright line of it continued in that of the hollow of his ear. Generally this vertical fall at the edge, and extreme simplicity on the top of the head continues characteristic of fine work down to the fifteenth century of our own æra. Next, you see the queen's fillet is as simple as her veil, a perfectly unadorned tænia; and you can feel, in looking at it, what is meant by the sacredness of the fillet, sacrificially, and as a crown of reward, signifying the gathering together and noble restraint of what was vague or wild.

Next, you see her crest is a very notable one: this pedestal on which her hawk stands is the hieroglyph for the House of Heaven, and her hawk is the symbol of Immortality.

Lastly, her face gives you the constant Egyptian profile in a delicate type; the nose is always a little arched forward, Jewish and vague in contour, not finely set or narrowed; the hair of the eyebrow is represented by a vigorously projecting line; the bone of the brow little thought of, the eye is narrow or almond-shaped, partly through ill-managed perspective, but more in Arabian character; the mouth hard and altogether expressionless.

10. Now let us see what changes the archaic Greek master will make.

We lose the veil first, not merely in passing from feminine to male dress, but as indicating a modesty or timidity belonging to mystic or religious feeling, retained therefore in Greece for such expression, but rarely in heroic heads.

The fillet is almost concealed under the hair, which expands instantly beneath it in a rounded mass, or sometimes in free curls; one tress of these, cut square at the end, falls in front of the ear. This luxuriant wave of hair above the brow is essential in fine Greek work, as well as the knot of it behind, indicative of its quantity. This knot or chignon of living hair is larger in proportion to the passionateness of character; in this early head of Apollo it breaks forth like the spray of a wave; in the Aphrodite Urania[3] it evidently is a ponderous load at the back of the head;

[1] [Here this passage connects with "The Riders of Tarentum": see above, p. 396.]

[2] [Compare *Eagle's Nest*, § 228.]

[3] [See Plate XV.; above, between pp. 336, 337.]

in Giotto's Hope[1] it becomes a spiral like a long shell; Raphael in this Madonna[2] first tries for it and stops, feeling that he would lose the severity of the head and its humility if he went further. Velasquez rejoices in it, finding it part of the costume of his time, but insisting upon it by all the devices of his art as indication of reserved and trained kingly power. The Crest, in this unhelmeted head of course not visible, never expresses character with the Greeks, but only animal or elementary power, the character being given by the sign on the shield, and even there the sign is seldom expressive of anything but the passion or confusion of war.

In all these changes you see the Greeks are reducing the mystic sacred and imaginative symbols of former art into clear shape—natural, naked, and full of animal force.

11. Lastly, note their treatment of the face. They at once reduce the line of the hair of the eyebrow, but much insist on the bone of it, driving in a recess beneath so as to make the nose conspicuously thin, the outer ridge of it projecting like a Norman helmet's guard; they straighten this ridge absolutely, if anything inclining to give a retroussé outline rather than the Egyptian convex one; they enlarge the eyeball and round it; they curve the lips, and throw out a strongly projecting chin, carried back to the neck by a vigorous and sweeping line under the jaw. All these are changes in the direction of simplest truth; they are efforts to represent more closely what the Greek saw; they are done in defiance of existing conventionalisms, and with a force indicative of the strongest art-instinct. Gradually the hardness of execution is relaxed; the imitative power increases, and gradually, but swiftly, the central phase of design is reached, well enough represented by this head of Hermes of probably the fifth century, from a coin of Ænus in Macedonia.[3]

Art and Character

12. No words can possibly be incisive or severe enough to speak the absurdity of endeavouring to arrive at any knowledge of the history of these Greek races, without the knowledge of their art, and the power of defining the moment of culmination in it.

And that discernment depends first on being able to sympathise with the aims of all artists, great and mean, and clearly knowing which is which.

For instance, in the Elgin Room, at its end—No. 39 of the frieze—there is an uninjured fragment of the foot and lower part of the limb of one of the youths pulling back a restive bull. The foot is set against a raised bit of rock, and the limb is full thrust against it. This action is expressed with perfect care of chiselling, with exactly the right degree of incision between the sole of the foot and the rock, with perfect knowledge and frank pleasure in the imaging of youthful strength and beauty. It is done

[1] [See above, p. 409 *n.*]
[2] [See above, p. 408.]
[3] [See the central head on Plate VIII.; above, p. 280.]

without the least vanity, for the sculptor cut it as easily as I write these words, and imagined it with more ease than I put them together. He is perfect in skill, temper, conception. He appeals to no lust, asks for no praise, desires no impossibility, yields to no difficulty; he is integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,[1] a culminating master in the Powers of Men.[2]

[1] [Horace: *Odes*, i. 21, 1.]

[2] [Among the MSS., from which this Appendix is printed, are several sheets of notes on Greek history and Greek heroes. Ruskin had some intention, it seems, of writing a discourse which should connect characteristics of Greek art with the Greek national character, as shown in some of her noblest sons.]

END OF VOLUME XX

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